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III.

ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ.

Τιμάδος ἅδε κόνις, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο θανοῦσαν
Δέξατο Φερσεφόνας κυάνεος θάλαμος,
Ἇς καὶ ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθᾶγι σιδάρῳ
Ἅλικες ἱμερτὰν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κόμαν.

SAPPHUS.

Timadis hic pulvis, quæ dulces ante Hymenæos
Excepta est nigro Persephones thalamo.
Illius heu fato cunctæ de vertice amatam
Æquales ferro subsecuere comam.

Politianus.

Di Timade ecco il fral, di lei, che tolta
Di vita anzi le nozze, in fosco letto
Dalla cruda Persefone fu accolta.
Tutto il drappel delle compagne eletto
Al suo ratto sparir recise il caro
Del capo onor con affilato acciaro.

Pagnini.

Aquí yace de Timas la ceniza,
A quien para sus bodas deseadas
Negro thalamo puso Proserpina,
Y á su finar cortaba duro hierro
De sus amigas las hermosas trenzas.

Conde.

Tima's Staub ist diess. Eh Hymens Fackel ihr strahlte,
Stieg sie zum dunkeln Gemach Persephoneiens hinab.
Als sie verblich, da schnitt mit geschliffenem Erze der Jungfraun
Chor von dem Haupt das Gelock über der Lieblichen Grab.

Jacobs.

This dust was Timas: ere her bridal hour
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower:
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
Clip with sharp steel their locks, the strewments of the dead.

Elton.

IV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων
Εὐκλεὴς μὲν ἁ τύχα, καλὸς δ' ὁ πότμος,
Βωμὸς δ' ὁ τάφος, πρὸ γόων δὲ μνᾶστις, ὁ δ' οἶκτος ἔπαινος.
Ἐντάφιον δὲ τοιοῦτον οὔτ' εὐρὼς
Οὔθ' ὁ πανδαμάτωρ ἀμαυρώσει χρόνος, ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν.
Ὁ δὲ σακὸς οἰκέταν εὐδοξίαν
Ἑλλάδος εἵλετο· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ Λεωνίδας
Ὁ Σπάρτας βασιλεὺς, ἀρετᾶς μέγαν λελοιπὼς
Κόσμον ἀέναόν τε κλέος.

SIMONIDIS.

Nomen iis Fortuna dedit sortemque decoram
  Queîs ad Thermopylas occubuisse dedit.
Majorum virtus memor his fuit: ara sepulcrum est,
  Næniaque, ad lacrymas commemorandus honor.
Atqui non tale involucrum sordere veterno,
  Nec fas est longis cedere temporibus:
Namque et erant fortes; et sancto Græcia busto
  Contulit, in dignos quicquid amoris habet.
Testis erit magnum, Spartane Leonida, nomen,
  Mansurumque tuum, tempus in omne, decus.

G. F. D. T.

Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain
To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay,
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.
Within their grave the homebred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

Sterling.

V.

ΝΙΚΙΟΥ.

Αἰόλου ἱμεροθαλὲς ἔαρ φαίνουσα, μέλισσα
Ξουθά, ἐφ' ὡραίοις ἄνθεσι μαινομένα,
Χῶρον ἐφ' ἡδύπνοον πωτωμένα, ἔργα τίθεσσο,
Ὄφρα τεὸς πλήθῃ κηροπαγὴς θάλαμος.

NICIÆ.

O quæ perpetuo florum tentaris amore,
Flava renidentis nuntia veris, Apis!
Prata supervolitans bene olentia, pone quod hauris,
Ut domus aërias cerea portet opes!

Grotius.

Bräunliche Biene, Verkündigerin süssblühenden Frühlings,
Die sich mit taumelnder Lust unter den Blüthen berauscht;
Fleuch nun hin zu der duftenden Au, und betriebe die Arbeit,
Dass dein wächsern Gemach schwelle vom lieblichen Seim.

Jacobs.

Thou nimble yellow Bee, that bring'st the softly-blooming spring,
Thee the love of primy flowers is ever maddening,
Flutt'ring o'er sweetly-breathing fields, increase thy honied store,
Until the wax-compacted cell at length can hold no more.

Hay.

VI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄρχοντα ἀνάξιον.

Οὐκ ἐθέλουσα Τύχη σε προήγαγεν· ἀλλ' ἵνα δείξῃ,
Ὡς ὅτι μέχρις σοῦ πάντα ποιεῖν δύναται.

INCERTI.

Non Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Sam. Johnson.

Te, bone, non Fortuna libens evexit; at omnes,
Te quoque, se dominam tollere posse docet.

G. B.

Fortuna t' innalzò, poichè credea
Non esser senza ciò, tenuta Dea.

Cerretti.

Der Beförderte.

Nicht aus Gunst erhob das Geschick dich, sondern zu zeigen,
  Dass es sogar aus dir etwas zu machen verstand.

Voss.

Nicht freywillig erhob das Geschick dich; sondern zum Zeugniss,
  Dass es auch selbst aus dir Alles zu machen vermag.

Jacobs.

Not of good-will Dame Fortune honoured you,
But just to prove there's nothing she can't do.

G. B.

Fortune advanced you, merely to display,
In doing it to you, her boundless sway.

W.

VII.

ΖΩΝΑ.

Ὦνερ, τῶν βαλάνων τὰν ματέρα φείδεο κόπτειν·
  Φείδεο, γηραλέαν δ' ἐκκεράϊζε πίτυν,
Ἢ πεύκαν, ἢ τάνδε πολυστέλεχον παλίουρον,
  Ἢ πρίνους, ἢ τὰν αὐαλέαν κόμαρον.
Τηλόθι δ' ἴσχε δρυὸς πέλεκυν· κοκύαι γὰρ ἔλεξαν
  Ἀμῖν ὡς πρότεραι ματέρες ἐντὶ δρύες.

ZONÆ.

Matrem glandiferam, frondator, cædere quercum
  Parce: cadet melius falce senex abies.
Aut tæda, aut multo qui stirpe viret paliurus,
  Arbutus, aut ilex, arida ligna, cadat.
Sed procul a quercu sit falx tua: quippe ferebant
  Et quercus proavi nos genuisse prius.

G. F. D. T.

Spare the parent of acorns, good wood-cutter, spare!
  Let the time-honour'd Fir feel the weight of your stroke,
The many-stalk'd thorn, or Acanthus worn bare,
  Pine, Arbutus, Ilex—but touch not the Oak!
Far hence be your axe, for our grandams have sung
How the Oaks are the mothers from whom we all sprung.

Merivale.

VIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς λουτρὸν ἐν Σμύρνῃ.

Ἐνθάδε λουσαμένων Χαρίτων ποτέ, θέσκελα πέπλα
Βαιὸς Ἔρως ἔκλεψε, καὶ ᾤχετο· τὰς δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ
Γυμνάς, αἰδομένας θυρέων ἔκτοσθε φανῆναι.

INCERTI.

Hoc fonte quondam Gratiis lavantibus
Sacras pusillus surripit vestes Amor:
Ne prodeant usque obstitit nudis pudor.

G. F. D. T.

Bagnandosi le Grazie entro quest' onde,
  Tolte lor vesti Amor, fuggissi altronde.
  Quivi entro ignude abbandonolle, ed ora
  Vergogna lor divieta uscirne fuora.

Pagnini.

Das Bad der Grazien.

Grazien badeten hier; hinzu schlich Amor, und haschte
Ihnen die Kleider; beschämt baden sie immer noch hier.

Herder.

Als die Chariten einst hier badeten, raubete heimlich
  Ihnen die schönen Gewand' Eros der kleine hinweg.
Jene, zusammengeschmiegt, die göttlichen Reize verbergend,
  Blieben zurück, vor Scham, nackt aus der Thüre zu gehn.

Voss.

On a Bath at Smyrna.

While the Graces were taking a bath here one day,
Little Love with their Goddess-ships' clothes made away,
Then took to his heels, and here left them all bare,
Ashamed out of doors to be seen as they were.

W.

Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water.

The Graces sought in yonder stream
 To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious Godhead came,
 And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft the little God
 Their robes bade Delia wear,
While they, asham'd to stir abroad,
 Remain all naked here.

T. Warton.

IX.

ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΥ.

Αἰσχύλον Εὐφορίωνος Ἀθηναῖον τόδε κεύθει
 Μνῆμα καταφθίμενον πυροφόροιο Γέλας·
Ἀλκὴν δ' εὐδόκιμον Μαραθώνιον ἄλσος ἂν εἴποι,
 Καὶ βαθυχαιτήεις Μῆδος ἐπιστάμενος.

ÆSCHYLI.

Atticus hoc tegitur satus Euphorione sepulcro
 Æschylus, herbifera funera dante Gela.
Dicere tu, Marathon, qualis fuit inclyta virtus,
 Testis et expertus, Mede comate, potes.

G. B.

Aischylos decket den Sohn des Euphorion, hier in dem Grabmal
 Gelas reiches Gefild, ihn der Erzeugten Athens.
Seinem gefeyerten Muth zeugt Marathon, zeuget der Meder
 Langumlocktes Geschlecht, welches ihn kampfend erfuhr.

Jacobs.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
 Buried in Gela's fields, these lines declare:
His deeds are registered at Marathon,
 Known to the deep-hair'd Mede who met him there.

C. Merivale.

X.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Σῆμα καταφθιμένοιο Μεγακλέος εὖτ' ἂν ἴδωμαι,
Οἰκτείρω σέ, τάλαν Καλλία, οἷ' ἔπαθες.

SIMONIDIS.

Ut tumulum specto Megaclis tibi, Callia, ademti,
Me miseret, quantum passus es ipse, mali.
G. B.

Quando l' arca funerea di Megacle rimiro,
Quanta pietade, o Callia, sento del tuo martiro!
M.

The tomb of Megacles whene'er I see,
Unhappy Callias! then I pity thee.
Sterling.

When on Megacles' tomb my eyes repose,
Poor Callias! I feel for all thy woes.
W.

XI.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Θεοδωριάδος.

Ὄμματα μὲν κούρης μόλις ἡ γραφὶς, οὔτε δὲ χαίτην,
Οὔτε σέλας χροιῆς ἄκρον ἀπεπλάσατο.
Εἴ τις μαρμαρυγὴν δύναται φαεθοντίδα γράψαι,
Μαρμαρυγὴν γράψει καὶ Θεοδωριάδος.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nulla potest oculos ars efformare puellæ,
Auratamve comam, purpureasve genas.
Qui valet igniferi radios depingere Solis,
Ille tui vultus pingat, amica, jubar.
Averardus Medices.

Her living glance, pure cheek, and golden hair,
Alas, how dimly these are pictur'd there!
When thou canst paint a sunbeam in the sky,
Then hope to match my Helen's beaming eye.
J. W. B.

XII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ὁδῖτα μὴ πρόσερπε πρὸς τὰ κλήματα,
Μηδ' αὖ τὰ μῆλα, μηδ' ὅπη τὰ μέσπιλα.
Τηνεὶ δὲ πρὸς τὴν σχοῖνον ἐξαμείβεο,
Ὡς μή τι θράξῃς τῶνδε, μηδ' ἀποθρίσῃς,
Ἃ σὺν πόνῳ φυτουργὸς ἔκτηται Μίδων,
Ὅς κἀμὲ θῆκεν· ἢν δέ μευ παρακλύῃς,
Γνώσῃ τὸν Ἑρμῆν, ὡς κακοὺς ἀμείβομαι.

INCERTI.

Ad hos viator ne propinqua palmites,
Nec ito qua sunt mala, nec qua mespila:
Sed recta perge norma quam monstrat viam,
Sic nil ut horum demetas, nil vellices,
Quæ rustico labore quæsivit Mido,
Meque hic locavit. Si nec audis, senties,
Quam sit scelestis Mercuri nomen grave.

Grotius.

Stay passenger, come not too near
The tendrils of the young vines here:
Keep off from the apple-trees
And the medlars, if you please:
Where the rope is set, you see
Where your limit ought to be:
Lest you break or rend away
What cost labour many a day
To the vine-dresser Midon, who
Put me here to caution you.
But if my word you disobey
Hermes will shew you soon the way
For two at mischief's game to play.

G. C. S.

XIII.

ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ.

Οἰνός τοι πυρὶ ἶσον ἔχει μένος, εὖτ' ἂν ἐς ἄνδρα
Ἔλθῃ· κυμαίνει δ' οἷα Λίβυσσαν ἅλα
Βοῤῥᾶς ἠὲ Νότος, τὰ δὲ καὶ κεκρυμμένα φαίνει
Βυσσόθεν, ἐκ δ' ἀνδρῶν πάντ' ἐτίναξε νόον.

ERATOSTHENIS.

Invadunt animum, velut ignis, vina; nec æstus
Majores Libyci concitat ira maris.
Ima patent penitus turbato pectora fundo,
Et mens præcipiti vortice rapta fugit.

G. S.

Il vino ha possa al fuoco ugual se in petto
Agli uomini discende. Iv' entro desta,
Qual Borea o Noto in grembo al mar tempesta.
Ogni pensiero, ogni nascoso affetto
Dall' intimo del sen dischiude e versa,
E su le menti e i cuor fiero imperversa.

Pagnini.

Wine enters in, a mighty fire,
'Tis like the Lybian sea,
When gales from North or South conspire
To stir it furiously:
The depths reveal each hidden thought;
Man's scattered senses come to nought.

W.

XIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἀέναον ΚΑΘΑΡΗΝ *με παρερχομένοισιν ὁδίταις*
Πηγὴν ἀμβλύζει γειτονέουσα νάπη·
Πάντη δ' αὖ πλατάνοισι καὶ ἡμεροθηλέσι δάφναις
Ἔστεμμαι, σκιερὴν ψυχομένη κλισίην·
Τοὔνεκα μή με θέρευς παραμείβεο· δίψαν ἀλαλκὼν
Ἄμπαυσον παρ' ἐμοὶ καὶ κόπον ἡσυχίῃ.

INCERTI.

Quotquot iter facitis, vobis de colle propinquo
  Perpetui fontis limpida manat aqua.
Hinc platanis, illinc laureti fronde coronor,
  Textaque de ramis porticus umbra mihi est.
Ne me præter abi, quoties furit æstus: habebis
  Unde leves fessum corpus et unde sitim.

Grotius.

Hier bieß nimmer versiegende Naß des krystallenen Felsbachs
  Sprudelt das nahe Gebirg durstigen Wandrern hervor.
Grünende Lorbern umkränzen mich stets, und des Platanos Laubdach
  Schatten mir. Kühlend zugleich breitet ein Lager sich aus.
Geh' nicht achtlos neben mir hin, und hast du des Durstes
  Gluten gestillt, so verzieh ruhend im schattenden Sitz.

Jacobs.

Pure welling from the glen hard by
An ever flowing fount am I
  For all who this way fare.
With shady plane-trees all around
And gently-blooming laurels crown'd
  A cool bed have I there!
Then pass me not, this summer's day,
But while I drive thy thirst away,
  Let rest thy toil repair.

E. S.

XV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Παῖδες Ἀθηναίων Περσῶν στρατὸν ἐξολέσαντες
  Ἤρκεσαν ἀργαλέαν πατρίδι δουλοσύνην.

SIMONIDIS.

Persarum cæsis hic millibus Attica proles
  Depulit a patria flebile servitium.

G. F. D. T.

On the Athenians fallen at Salamis.

The sons of Athens here laid Persia low,
And saved their native land from slavery's woe.

Sterling.

XVI.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ.

Ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ στεφανηφόρος, ὦ 'νερ, ὁ τὸ πρὶν
Δισσάκι κηρυχθεὶς Κασταλίης παρ' ὕδωρ,
Ὁ πρὶν ἐγὼ Νεμέῃ βεβοημένος, ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' Ἰσθμῷ
Πῶλος, ὁ πρὶν πτηνοῖς ἶσα δραμὼν ἀνέμοις,
Νῦν ὅτε γηραιός, γυροδρόμον ἠνίδε πέτρον
Δινεύω, στεφέων ὕβρις, ἐλαυνόμενος.

ARCHIÆ, VEL LEONTII.

Ille ego Piseæ merui qui præmia palmæ;
Ille ego Castaliam bis prope victor aquam;
Ille ego jam Nemea, bimari jam clarus in Isthmo;
Ille ruens volucri par Zephyro sonipes;
Nunc, postquam senui, viden' ut versatile in orbem
Saxum hoc, palmarum dedecus, hospes, ago.

Cunichius.

Io che l' onor della palestra Achea
Con mille serti al crin sostenni altero,
Io che col piè balzante il suol premea
Come un alato Zeffiro leggero,
Or d' anni carco, macilente, e lasso,
Cammino intorno raggirando un sasso.

Roncalli.

Der ich am Alpheus einst, der am Castalischen Quell einst
Doppelten Siegesruf, doppelte Kränze bekam,
Und in Nemea noch und einst am schallenden Isthmus
Schneller als Winde, flog hin zum beneideten ziel;
Jetzt veraltet und schwach, zum schweren Steine verdammet,
Treib' ich die Mühle; Euch, Griechen, zur ewigen Schmach.

Herder

Beside Alpheus victor was I named,
And by Castalia's waters twice proclaimed,
Known to the Nemean and the Isthmian course—
Not the wing'd wind could match the favourite horse.
Now, in my age, I turn this circling stone,
And shame the glory of each youthful crown.

G. S.

XVII.

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ.

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισιν ἀείσεις,
Ἀκρί, κατ' εὐκάρπους αὔλακας ἑζομένα,
Οὐδέ με κεκλιμένον σκιερὴν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις,
Ξουθὰν ἐκ πτερύγων ἡδὺ κρέκουσα μέλος.

MNASALCÆ.

Ergo non recines argutis amplius alis,
Nec te jam capiet sulcus opimus agri,
Nec me lenibis viridi sub fronde supinum,
Stridula quæ pennis dulcè, cicada, crepas!

G. F. D. T.

Nicht mehr tönest du nun mit den schwirrenden Flügeln, Cicade;
Zirpst nicht mehr wie vordem, sitzend in grünender Flur.
Auch nicht wirfst du hinfort mich den Ruhenden unter des Laubdachs
Schatten erfreun mit Gesang, der von den Fittichen rauscht.

Jacobs.

Oh! never more, thou locust, shalt thou, with shrilly wing,
Along the fertile furrows sit, and thy gladsome carols sing.
Oh! never more thy nimble wings shall cheer this heart of mine,
With sweetest melody, while I beneath the trees recline.

Hay.

XVIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Παύλῳ κωμῳδῷ κατ' ὄναρ στὰς εἶπε Μένανδρος·
Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ κατὰ σοῦ, καὶ σὺ κακῶς με λέγεις.

PALLADÆ.

Comædo visus Paulo de nocte Menander,
Cur me, ait, infamas, qui tibi nil nocui?

Grotius.

On a celebrated actor.

Once, in a fearful vision of the night,
Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.
"I never wrong'd thee" cried the laurell'd sprite,
"O why, Lothario, dost thou murder me?"

Merivale

XIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εὐστάθιε, γλυκερὸν μὲν ἔχεις τύπον· ἀλλά σε κηρὸν
Δέρκομαι, οὐδ' ἔτι σοι κεῖνο τὸ λαρὸν ἔπος
Ἕζεται ἐν στομάτεσσι· τεὴ δ' εὐάνθεμος ἥβη,
Αἴ, αἴ, μαψιδίη νῦν χθονός ἐστι κόνις.
Πέμπτον καὶ δεκάτον γὰρ ἐπιψαύσας ἐνιαυτοῦ
Τετράκις ἓξ μούνους ἔδρακες ἠελίους.
Οὐδὲ τεοῦ πάππου θρόνος ἤρκεσεν, οὐ γενετῆρος
Ὄλβος. πᾶς δὲ τεὴν εἰκόνα δερκόμενος
Τὴν ἄδικον Μοῖραν καταμέμφεται, οὕνεκα τοίην,
Ἆ μέγα νηλειής, ἔσβεσεν ἀγλαΐην.

AGATHIÆ.

Forma quidem, Eustathie, est dulcis tibi, blandula sed non,
Ceu prius, in labris illa loquela sedet.
Te cerâ pictum video, et de flore juventæ
Irritus heu! superest pulvis et umbra tuæ.
Quartus enim et decimus modo jam tibi cœperat annus,
Et soles tantum sex quater inde vides.
Nec te juvit avi solium, tantæve parentis
Divitiæ. Effigies cui tua cunque tamen
Visa unquam fuerit, Parcam is culpabit iniquam,
Sæva quod heu! tantum perdidit illa decus.

G. S.

Sweet, dear Eustathius, is the form I see;
Yet 'tis of wax—no phrase of boyish glee
Sits on those lips: thy tender prime is fled,
And dust, mere dust, remains to us instead
Of all thou wert! Scarce of thy fifteenth year
Four little weeks had run their brief career;
Nor aught avail'd thee, or thy grandsire's throne
Or wealth paternal. All, to whom is shewn
This thy mere bust, tax Fate's unjust decree,
Which merciless could crush such grace in thee!

Wrangham.

XX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Φιλοκτήτου.

Οἶδα Φιλοκτήτην ὁρόων ὅτι πᾶσι φαείνει
Ἄλγος ἑόν, καὶ τοῖς τηλόθι δερκομένοις.
Ἄγρια μὲν κομόωσαν ἔχει τρίχα· δεῦρ' ἴδε κόρσης
Χαίτην τρηχαλέοις χρώμασιν αὐσταλέην.
Δέρμα κατεσκληρὸς δὲ φέρει καὶ ῥικνὸν ἰδέσθαι,
Καὶ τάχα καρφαλέον χερσὶν ἐφαπτομέναις.
Δάκρυα δὲ ξηροῖσιν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι παγέντα
Ἵσταται, ἀγρύπνου σῆμα δυηπαθίης.

JULIANI.

Ecce Philoctetem cerno: satis omnibus, etsi
Sis procul, ærumnas indicat ille suas.
Aspicis? impexi fluitant per tempora crines:
Cæsariem incultam prodit et ipse color.
Corpore tum duras toto cutis arida rugas
Contrahit; appositas ureret illa manus.
Et quæ luminibus subter stat lachryma siccis
Testatur, somno quam vacet iste dolor.

G. S.

Ja ich kenne dich, Armer, dem ersten Blicke verräthst du,
Leidender Philoktet, deinen inwendigen Schmerz.
Wie sich das Haar ihm sträubt! wie von der Scheitel die Locke
Wilde-verwirret fällt! auch in der Farbe noch wild.
Und voll Furchen des Grams umkleidet dürre die Haut ihn
Trocknen, als fühletest du, selber im Blicke sie hart.
Sieh und im düstern Auge, da hangen geronnene Thränen
Starrend, sie zeigen ach! seinen unendlichen Schmerz.

Herder.

'Tis Philoctetes' self! To all how well
Does he, though seen from far, his sorrows tell.
Wild o'er his forehead waves the matted hair:
How dry and rough, its faded hues declare.
In the parched skin is many a furrow seen,
And, touched, it burns with feverish glow, I ween.
Tearless the eye, but many a tear below
Hath left its trace—sure sign of sleepless woe.

G. S.

XXI.

ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόκα Φιλοκτήτου.

Καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ Τρηχῖνος ἴδ' ὡς πολυώδυνον ἥρω,
Τόνδε Φιλοκτήτην ἔγραφε Παῤῥάσιος·
Ἔν τε γὰρ ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐσκληκόσι κωφὸν ὑποικεῖ
Δάκρυ, καὶ ὁ τρύχων ἐντὸς ἔνεστι πόνος.
Ζωογράφων ὦ λῷστε, σὺ μὲν σοφός, ἀλλ' ἀναπαῦσαι
Ἄνδρα πόνων ἤδη τὸν πολύδακρυν ἔδει.

GLAUCI.

Vidit et hunc credo miserum Pæante creatum
Parrhasius: forma est tam bene picta viri.
Quippe subest oculis arentibus abdita quædam
Lachryma, seque dolor tam ferus intus agit.
Eximium nemo te, pictor, in arte negabit:
Desinere illius sed mala tempus erat.

Grotius.

On the Picture of Philoctetes by Parrhasius.

Your art, ingenious painter, can renew
The hero's sorrows and his death-like hue;
Trace in the hollow eye the lingering tear,
That speaks in silence all his inward care.
Cease, artist, tho' thy skill we all commend:
Must Philoctetes' misery never end?

Ph. Smyth.

XXII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Πανὸς ἐπὶ πηγῆς ἱστάμενον.

Ἔρχεο, καὶ κατ' ἐμὰν ἵζευ πίτυν, ἃ τὸ μελιχρὸν
Πρὸς μαλακοὺς ἠχεῖ κεκλιμένα Ζεφύρους.
Ἠνίδε καὶ κρούνισμα μελισταγές, ἔνθα μελίσδων
Ἡδὺν ἐρημαίοις ὕπνον ἄγω καλάμοις.

INCERTI.

Hæc mea te pinus monet hic residere, viator,
  Quæ blandum Zephyro leniter acta sonat;
Et qui tam gratum fons murmurat, et mea somnum
  Quæ dabit in solis fistula docta locis.

Grotius.

Vieni: riposati,
  O peregrino,
  All' ombra placida
  Di questo pino,
Che al dolce sibilo
  D' aura leggiera
  Risponde, ed agita
  La cima altera.

Limpido e garrulo
  Tra sponda e sponda,
  Il rio, che mormora,
  Increspa l' onda:
E Pan capripede
  Del luogo donno,
  Con rozza fistola
  Invita al sonno.

Felici.

Rest here beneath my shady pine reclin'd,
Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind;
Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with its ever gurgling song;
Here on my solitary pipe I play,
Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

Fawkes.

Come sit by the shadowy pine
  That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how the branches incline
  The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain that flowing diffuses
  Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink as the traveller muses,
  I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

Moore.

Come stretch thy limbs beneath these shady trees,
That wave their branches to the western breeze,
Where, by yon limpid stream that gently flows,
My rustic pipe shall soothe thee to repose.

W. Shepherd.

XXIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἰητρὸς Κρατέας, καὶ Δάμων ἐνταφιαστὴς
  Κοινὴν ἀλλήλοις θέντο συνωμοσίην.
Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν οὓς κλέπτεσκεν ἀπ' ἐνταφίων τελαμῶνας
  Εἰς ἐπιδεσμεύειν πέμπε φίλῳ Κρατέᾳ·
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος Κρατέας εἰς ἐνταφιάζειν
  Πέμπεν ὅλους αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

INCERTI.

Cum medico Cratea pollinctor Damo ligarunt
  Inter se pacti relligione fidem.
Hic quas fasciolas tumulis rapiebat ab ipsis,
  Has Crateæ, læsis vincla futura, dabat.
Qui referens Damoni vicem mittebat ad ipsum
  Ægrotos, posset quos sepelire, suos.

Grotius.

Col becchino Damon cotale avea
  Patto conchiuso il medico Cratea:
  Quegli le bende a' tumuli rapite
  Spediva a questo per fasciar ferite;
  Questi in compenso a quel tutti mandava
  A seppelir gl' infermi che curava.

Pagnini.

Le médecin Cratès, Damon le fossoyeur
  Entre eux font plaisamment métier de pourvoyeur.
  Damon vole les draps de tous ceux qu'il enterre,
  Et pour ses pansemens à Cratès en fait don.
  Tous ceux que Cratès panse, il les met dans la bière,
  Et pour les enterrer les envoye à Damon.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Die Amtsgehülfen.

Damon und Pythias, der Todtengräber und Doctor,
  Helfen in ihrer kunst treulich einander sich aus;
Damon stiehlt dem Begrab'nen die Leichenhemde zu Pflastern
  Für den Doctor, und Er schafft ihm die Kranken in's Grab.

Herder.

Art-Union.

A sexton and a grave physician
Once made a gainful coalition.
The sexton gave his friend the garment
Of each corpse brought him for interment;
The doctor all his patients hurried
Off to the sexton to be buried.

W. Shepherd.

XXIV.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΑΡΧΙΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Ἡσιόδου.

Αὐταί ποιμαίνοντα μεσαμβρινὰ μῆλά σε Μοῦσαι
Ἔδρακον ἐν κραναοῖς οὔρεσιν, Ἡσίοδε,
Καί σοι καλλιπέτηλον, ἐρυσσάμεναι περὶ πᾶσαι,
Ὤρεξαν δάφνας ἱερὸν ἀκρέμονα.
Δῶκαν δὲ κράνας Ἑλικωνίδος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ,
Τὸ πτανοῦ πώλου πρόσθεν ἔκοψεν ὄνυξ,
Οὗ σὺ κορεσσάμενος μακάρων γένος, ἔργα τε μολπαῖς
Καὶ γένος ἀρχαίων ἔγραφες ἡμιθέων.

ASCLEPIADIS, VEL ARCHIÆ.

Pascentem te forte pecus per pascua Musæ
Videre e summis montibus, Hesiode.
Et decerpentes frondentem ex arbore ramum
Laurea temporibus serta dedere tuis.
Delapsumque Helicone suo tribuere liquorem,
Bellerophonteus quem pede fecit equus.
Hoc madidus, Divumque genus, terræque labores,
Claraque priscorum concinis acta virûm.

Petrus Francius.

The Muses, Hesiod, on the mountain steep
Themselves at noon thy flocks beheld thee keep.
The bright-leaved bay they pluck'd, and all the Nine
Placed in thy hand at once the branch divine.
Then their own Helicon's inspiring wave,
From where the wing'd steed smote the ground, they gave.
Which deeply quaffed, thy verse the lineage told
Of Gods, and Husbandry, and Heroes old.

G. S

XXV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἑρμοῦ ἐν Κήπῳ.

Α. Κράμβης ἅψωμαι, Κυλλήνιε; Β. Μή, παροδῖτα.
Α. Τίς φθόνος ἐκ λαχάνων; Β. Οὐ φθόνος, ἀλλὰ νόμος,
Ἀλλοτρίων ἀπέχειν κλοπίμους χέρας. Α. Ὦ παραδόξου,
Μὴ κλέπτειν Ἑρμῆς καινὸν ἔθηκε νόμον.

PHILIPPI.

Arripio cramben, Cyllenie.—Parce viator.—
Quæ, precor, invidia est?—Non vetat invidia,
Sed lex, alterius rem tangere.—Lex nova, quam fert
Mercurius, furto vivere ne liceat.

Grotius.

A. Toccar mi lice un cavolo?
B. No, passegger, non puoi.
A. Volgare erbaggio ignobile
Invidïar mi vuoi?
B. È legge, e non invidia,
Che i furti qui corregge.
A. Ridiamo; oggi Mercurio
Impone ai furti legge.

Felici.

A. May I just take a cabbage-plant,
Cyllenius? B. No Sir, you sha'nt.
A. What, grudge a cabbage? B. 'Tis not grudge,
But there's a law the thief to judge.
A. Oh miracle beyond belief,
When Hermes preaches down a thief.

G. C. S.

XXVI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Πολλὰ τὸ δαιμόνιον δύναται, κἂν ᾖ παράδοξα·
Τοὺς μικροὺς ἀνάγει, τοὺς μεγάλους κατάγει.
Καὶ σοῦ τὴν ὀφρὺν καὶ τὸν τῦφον καταπαύσει,
Κἂν ποταμὸς χρυσοῦ νάματά σοι παρέχῃ.
Οὐ θρύον, οὐ μαλάκην ἄνεμός ποτε, τὰς δὲ μεγίστας
Ἡ δρύας, ἢ πλατάνους οἶδε χαμαὶ κατάγειν.

LUCILLII.

Multa potest, inopina licet, Fortuna novatrix:
 Ima levat; contra, si placet, alta premit.
Illa supercilium et fastus cohibebit inanes,
 Det tibi vel rutilas aurifer amnis aquas.
Non humilem gravior malvam juncumque sed altam
 Sternere vis quercum scit platanumve Noti.

G. B.

Fortune peut beaucoup, voire l' inesperée,
Elle abbaisse les grands, et hausse les petitz;
Elle rend promptement toute audace atterrée,
Ores qu'un fleuve d'or courut en ton logis:
Elle est comme le vent lequel tient à mespris
D'abbattre les rouseaux, et les petites herbes;
Mais il est coustumier de sa fureur épris,
Renverser les hautz pins et les chesnes superbes.

Tamisier.

God's providence brings much to pass that's strange,
Making the small and great their lot exchange.
He'll tame thy haughty brow and swelling pride,
Tho' wealth pour on thee with a golden tide.
Winds o'er the reed and mallow sweep in vain,
But level the tall oak and spreading plane.

W.

XXVII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἡ γρῆϋς Νικὼ Μελίτης τάφον ἐστεφάνωσε
 Παρθενικῆς. Ἀΐδη, τοῦθ' ὁσίως κέκρικας;

PHILIPPI, VEL SIMONIDIS.

Marcida anus Nico Melites dat serta sepulchro
 Virginis. Hoc ne æquum est, hoc placet, Orce, tibi?

Grotius.

These garlands aged Nico hung upon the maiden tomb
Of Melite,—and call'st thou this, o Grave, a righteous doom?

W.

XXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Πέμπω σοι, Ῥοδόκλεια, τόδε στέφος, ἄνθεσι καλοῖς
Αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.
Ἔστι κρίνον, ῥοδέη τε κάλυξ, νοτερή τ' ἀνεμώνη,
Καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς καὶ κυαναυγὲς ἴον·
Ταῦτα στεψαμένη, λῆξον μεγάλαυχος ἐοῦσα·
Ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

RUFINI.

Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,
Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas;
Est viola, est anemòne, est suave-rubens hyacinthus,
Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo:
Sume; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ;
Qui pinxit, brevis est, sertaque teque, color.

Th. Gray.

Mitto tibi hæc, Rodoclea, virentia serta virenti:
Texuit hæc solo docta ab Amore manus,
Narcissumque rosamque legens, mollemque anemonem, et
Candida cæruleis lilia cum violis.
Indue et hæc, et mitem animum. Florem esse memento,
Pulcrior his qui sit, forsitan et brevior.

Jortin.

Floribus, in pratis legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis do, Rodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

Sam. Johnson.

Floribus hanc opifex mitto, Rodoclea, venustis
Quæ faciat capiti nexa corona tuo.
Lilia sunt nascensque rosa, et rorans anemone,
Narcissi molles, purpureæ violæ.
His redimita breves fastus dimitte: corona
Florida non aliter quam Rodoclea perit.

G. F. D. T.

Di eletti fior che di mia man cogliea,
T' invio questa ghirlanda, o Rodoclea.
È l' anemone quivi, il fiordaliso,
L' azzurra violetta, mezzo ascosa
Nel suo bocciuol la rosa,
Ed il molle narciso.
Ne cingi il crine, e cessa
D' esser superba; chè se or tu com' essa
Di beltà ornata vai,
Tu pur com' essa in breve sfiorirai.

M.

Nimm, Rhodoklea, den Kranz von den zierlichsten Blumen gewoben,
Den ich mit eigener Hand sorglich geflochten für dich.
Lilien hab' ich mit Rosen gepaart, Anemonen und dunkle
Veilchen, und allen zuletzt feuchte Narcissen vereint.
Schmücke die duftenden Schläfe damit, und entsage dem Hochmuth.
Wie dieß Blumengeflecht blühst du und welkest dahin.

Jacobs.

I send thee, my fair one, this garland of flowers,
And wove it myself for you:
There are lilies, and buds from the rosy bowers,
And the wind-flower steep'd in dew,
And the languid Narciss, and the purple shine
Of the violet of the glade:
So wear them, and cease to be haughty and fine,
For thou bloom'st, as the wreath, to fade.

G. F. D. T.

XXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Χαίρει τις, Θεόδωρος ἐπεὶ θάνον· ἄλλος ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Χαιρήσει· θανάτῳ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα.

SIMONIDIS.

Quod Theodorus obi, gaudet quis, et alter ob ipsum
Gaudebit: morti debita turba sumus.

Grotius.

I Theodorus dying pleased my foe,
Whose death will please a third: thus all must go.

Sterling.

XXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Μελέαγρος, μέλλοντος βοὸς θύεσθαι τῷ Διΐ, καὶ μυκωμένου.

Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἱκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,
Μυκᾶται, ψυχὴν ῥυόμενος θανάτου.
Ἀλλὰ μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρέα· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς
Πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἄναξ, ἐγένου.

MELEAGRI.

Ecce tuam supplex taurus moriturus ad aram
Mugitu, ut vivat, Jupiter alte, rogat.
Parce, et arare sinas. Et tu, Saturnie, quondam
Europam advectans per mare, taurus eras.

Averardus Medices.

Questo presso l' altar torello aita
Chiede mugghiando, e per pietà la vita.
Deh tu, Giove immortal, che tutto puoi,
Arator lo ritorna ai solchi suoi.
Tu pur forma di toro allor pigliasti
Che con Europa in dorso il mar solcasti.

Pagnini.

Selber der Stier, o himmlischer Zeus, fleht flehend am Altar;
Rettung sucht er bey dir, brüllend, vom drohenden Tod.
Lass ihn frey, Kronide, den Pflügenden; hast du Europen
Einst doch selber entführt, König, in Stieres Gestalt.

Jacobs.

The suppliant Bull, to Jove's high altar led,
Bellows a prayer for his devoted head.
Spare him, Saturnius!—His the form you wore
When fair Europa through the waves you bore.

Merivale.

XXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥηξήνορος, ὅν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Δώμησαν, Τρώων δεῖμα καὶ ἐσσομένων·
Αἰγιαλῷ δὲ νένευκεν, ἵνα στοναχῇσι θαλάσσης
Κυδαίνοιτο πάϊς τῆς ἁλίας Θέτιδος.

INCERTI.

Hic est Pelidæ tumulus, quem struxerat olim
  Terrorem seris Græcia Dardanidis.
Litore in Iliaco jacet heros; æquor ubi illum
  Plangit, et ipsa suis mater honorat aquis.

Petrus Francius.

Questa è la tomba del pugnace Achille,
  Che i Greci edificaro, alto spavento
  A' Teucri ancor dopo cent' anni e mille.
  Su questo lido siede incontro al vento,
  Perchè il marino faccia alto fragore
  Della marina Teti al figlio onore.

Pagnini.

Dies ist Achilles Grab: den künftigen Troja zum Schrecken
  Setzten die Griechen es hier an den Trojanischen Strand.
Sohn der Meeres-Göttin, du liegst am Ufer begraben,
  Dass dir die Welle des Meers rausche dein ewiges Lob.

Herder.

The tomb of brave Achilles, this! which Greeks beside the sea
Rear'd up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be.
The son of Ocean-Thetis sleeps where Ocean's sleepless surge
May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.

J. W. B.

XXXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εἰς Πρίαμον.

Ἥρωος Πριάμου βαιὸς τάφος, οὐχ ὅτι τοίου
  Ἄξιος, ἀλλ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.

ANTIPATRI.

Exiguum en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
  Quale, sed hostiles quale dedere manus.

Sam. Johnson.

Klein ist Priamos Grab; nicht weil er des grössern nicht werth war;
  Aber von feindlicher Hand wurde der Hügel gebaut.

Jacobs.

See Priam's lowly tomb! Not such a grave
As he deserv'd, but—as his foemen gave!

J. W. B.

XXXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Τὰν ἔλαφον, Λάδωνα καὶ ἀμφ' Ἐρυμάνθιον ὕδωρ
Νῶτά τε θηρονόμου φερβομέναν Φολόας,
Παῖς ὁ Θεαρίδεω Λασιώνιος εἷλε Λυκόρμας,
Πλήξας ῥομβωτῷ δούρατος οὐριάχῳ·
Δέρμα δὲ καὶ δικέραιον ἀπὸ στόρθυγγα μετώπων
Σπασσάμενος κούρᾳ θῆκε παρ' ἀγρότιδι.

ANTIPATRI.

Cervam quæ Pholoës dorso Ladonaque circum,
Atque Erymantheas propter agebat aquas,
Patre Thearide Lasionius ille Lycormas
Cepit, ab hastili cum foret icta suo.
At pellem celsæque simul duo cornua frontis
Silvarum dominæ donat habere Deæ.

Grotius.

Diesen gewaltigen Hirsch, der am Strom Erymanthos und Ladon,
Oder auf Pholoe's Höh' öfters sein Futter gesucht,
Traf Lykormas, der Sohn des Thearides, Lasions Bürger;
Tödtend mit scharfem Geschoss rauschenden Speeres das Wild,
Aber die Haut und das Doppelgeweih von der mächtigen Stirn ihm
Streifend, beschenkt er damit, Artemis, deinen Altar.

Jacobs.

By Erymanthus' wave and Ladon's mead
And Pholoe's forest ridge this hind did feed,
Which, with his spear-butt struck, Lycormas, son
Of old Thearides from Lasium, won.
The horns he tore from off the brow, and flayed
The skin, an offering to the Huntress Maid.

G. S.

XXXIV.

ΟΙΝΟΜΑΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα ἐν Καυκίῳ γεγλυμμένον.

Ἐν κυάθῳ τὸν Ἔρωτα. τίνος χάριν; ἀρκετὸν οἴνῳ
Αἴθεσθαι κραδίην. μὴ πυρὶ πῦρ ἔπαγε.

OENOMAI.

In cyatho cur sculptus Amor? Vino ardeat ut cor
  Est satis. Ignem igni quis furor adjicere est?

Grotius.

Perchè Amor sovr' un nappo? Arde sì poco
  Il vin, ch' è d' uopo aggiunger foco al foco?

M.

Amor im Becher.

Kypriens Sohn im Becher? Wozu? Gnügt Wein zu der Herzen
  Brande nicht schon? Wer bringt Feuer zum Feuer hinzu?

Jacobs.

Love on a Goblet? Ah why so? Inspire
With wine thy heart; but add not fire to fire.

E. S.

XXXV.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Ξεῖν' ὑπὸ τὰν πέτραν τετρυμένα γυῖ' ἀνάπαυσον·
  Ἀδύ τοι ἐν χλωροῖς πνεῦμα θροεῖ πετάλοις.
Πίδακά τ' ἐκ παγᾶς ψυχρὸν πίε· δὴ γὰρ ὁδίταις
  Ἄμπαυμ' ἐν θερμῷ καύματι τοῦτο φίλον.

ANYTES.

Fessa sub hanc rupem declina membra viator:
  Dulce sub hac Zephyri fronde virente sonant.
Et laticem bibe fontis. Iter facientibus hæc est
  Æstatis calido tempore grata quies.

Grotius.

Unter dem schattenden Fels, o Fremdling, ruh' von Ermüdung.
  Hier in dem grünen Gezweig plaudern die Lüfte so süss.
Trink aus kühlendem Quell das erquickende Wasser; dem Wandrer
  Ist in sengender Glut dieses die freundlichste Rast.

Jacobs.

On the entrance to a Cavern.

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
  Sweet, 'mid the green leaves, breezes whisper here:
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervors glow;
  For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

Anon. Bland's Collect.

XXXVI.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ.

Χαῖρέ μοι ἁβρὲ κύπασσι, τὸν Ὀμφάλη, ἥ ποτε Λυδή,
Λυσαμένη φιλότητ' ἦλθεν ἐς Ἡρακλέους·
Ὄλβιος ἦσθα, κύπασσι, καὶ ὡς τότε καὶ πάλιν, ὃς νῦν
Χρύσεον Ἀρτέμιδος τοῦτ' ἐπέβης μέλαθρον.

DIOTIMI.

Zona, mihi salve! Nam te regina solutâ
Lydia in Alcidis dicitur isse torum.
O felix olim, neque nunc minus, aurea quod te
Dianæ hæc recipit, zona beata, domus.

G. S.

Sey mir, zarte Kypassis, begrüßt, die sich Omphale lösend,
Lydiens Fürstin einst, Herakles Liebe genoss.
Glucklich warst du, Kypassis, vordem, und auch jetso noch glücklich,
Da dich strahlend von Gold Artemis Tempel bewahrt.

Jacobs.

Hail, pretty Virgin-girdle, hail!
From her of Lydia unlaced—
From Omphale, (so goes the tale)
By loving Hercules embraced.
Blest girdle then! blest now again,
Here laid in Dian's golden fane.

W.

XXXVII.

ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ.

Ψυχή μοι προλέγει φεύγειν πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας,
Δάκρυα καὶ ζήλους τοὺς πρὶν ἐπισταμένη.
Φησὶ μέν· ἀλλὰ φυγεῖν οὔ μοι σθένος· ἡ γὰρ ἀναιδὴς
Αὐτὴ καὶ προλέγει, καὶ προλέγουσα φιλεῖ.

PHILODEMI.

Mens ab amore mihi caveam monet Heliodoræ,
Conscia quos æstus senserit et lacrymas.
Recta monet: sed nulla fuga est: namque absque pudore,
Et monet, et contra quam monet ipsa facit.

Grotius.

"Fliehe, sprichst du mein Herz, flieh' der Zenophila Liebe!
Denk', Unglücklicher, denk' an die vergangene Quaal,
An die vorigen Thränen." So sprichst du, meine Prophetin;
Aber wohin denn fliehn? liebst du, Prophetin, nicht selbst?

Herder.

Long school'd by sorrow and alarm
My Soul forewarns me, "Flee the charm
Of Heliodora's smile."—
She bids, but I've no strength to fly,
For she herself, unblushingly,
Forewarns, yet loves the while.

W.

XXXVIII.

ΧΡΗΣΜΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΥΘΙΑΣ.

Ἁγνὸς εἰς τέμενος καθαροῦ, ξένε, δαίμονος ἔρχου
Ψυχήν, νυμφαίου νάματος ἀψάμενος·
Ὡς ἀγαθοῖς κεῖται βαιὴ λιβάς· ἄνδρα δὲ φαῦλον
Οὐδ' ἂν ὁ πᾶς νίψαι νάμασιν Ὠκεανός.

ORACULUM PYTHIÆ.

Mente piâ sancti lustratus Numinis, hospes,
Templa subi, castæ flumine tactus aquæ.
Gutta bono satis una viro; non ipsa sed omnis
Oceani maculas eluet unda malo.

G. B.

Rein nur nahe dem Tempel, o Freund, und der heiligen Gottheit
Schranken, nachdem du das Naß reinen Gewässers berührt.
Weniges Wasser genügt für den redlichen; aber den Freuler
Wüsche mit sämmtlicher Fluth selber der Ocean nicht.

Jacobs.

Enter the pure God's Temple sanctified
In soul, with virgin water purified.
One drop will cleanse the good; the Ocean wave
Suffices not the guilty soul to lave.

W.

XXXIX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εἰς τὴν Ἀφροδίτην, ἀνερχομένην ἀπὸ θαλάττης.

Τὰν ἀναδυομέναν ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσας
Κύπριν, Ἀπελλείου μόχθον ὅρα γραφίδος,
Ὡς χερὶ συμμάρψασα διάβροχον ὕδατι χαίταν
Ἐκθλίβει νοτερῶν ἀφρὸν ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.
Αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρέουσιν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη·
Οὐκέτι σοὶ μορφᾶς εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Emersam pelagi nuper genitalibus undis
Cyprin Apellæi cerne laboris opus:
Ut complexa manu madidos salis æquore crines,
Humidulis spumas stringit utraque comis.
Jam tibi nos, Cypri, Juno inquit, et innuba Pallas,
Cedimus, et formæ præmia deferimus.

Ausonius.

Fuor dell' onde del mar che vita dielle,
Ecco la pur testè sorta Ciprigna,
Gentil fatica del pennel d' Apelle.
Ve' come il crin pregno di salsi umori
Ella distrigne con sua mano, e spreme
La schiuma dalle trecce umide fuori.
Pallade stessa e la stessa Giunone
Diran ora: A contender di bellezze
Non venghiam no più teco al paragone.

Pompei.

Triumph and boast of Grecian painter's art,
From Ocean's foam see new-born Venus start.
Oh, with what grace she waves her hand of pearl
And wrings the dew from ev'ry clustering curl!
Let Pallas now and Juno's self confess
'Twere vain contending with such loveliness.

J. W. B.

XL.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Οὔτε ῥόδον στεφάνων ἐπιδεύεται, οὔτε σὺ πέπλων,
Οὔτε λιθοβλήτων, πότνια, κεκρυφάλων.
Μάργαρα σῆς χροιῆς ἀπολείπεται, οὐδὲ κομίζει
Χρυσὸς ἀπεκτήτου σῆς τριχὸς ἀγλαΐην·
Ἰνδῴη δ᾽ ὑάκινθος ἔχει χάριν αἴθοπος αἴγλης,
Ἀλλὰ τεῶν λογάδων πολλὸν ἀφαυροτέρην.
Χείλεα δὲ δροσόεντα, καὶ ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη
Ἤθεος ἁρμονίη, κεστὸς ἔφυ Παφίης.
Τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐγὼ καταδάμναμαι· ὄμμασι μούνοις
Θέλγομαι, οἷς ἐλπὶς μείλιχος ἐνδιάει.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nec sertis rosa dulcis eget: nec veste decora
Gemmiferis opus est nec tibi reticulis.
Candidior rubri bacca tu littoris: aurum
Provocat impexæ gratia flava comæ.
Ardentes spargit radios hyacinthus, ab Indis
Qui venit: est oculis sed minor ille tuis.
Corporis æthereum compagem et roscida labra,
Hæc Veneris cestum, si voco, jure voco.
Omnibus his pereo, sed enim solantur ocelli:
Constituit sedem spes ubi blanda suam.

Grotius.

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow,
No broidered robe nor jewelled head-dress thou.
Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare,
No gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair;
The loveliest hyacinth of Indian fields,
To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields.
That dewy lip; that form of melting mould—
Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold.
All these undo me; only in thine eyes
Comfort I find; there sweet hope ever lies.

G. S.

XLI.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ.

Οὐδὲ νέκυς, ναυηγὸς ἐπὶ χθόνα Θῆρις ἐλασθεὶς
Κύμασιν, ἀγρύπνων λήσομαι ἠϊόνων.
Ἡ γὰρ ἁλιῤῥήκτοις ὑπὸ δειράσιν, ἀγχόθι πόντου
Δυσμενέος, ξείνου χερσὶν ἔκυρσα τάφου.
Αἰεὶ δὲ βρομέοντα καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσι θαλάσσης
Ὁ τλήμων αΐω δοῦπον ἀπεχθόμενον.
Μόχθων οὐδ' Ἀΐδης με κατεύνασεν, ἡνίκα μοῦνος
Οὐδὲ θανὼν λείῃ κέκλιμαι ἡσυχίῃ.

ARCHIÆ.

Theris ego, fracta projectum puppe cadaver,
Insomni nunquam gurgite liber ero.
Hic etenim, scopulis ubi frangitur unda, propinquum
Condidit invisis hospita dextra fretis.
Sic, vel luce carens, pelagi resonantia semper
Murmura sollicita, ceu prius, aure bibo.
Nec requiem luctus mors attulit ipsa, quod uni
Defuncto pacem sors mihi dura negat.

G. S.

I Theris, wreck'd and cast a corse on shore,
Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar;
For here beneath the cliffs, where breakers foam,
Close on its marge lone strangers dug my tomb.
Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear;
Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear,
For me alone by Fate unrespited,
Remains no rest to soothe me—even though dead!

Wrangham.

XLII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Πάντα καθ' ἱστορίην ὀρχούμενος, ἓν τὸ μέγιστον
Τῶν ἔργων παριδὼν ἠνίασας μεγάλως.
Τὴν μὲν γὰρ Νιόβην ὀρχούμενος, ὡς λίθος ἔστης,
Καὶ πάλιν ὢν Καπανεύς, ἐξαπίνης ἔπεσες.
Ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τῆς Κανάκης ἀφυῶς, ὅτι καὶ ξίφος ἦν σοι,
Καὶ ζῶν ἐξῆλθες· τοῦτο παρ' ἱστορίην.

LUCILLII.

In Saltatorem ineptum.

Deceptæ felix casus se miscuit arti.
Histrio, saltavit qui Capanea, ruit.
Idem, qui Nioben saltavit, saxeus, ut tum
Spectator veram crediderit Nioben.
In Canace, visus multo felicior ipsa;
Quod non hic gladio viscera dissecuit.

Ausonius

Historias gestu bene qui simulare solebas,
Unum, miramur, sed grave crimen habes.
Saltabas Nioben, stabas ut saxeus: idem
Es collapsus, agis dum Capanea ducem.
Sed male processit Canace; tibi cum foret ensis,
Vivis adhuc, hoc non convenit historiæ.

Grotius.

In historical ballets it's great want of tact
To neglect sticking closely to matter of fact.
In the Niobe dance you stood just like a rock,
And your tumble in Capaneus came with a shock,
But in Canace's part I am forc'd to object,
That to march off *alive*, sword in hand, 's incorrect.

W.

XLIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ, *οἱ δὲ* ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ.

Πάντες ἅπαξ τρώγουσιν· ὅταν δὲ τρέφῃ Σαλαμῖνος,
Οἴκαδ' ἀριστῶμεν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενοι.

PALLADÆ, VEL MACEDONII.

Mos semel est prandere, vocat nisi cum Salaminus;
Altera tunc facimus prandia namque domi.

Grotius.

One dinner's thought enough; but when I've dined
With Salaminus,
I dine again at home, or else I find
That I am minus.

W.

XLIV.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἀκρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,
Ἀκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,
Αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινόν,
Ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,
Ὥς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,
Ἀκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον.
Δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δώσω,
Καὶ δροσερὰς στόμασι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

MELEAGRI.

O mihi lenimen curæ, somnique creatrix,
Rustica nativa prædita Musa lyrâ,
Nunc alas pedibus percurre, Cicada, canoras,
Dulce aliquid fidibus nunc modulare tuis.
Auspice te, vigiles sic possim fallere curas,
Auspice te, noster sic requiescat amor.
At tibi mane feram gratus viridantia porra,
Roris et apta ori frusta minuta tuo.

G. S.

De mis tristes amores,
De mis ansias alivio,
De mis dolores sueño,
Ven, apacible Grillo,
Dulce cantor del valle,
Que alhagas el oido
Del que los campos ara
Con tu grigri divino:
Tus alitas resuenan
Imitando el sonido
De la suave lyra,
Y nadie te lo ha dicho.

Cántame un dulce tono
Bullicioso y festivo,
Agitando tus alas,
Y tus pies tiernecitos;
Y si mis crudos males,
Y los amores mios
Con blando sueño curas,
Y das al dulce olvido,
En pago te prometo
El mas dulce rocio
Que la rosada Aurora
En flores ha vertido.

Conde.

Die Grille.

Gute Grille, die mich um meine sehnenden Sorgen
  Oft schon täuschte, mir oft brachte den trösteuden Schlaf,
Ländliche Muse, wohlauf! Schlag' an die hallenden Flügel,
  Werd' eine Leyer dir selbst, singe was Liebliches mir,
Das den Kummer verjage, der mir so lange den Schlaf raubt;
  Auf! und erwecke den Ton, der mir das Sehnen entnimmt,
Meiner Liebe Sehnen.—Ich will auch mit grünenden Knospen
  Dich beschenken; dich soll tränken der zarteste Thau.

Herder.

Thou locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber brings,
Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endow'd with shrilly wings;
Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing,
By striking with thy pliant feet each music-speaking wing.
Thou locust, trill me from thy chords a love-releasing strain,
That thus thou may'st remove my care, my ever-wakeful pain.
And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,
And the dew-drops split in parts to fit that little mouth of thine.

Hay.

Meadow-cricket, with shrill wing
  Whiling sorrow slumb'rously:
Meadow-cricket, that dost fling
  Music blithely o'er the lea;
Trill me something fond and sweet;
  Nature's harp thou art to me;
With thy prattling wings and feet
  Strike up some dear melody.

Thus thou may'st avert the pain
  Of my ever-sleepless care;
Ply me then a native strain,
  Some sweet love-beguiling air:
So the freshly-springing leek
  Shall be thine at early dawn,
And to suit thy tiny cheek
  Cloven dew-drops of the morn.

G. F. D. T.

XLV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Πέτρης ἐκ δισσῆς ψυχρὸν καταπάλμενον ὕδωρ,
Χαίροις, καὶ Νυμφέων ποιμενικὰ ξόανα,
Πέτραι τε κρηνέων, καὶ ἐν ὕδασι κόσμια ταῦτα
Ὑμέων, ὦ κοῦραι, μυρία τεγγόμενα,
Χαίρετ'. Ἀριστοκλέης δ' ἴδ', ὁδοιπόρος ᾧπερ ἀπῶσα
Δίψαν βαψάμενος, τοῦτο δίδωμι κέρας.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Unda vale, bifidæ saliens de vertice rupis,
Et sibi quas finxit rustica dextra, Deæ.
Et fontes, et saxa, et quas circum undique, Nymphæ,
Vos sacra veneres mille lavatis aqua.
Hoc dat Aristoclees vobis cornu ecce viator,
Quo sua demisso est ante levata satis.

G. S.

Der du herab dich ergiesst von dem doppelten Felsen, o Kühlhorn,
Heil dir! Nymphen auch euch, ländlicher Hände Gebild.
Ihr auch, Felsen am Quell, und der freundlichen Ufer umgebung,
Welche mit ewigem Nass süsses Gewässer bespült,
Seyd mir gegrüsst! Euch weihet Aristokles, welcher den Durst hier
Wandernd gestillet, das Horn, das er zum Schöpfen gebraucht.

Jacobs.

Farewell, cool rills, that from the cleft rock start,
And fountain-heads, and carved by rustic art
Your forms, sweet maiden Nymphs, who own this wave,
Adieu! th' unnumber'd charms your waters lave!
The cup of horn, he dipp'd there to relieve
His thirst, from Aristoclees receive.

W.

XLVI.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Τὸν γαίης καὶ πόντου ἀμειφθείσαισι κελεύθοις,
Ναύτην ἠπείρου, πεζοπόρον πελάγους,
Ἐν τρισσαῖς δοράτων ἑκατοντάσιν ἔστεγεν ἄρης
Σπάρτης· αἰσχύνεσθ' οὔρεα καὶ πελάγη.

PARMENIONIS.

Qui mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
  Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
  Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Sam. Johnson.

Qui mare, qui terram mutato more viarum
  Transiit, in terra nauta, pedesque mari;
Obstitit huic hastis Lacedæmon sola trecenis:
  Montibus æternum sit pelagoque pudor!

G B.

Que' che con novo ardir poteo varcare
  In nave i monti e a piede asciutto il mare,
  Da trecento Spartan fu rotto in guerra.
  Oh vergogna dell' acqua e della terra!

Pagnini.

Him who revers'd the laws great nature gave,
Sail'd o'er the continent and walk'd the wave,
Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain
Have stopp'd. Oh blush ye mountains, and thou main!

Merivale

That wondrous path-changer of sea and land,
Who sailed through hills, and marched from strand to strand,
Sparta with her three hundred lances braves.
Hide your diminished heads, mountains and waves!

W.

XLVII.

ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ.

*Ἂν μὲν ἀπόντα λέγῃς με κακῶς, οὐδέν μ' ἀδικεῖς σύ·
  Ἂν δὲ παρόντα καλῶς, ἴσθι κακῶς με λέγων.*

APOLLINARII.

Si de me absenti loqueris male, nil nocet: at si
  Præsentem laudas, te male scito loqui.

Grotius.

Wenn ich nicht da bin, Thrax, so tadl' und schelte mich immer:
  Nur verbitt' ich mir auch, bin ich zugegen, dein Lob.

Herder.

You harm me not whom absent you traduce:
  Praise in my presence is the true abuse.

E. S.

XLVIII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

'Ανέρα λυσσητῆρι κυνὸς βεβολημένον ἰῷ
  Ὕδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν.
Λυσσώων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρως ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα
  Εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μανίαις θυμὸν ἐληΐσατο.
Σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει,
  Καὶ ποταμῶν δῖναι, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Qui rabido, fert fama, canis sunt dente petiti,
  His in aquis sese monstrat imago canis.
Credo, furens in me crudeli dente venenum
  Exspuit, atque animo me spoliavit Amor.
Quippe tuos vultus referunt mihi pontus et amnes,
  Et quæ vite sato pocula rore madent.

Grotius.

Chi da rabbioso can morso sia stato
  Dicon che ognora dentro l' acqua vede
  L' immagin di quel can che l' ha piagato.
Forse preso da rabbia Amore anch' esso
  Ha me col suo crudel dente trafitto,
  E il mio cervel tutto a soqquadro messo;
Poich' io pur, Dori, il volto tuo divino
  Veggo in mare, ne' vortici de' fiumi,
  E persin ne' bicchier colmi di vino.

M.

They say that one who hath chanced to suffer
  The venomous bite of a rabid hound,
Will see a creature of horrible feature
  Imaged on all the waters round:
So me hath rabid Cupid bitten,
  And smitten my soul with his raging bane;
And an image I trace on the river's face,
  In the glistening wine, ŏn the level main;
But the image which wakens my soul's distress
  Is an image of exquisite loveliness.

G. C. S.

XLIX.

ΚΛΕΟΒΟΥΛΟΥ ΑΙΝΙΓΜΑ.

Εἷς ὁ πατήρ, παῖδες δυοκαίδεκα· τῶν δέ θ' ἑκάστῳ
Παῖδες τριήκοντα διάνδιχα εἶδος ἔχουσαι·
Αἱ μὲν λευκαὶ ἔασιν ἰδεῖν, αἱ δ' αὖτε μέλαιναι·
Ἀθάνατοι δέ τ' ἐοῦσαι, ἀποφθινύθουσιν ἅπασαι.

CLEOBULI ÆNIGMA.

Est unus genitor, cujus sunt pignora bis sex;
His quoque triginta natæ, sed dispare formâ,
Aspectu hinc niveæ, nigris sunt vultibus inde:
Sunt immortales omnes moriuntur et omnes.

Jacobus Pontanus.

Dodici figli ha un solo padre, e ognuno
Di lor ne ha trenta d' inegual colore,
In viso parte bianco e parte bruno:
Tutti questi hanno fine, e nessun muore.

Pagnini.

L' Enigme de Cleobule.

Un père douze enfans porte,
Qui en ont trente chacun,
Tous de différente sorte;
Si l' un est blanc, l' autre est brun;
On les voit tous un à un,
Jamais deux ni trois ensemble;
Et sans qu' il en meure aucun,
Tous les jours meurent, ce semble.

Jean Doublet

Cleobulus's Enigma.

Twelve sons there are, whose father is but one,
And sixty are the daughters of each son,
Of twofold aspect to the eye,
Half of them dark, the other thirty fair;
And though immortal each and all they are,
Yet, each and all they fade and die.

G. F D. T.

L.

ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤ.

Δάφνις ὁ συρικτὰς τρομερῷ περὶ γήραϊ κάμνων,
Χειρὸς ἀεργηλᾶς τάνδε βαρυνομένας
Πανὶ φιλαγραύλῳ νομίαν ἀνέθηκε κορύναν,
Γήραϊ ποιμενίων παυσάμενος καμάτων.
Εἰσέτι γὰρ σύριγγι μελίσδομαι, εἰσέτι φωνὰ
Ἄτρομος ἐν τρομερῷ σώματι ναιετάει.
Ἀλλὰ λύκοις σίντῃσιν ἀν᾽ οὔρεα μή τις ἐμεῖο
Αἰπόλος ἀγγείλῃ γήραος ἀδρανίην.

MACEDONII.

Daphnis amans calami, confecta gravantibus annis
Membra tremunt quoniam, deficiuntque manus,
Pastorale pedum, quo jam non amplius utar,
Custodi dono ruris habere Deo.
Fistula sed notum reddit melos, et mea, ut olim,
Vox, licet infirmo corpore, firma manet.
At ne forte gravi me sic torpere senectâ
Audiat ex illo monte, bubulce, lupus.

G. S.

Offre a Pan Dafnide
L' antica clava,
Che d' anni logoro
Troppo or lo grava.
Ritien la cetera;
Chè serba ancora
In membra fievoli
Voce canora.
Ah de' famelici
Lupi all' orecchio
Rumor non penetri
Che Dafni è vecchio.

Felici.

Daphnis the piper trembling 'neath the load
Of years this crook, his feeble hand no more
Had force to wield, to Pan the shepherd's god
Here offers up—his shepherd labours o'er.
His pipe he still can sweetly sound, and still
Strong is his voice, although his body's weak.
But look ye, swains, yon wolves upon the hill
Ne'er of my feebleness o'erhear ye speak.

G. S.

LI.

ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ.

Οὐ χεῖμα Νικόφημον, οὐκ ἄστρων δύσις
Ἁλὸς Λιβύσσης κύμασιν κατέκλυσεν·
Ἀλλ᾽ ἐν γαλήνῃ, φεῦ τάλας, ἀνηνέμῳ
Πλόῳ πεδηθεὶς, ἐφρύγη δίψευς ὕπο.
Καὶ τοῦτ᾽ ἀήτεων ἔργον· ἂ πόσον κακὸν
Ναύταισιν, ἢ πνέοντες, ἢ μεμυκότες.

ISIDORUS ÆGEATES.

Hunc Nicophemum non hyems, non siderum
Occasus, Afri non furor mersit sali;
Sed per serenam (quis putet?) pellaciam
In nave captus arsit insana siti.
Et hoc patravit ventus. Is nautis malum
Immane seu flat, sive sopitus silet.

Grotius.

Non hiems gravis, et cadens Orion
Merserunt sale Nicophemon Afro;
Omni sed male destitutus aura
In puppi miser est siti peremtus.
Ventorum hoc etiam est opus: frementes
Nautis fata ferunt, ferunt silentes.

Cuniohius.

Non spinto in mar da turbini furenti,
  Ma per troppa quiete,
  In sulla poppa Alcon perì di sete:
  Tutta vostr' opra, o venti;
  Fatali se fremete,
  Fatali se tacete.

Roncalli.

No equinoctial gales, no tempest high
  Whelm'd Nicophemus in the Libyan tide:
Poor wretch! becalm'd beneath a breathless sky,
  A parching thirst came o'er him, and he died.
Ye winds, woe worth your luckless gales, that e'er
In sleep, or strength, such ills to sailors bear.

T. P. R.

LII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Δυσκώφῳ δύσκωφος ἐκρίνετο· καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον
Ἦν ὁ κριτὴς τούτων τῶν δύο κωφότερος·
Ὧν ὁ μὲν ἀντέλεγεν τὸ ἐνοίκιον αὐτὸν ὀφείλειν
Μηνῶν πένθ'· ὁ δ' ἔφη νυκτὸς ἀληλεκέναι·
Ἐμβλέψας δ' αὐτοῖς ὁ κριτὴς λέγει· ἐς τί μάχεσθε;
Μήτηρ ἐσθ' ὑμῶν· ἀμφότεροι τρέφετε.

NICARCHI.

Lis erat inter se surdis sub judice surdo;
Actor se memorat tecta locasse sua;
Mercedemque petit menses in quinque, sed omnem
Respondet noctem se moluisse reus.
At judex, "Facilis sententia," dixit, "alenda
"Est vobis pariter, cum sit utrique, parens."

Grotius.

Un sourd fit un sourd ajourner
Devant un sourd en un village,
Et puis s' en vint haut entonner
Qu' il avoit volé son fromage:
L' autre répond du labourage.
Le juge étant sur ce suspens,
Declara bon le mariage,
Et les renvoya sans dépens.

Pelisson.

A deaf man cited his deaf neighbour
Before a judge as deaf, to ground
A debt unpaid for quarter's labour.
Defendant swore, so far from sound,
That mites were swarming in the cheese.
The judge, whose mind suspended stood,
At last decreed the marriage good,
And then dismiss'd them both, to pay the fees.

Bland.

Defendant and plaintiff were deaf as a post,
And the judge in the cause was deafer almost;
The plaintiff he sued for a five-month's rent;
The defendant thought something different meant,
And answer'd, "By night I did grind the corn;"
And the judge he decided with anger and scorn,
"The woman's the mother of both—why then,
"Maintain her between you, undutiful men."

G. C. S.

LIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Βαλανεῖον ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Λωτὸν ἐρεπτομένους προτέρων οὐ ψεύσατο μῦθος·
Πίστιν ἀληθείης τοῦτο τὸ λουτρὸν ἔχει.
Εἰ γὰρ ἅπαξ καθαροῖσι λοέσσεται ὕδασιν ἀνήρ,
Οὐ ποθέει πάτρην, οὐκ ἐθέλει γενέτας.

INCERTI.

Non est falsa vetus gustatæ fabula loti:
Balnea fecerunt vatibus ista fidem.
Non meminit patriam, nec avet spectare parentes,
Membra semel puris qui madefecit aquis.

Grotius.

Ciò che del loto antica voce attesta,
Non è menzogna; e prova manifesta
N' è questo bagno, ove chi dentro stia
E patrio suolo e genitori obblia.

Pagnini.

The tasted lotus is no fabled lore;
This bath confirms its truth, we doubt no more.
Plunge but in these clear streams, and you'll forget
Your native land, nor parents dear regret.

W.

LIV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Μεμφομένη Βορέην ἐπεπωτώμην ὑπὲρ ἅλμης
Πνεῖ γὰρ ἐμοὶ Θρῄκης ἤπιος οὐδ' ἄνεμος.
'Αλλά με τὴν μελίγηρυν ἀηδόνα δέξατο νώτοις
Δελφίν, καὶ πτηνὴν πόντιος ἡνιόχει.
Πιστοτάτῳ δ' ἐρέτῃ πορθμευομένη, τὸν ἄκωπον
Ναύτην τῇ στομάτων θέλγον ἐγὼ κιθάρῃ,
Εἰρεσίην δελφῖνες ἀεὶ Μούσῃσιν ἄμισθον
Ἤνυσαν. οὐ ψεύστης μῦθος 'Αριόνιος.

PHILIPPI THESSALON.

Causabar Boream, volitans super æquora salsa:
Nam mihi nec ventos Thracia dat faciles.
Tergore sed Delphin philomelam suavè canentem
Excipit æquoreus, fertque natans volucrem.
Remige sic fido sine remis acta per undas
Ipsa meæ nautam mulceo voce lyræ.
Navita fit Delphin nulla mercede Camœnis,
Fabula ne cui sit nomen Arioneum.

G. F. D. T.

Boreas Stürme zu fliehn entschwang ich mich über die Meerfluth;
Denn aus Thrazien wehn nimmer die Lükte mir mild.
Sieh, da erbot der Delphin Philomelen sich freundlich zum Fahrzeug,
Und der Bewohner des Meers trug die Genossin der Luft.
Während ich also die Fluth durchsegelte, ohne des Ruders
Beystand, lohnte Gesang flötend dem treuen Pilot.
Stets vollbrachten die Fahrt auf dem Meer Delphine den Musen
Soldlos. Unwahr nicht zeigt sich Arions Geschick.

Jacobs.

Blaming Boreas, o'er the sea
I was flying slowly,
For the wind of Thrace to me
Is a thing unholy,

When his back a dolphin showed
Bending with devotion,
And the child of æther rode
On the child of ocean.

I am that sweet-chaunting bird
  Whom the night doth smile at;
And like one that kept his word
  Proved my dolphin pilot.

As he glided onward still
  With his oarless rowing,
With the lute within my bill
  I would cheer his going.

Dolphins never ply for hire
  But for love and glory,
When the sons of song require:
  Trust Arion's story.

G. C. S.

LV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μοῦσαι·
  Δερκυλὶς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.

INCERTI.

Bina Venus, Musæque decem, bis Gratia bina;
  Dercylis est etenim, Gratia, Musa, Venus.

Grotius.

Quattro le Grazie son, le Muse diece,
  E le Veneri due. Dercili in tutte
  E Grazia e Musa e Venere si fece.

Pompei.

Vier sind Grazien, zwey Amathusien, zehn Pierinnen;
  Grazie, Paphia, Mus', jegliche, Doris, bist Du.

Erichson.

Two Goddesses now must Cyprus adore;
The Muses are ten, the Graces are four:
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face;
She shines a new Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.

Jonathan Swift.

Cyprus must now two Venuses adore;
Ten are the Muses; and the Graces four:
So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

Anon. Lond. Mag. 1737.

LVI.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Εἴπας, 'ΗΛΙΕ ΧΑΙ͂ΡΕ, Κλεόμβροτος ὠ 'μβρακιώτης
  "Ηλατ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ τείχεος εἰς 'Αΐδαν,
'Αξιον οὐδὲν ἰδὼν θανάτου κακόν, ἢ τὸ Πλάτωνος
  "Εν, τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς, γράμμ' ἀναλεξάμενος.

CALLIMACHI.

Jusso sole valere Cleombrotus Ambraciota
  Mœnibus e summis in Styga desiliit,
Dignum morte nihil passus: sed nempe Platonis
  De natura animi legerat ille librum.

Grotius.

Ambraciota, "Vale, lux alma," Cleombrotus infit,
  Et saltu e muro Ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
  Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Sam. Johnson.

Addio, Sol, disse, e giù da un alto muro
  Cleombroto lanciossi entro l' oscuro
  Regno di Pluto. Ad affrettar sua morte
  Non lui spinse rigor d' avversa sorte,
  Ma d' alma non mortal sublime idea,
  Che da' libri di Plato appresa avea.

Pagnini.

'Farewell thou Sun!' Cleombrotus, the bold Ambraciot, cried,
And he hurled himself, impetuous, from the lofty rampart's side:
Yet nought there was on all the earth to urge him to the deed,
Save Plato's matchless 'Phædon' which 'twas known he lov'd to read.

J. W. B.

LVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ὁ πλόος ὡραῖος· καὶ γὰρ λαλαγεῦσα χελιδὼν
Ἤδη μέμβλωκεν, χὠ χαρίεις Ζέφυρος·
Λειμῶνες δ᾽ ἀνθεῦσι, σεσίγηκεν δὲ θάλασσα
Κύμασι καὶ τρηχεῖ πνεύματι βρασσομένη.
Ἀγκύρας ἀνέλοιο, καὶ ἐκλύσαιο γύαια,
Ναυτίλε, καὶ πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐφεὶς ὀθόνην.
Ταῦθ᾽ ὁ Πρίηπος ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι, ὁ λιμενίτας,
Ἄνθρωφ᾽, ὡς πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐπ᾽ ἐμπορίην.

LEONIDÆ.

Hora vocat navem: jam garrula venit hirundo,
Blandaque jam Zephyris mollibus aura tepet.
Purpureis rident vestiti floribus agri,
Horrida nec turbant flabra, nec unda mare.
Littore decedat jam funis et anchora fundo:
Et quot habes plenos, navita, tende sinus.
Hæc ego do, portus custos, præcepta Priapus,
Qui merces alio quæris in orbe, tibi.

Grotius.

Alles berufet zur Fahrt; schon tönet der plaudernden Schwalbe
Früher Gesang; schon weht lieblich des Zephyros Hauch.
Düften.. Blumen entsprieſſen der Au; und es schweiget die Meerfluth,
Die von Orkanen gepeitscht, schäumende Wellen erhob.
Windet die Anker denn auf und enstrickt, o Schiffer, das Tauwerk;
Richtet die Masten empor, gebet die Segel dem Wind.
Solches ermahnet euch hier der Beschutzer des Hafens Priapos,
Daſſ ihr sicher die Fahrt lenket zu frohem Gewinn.

Jacobs.

'Tis time to sail. Soft blows the breeze,
The twittering swallow now is heard,
The fields are green, and still the seas
By no rough blast or billow stirred.
Cut cable! Mariner, aboard!
Weigh anchor, set thy canvass free.
Priapus bids, the harbour's lord;
Off, off, with every argosy.

G. S.

LVIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Πλοῦτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλοῦτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθής.
Τἄλλα δ' ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.
Τὸν δὲ πολυκτέανον καὶ πλούσιόν ἐστι δίκαιον
Κλήζειν, ὃς χρῆσθαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.
Εἰ δέ τις ἐν ψήφοις κατατήκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
Σωρεύειν αἰεὶ πλοῦτον ἐπειγόμενος,
Οὗτος ὁποῖα μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
Μοχθήσει, ἑτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλι.

LUCIANI.

Divitias mentis solas pete; cætera curas
Majores lucro qualiacunque ferunt.
Audiet hic vere dives, sapienter opimis
Qui didicit rebus, dum sinit hora, frui.
Calculus at si quem vexat sine fine paratis
Instantem nummos accumulare novos,
Luditur ille, cavas multo ceu vana labore
Fingit apis cellas, mella ferunt alii.

G. S.

Nur Reichthümer des Geistes, o Freund, sind wirklicher Reichthum;
Weniger Lust als Schmerz bieten die übrigen dar.
Reich fürwahr und Güter begabt heisst einer mit Recht nur,
Wenn er die Gaben des Glücks recht zu gebrauchen versteht.
Aber wer selbst sich verzehrend nur quält, und zählet und rechnet,
Haufen auf Haufen nur thürmt, Schätze zu Schätzen gesellt,
Diesen vergleich' ich der Biene, die stets in den zelligen Waben
Emsig bereitet den Seim, dessen sich andre erfreun.

Jacobs.

Only the riches of the mind I prize
As real riches. All the rest are nought;
Cares to the worldly; follies to the wise.
Him only rich, him only lord of aught,
We justly term, who knows to use his store
As one who having much, is worthy more;
Whilst he who wears his aged eyes away
'Mid dusty ledgers, heaping night and day

Thousands on thousands in his reckonings vain,
Is like the bee, who gathers to the hive
The honied store—the busiest fool alive—
That wiser drones the luscious hoard may drain.

Merivale.

The riches of the mind alone are true:
All other wealth only more trouble brings.
To him the title of a rich man's due
Who's able to make use of his good things;
But whoso's mind on calculations dwells,
Intent on heaping money upon money,
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
Out of which others will extract the honey.

W.

LIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μνήσομαι, οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν ἀνώνυμον ἐνθάδ' Ἀρχεναύτεω
Κεῖσθαι θανοῦσαν ἀγλαὰν ἄκοιτιν,
Ξανθίππην Περιάνδρου ἀπέκγονον, ὅς ποθ' ὑψιπύργου
Σήμαινε λαοῖς τέρμ' ἔχων Κορίνθου.

SIMONIDIS.

Commemoro, obscuram nec enim decet Archenautis istic
Jacere claram conjugem sepultam,
Xanthippen, Periandro ortum genus, imperabat olim
Qui summus altæ turribus Corinthi.

G. B.

Deiner gedenkt mein Lied; nicht ziemt es sich, dass du, Archonautes
Glorreiche Gattin, ruhmlos liegst im Grabe.
Du Periandros Tochter Xanthippion, der des hochgethürmten
Korinthos Völker fest in Macht gegründet.

Jacobs.

I will record,—for 'twere no seemly doom
Had Archenautes' wife a nameless tomb,—
Xanthippe, sprung from Periander's race,
Who held 'mid Corinth's towers the ruler's place.

Sterling.

LX.

ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα κοιμώμενον.

Εὕδεις ἀγρύπνους ἐπάγων θνητοῖσι μερίμνας,
Εὕδεις ἀτηρής, ὦ τέκος Ἀφρογενοῦς,
Οὐ πεύκην πυρόεσσαν ἐπηρμένος, οὐδ' ἀφύλακτον
Ἐκ κέραος ψάλλων ἀντιτόνοιο βέλος.
Ἄλλοι θαρσείτωσαν· ἐγὼ δ', ἀγέρωχε, δέδοικα,
Μή μοι καὶ κνώσσων πικρὸν ὄνειρον ἴδῃς.

STATYLLII FLACCI.

In amorem dormientem.

Docte puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,
Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?
Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspensa quiescit,
Dormit et in pharetrâ clausa sagitta suâ;
Longè mater abest; longè Cythereïa turba:
Verùm ausint alii te prope ferre pedem,
Non ego: nam metui valdè, mihi, perfide, quiddam
Forsan et in somnis ne meditere mali.

Th. Gray.

Der schlummernde Amor.

Schläfst du, Amor? o du, der sterblichen Menschen den Schlummer
Raubet und ihnen so oft Nächte voll Sorgen gewährt;
Schläfst du?—Nein! ich rühre nicht an die brennende Fackel,
Rühre den Bogen nicht an und den gefiederten Pfeil.
Wag' es ein anderer; ich scheu' auch den schlummernden Amor,
Wenn er im Traum auch nur meiner unfreundlich gedenkt.

Herder.

And thou, that bid'st us mortals wake to weep,
Fell child of sea-born Venus, dost thou sleep?
No torch flames in thy hand; upon thy string
No fatal arrow now is quivering.
Others may courage take. Dread boy, for me
E'en in thy sleep some dream of woe thou'lt see.

G. S.

LXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,
Πρῶτα σὺ γευομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι·
Εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψαύσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν
Εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἰνοχόον·
Πορθμεύει γάρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,
Καί μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν, ἣν ἔλαβεν.

AGATHIÆ.

Non sum vinosus. Si vis tamen ebrius ut sim,
Da mihi, sed labris pocula tacta tuis.
Hoc tu si facias, non possum sobrius esse,
Nec fugere est adeo dulce ministerium.
Namque accepta mihi de te fert basia, quæque
Gaudia decerpsit, nuntiat ista calix.

Grotius.

Wenig nur trink' ich des Weins; doch willst du mich etwa berauscht sehn,
Holde, so reiche zuerst nippend den Becher mir dar.
Hat dein Mund ihn berührt mit den rosigen Lippen, so ist's mir
Nicht leicht, nüchtern zu seyn, und den Verführer zu fliehn.
Denn mir bringt ja von dir der Pokal den begeisternden Kuss zu,
Und selbst froh im Genuss reicht er mir, was er empfing.

Jacobs.

I love not wine, but thou hast power
To make me drunk at any hour;
But touch the cup with thy red lip,
Then hand it up for me to sip,
And Temperance at once gives way;
My sweet cup-bearer wins the day.
That cup's a boat that ferries over
Thy kiss in safety to thy lover,
And tells by its delicious savour,
How much it glories in thy favour.

G. C. S

LXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Κύματα καὶ τρηχύς με κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσον ἔσυρεν
Δελφῖνα, ξείνης καινὸν ὅραμα τύχης.
Ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαίης ἐλέῳ τόπος· οἱ γὰρ ἰδόντες
Εὐθύ με πρὸς τύμβους ἔστεφον εὐσεβέες·
Ἡ δὲ τεκοῦσα θάλασσα διώλεσε. τίς παρὰ πόντῳ
Πίστις, ὃς οὐδ' ἰδίης φείσατο συντροφίης;

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Me delphina, novi exemplum miserabile casus,
Admovit terræ tristis hyems pelagi.
Sed miserata tamen terra est, pietasque videntum
Actutum mota me tumulavit humo.
Nulla fides pelago: genitrix me perdidit unda,
Parcere quæ generi nescit acerba suo.

Flor. Christianus.

Me Delfino in terra spinsero
Onde irate e nembi fieri;
Insepolto io fui spettacolo
Di fortuna ai passeggieri.
Ma cortese e nobil animo
Sul mio caso lagrimò;
Ricopersemi d' un tumulo,
E di fior mi coronò.
Mi dier vita, e poi m' uccisero
L' onde barbare ed infide.
Or chi al mar sarà più credulo,
S' anche i figli il mare uccide?

Felici.

Sturm und brausender Wellen Gewalt trieb hier zu dem Festland
Mich, den behenden Delphin, seltnen Geschickes ein Spiel,
Mitleid ward mir zu Theil auf dem Land; denn freundliche Menschen,
Als sie am Ufer mich sahn, deckten mit Erde mich zu.
Ach nicht mütterlich war mir das Meer! Wer möchte dem Meer wohl
Traun, das Schonung selbst seinem Erzeugten versagt?

Jacobs.

Here by rude waves and wintry blast
A Dolphin I, strange lot! was cast,
And here found pity, in the sand
Straightway entombed by pious hand.
To trust the sea who now may dare,
That would not its own offspring spare?

G. S.

LXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εὐκλέας αἶα κέκευθε, Λεωνίδα, οἳ μετὰ σεῖο
Τῇδ' ἔθανον, Σπάρτης εὐρυχόρου βασιλεῦ,
Πλείστων δὴ τόξων τε καὶ ὠκυπόδων σθένος ἵππων
Μηδείων τ' ἀνδρῶν δεξάμενοι πολέμῳ.

SIMONIDIS.

Qui tecum hìc claram, Spartane Leonida, mortem
Oppetiere, viros inclyta terra tegit.
Innumeros arcus, celerumque hi robur equorum
Medorum et bello sustinuere manus.

G. F. D. T.

Ruhmvoll stiegen zum Grab, o Leonidas, deine Genossen,
König der spartischen Flur, kämpfend in blutiger Schlacht.
Denn sie bestanden der Pfeile Gewölk, schnellfüssiger Rosse
Sturmkraft, und die Gewalt medischer Männer mit Muth.

Jacobs.

On those who fell with Leonidas.

This, O Leonidas! the glorious grave
Of those who fell with thee wide Sparta's king,
'Gainst countless shafts and rushing horses brave
Of Media's host they stood unwavering.

Sterling.

LXIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Σωφροσύνη καὶ Ἔρως κατεναντίον ἀλλήλοισιν
Ἐλθόντες ψυχὰς ὤλεσαν ἀμφότεροι.
Φαίδρην μὲν κτεῖνεν πυρόεις πόθος Ἱππολύτοιο
Ἱππόλυτον δ' ἁγνὴ πέφνε σαοφροσύνη.

INCERTI.

Absumsere duas, ineunt dum prælia, vitas,
Hâc Amor, hâc Pudor, heu! durus uterque Deus.
Fervidus incesto Phædram abstulit igne Cupido;
Hippolytum castus perdidit ipse Pudor.

G. F. D. T.

D' Amour et Chasteté.

En mesme instant Amour et Chasteté
Se recontrans en contrarieté,
Dans les enfers deux ames envoyerent:
D' Amour cruel les brulantes ardeurs,
La pauvre Phèdre, et les trop chastes meurs
Leur Hippolyt diversement tuerent.

Baif.

Once Love and Virtue stood opposed in fight,
And either fell before the other's might.
Fond Phædra died, Hippolytus, for thee—
A victim, thou, to thine own chastity!

R. C. C.

LXV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Αἰδὼς καὶ Κλεόδημον ἐπὶ προχοῇσι Θεαίρου
Ἀενάου στονόεντ' ἤγαγεν εἰς θάνατον.
Θρηϊκίῳ κύρσαντα λόχῳ· πατρὸς δὲ κλεεινὸν
Διφίλου αἰχμητὴς υἱὸς ἔθηκ' ὄνομα.

SIMONIDIS.

Occubuit rigui Cleodemus ad ora Theæri,
  Ingenuus vetuit quem dare terga pudor,
Obvius insidiis Thracum: bellantis honestum,
  Diphile, de nati nomine nomen habes.

G. B.

By shame of flight was Cleodemus led
  At deep Theærus' mouth to mournful doom,
Surprised by ambushed Thracians; so he spread
  His fame to Diphilus, his father's, tomb.

Sterling.

LXVI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠ. ΑΙΓ.

Α. Ἀγρίος ἐστι Χάρων. Β. πλέον ἤπιος. Α. ἥρπασεν ἤδη
    Τὸν νέον. Β. ἀλλὰ νόῳ τοῖς πολιοῖσιν ἴσον.
Α. Τερπωλῆς δ' ἀπέπαυσεν. Β. ἀπεστυφέλιξε δὲ μόχθων.
  Α. Οὐκ ἐνόησε γάμους. Β. οὐδὲ γάμων ὀδύνας.

JULIANI.

Non fera, sed mitis potius mors: scilicet annis
  Ille puer, sed mens vel sene digna fuit.
Gaudia rapta simul vitæ, vitæque dolores,
  Nec fuerat notus, nec male notus Hymen.

G. S.

A. Crudo è Caronte. B. Anzi umano è. A. Rapito
    Ha un giovin. B. Ma però giovine ch' era
    Egual di senno ad uomo incanutito.
A. I piacer gli troncò. B. Ma lungi pure
    Dagli stenti il sospinse. A. Non conobbe
    Egli Imeneo. B. Nè d' Imeneo le cure.

Pompei.

Cruel is Death? Nay kind. He that is ta'en
  Was old in wisdom, though his years were few.
Life's pleasure hath he lost—escaped life's pain—
  Nor wedded joys—nor wedded sorrows knew.

G. S.

LXVII.

ΕΥΤΟΛΜΙΟΥ.

Υἱέος ὠκυμόρου θάνατον πενθοῦσα Μενίππη
Κωκυτῷ μεγάλῳ πνεῦμα συνεξέχεεν·
Οὐδ' ἔσχεν παλίνορσον ἀναπνεύσασα γοῆσαι,
Ἀλλ' ἅμα καὶ θρήνου παύσατο καὶ βιότου.

EUTOLMII.

Nati fata sui dum luget acerba Menippe,
Dum grave suspirat, spiritus ipse fugit.
Nec revocare animam potuit, lugeret ut ultra,
Sed defecerunt vita dolorque simul.

Grotius.

Piangea Menippa il caro figlio estinto;
E fuor lo spirto per gran doglia spinto
Dal petto, eterna fe' da lei partita:
Così in un punto finì pianto e vita.

Pagnini.

Menippé watch'd her darling infant die,
Then pour'd her soul in one heart-rending sigh:
Nor sorrow'd more! that burst of inward strife
Ended at once her anguish and her life.

J. W. B.

LXVIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εὔκολος Ἑρμείας, ὦ ποιμένες, ἔν δὲ γάλακτι
Χαίρων, καὶ δρυΐνῳ σπενδόμενος μέλιτι·
Ἀλλ' οὐχ Ἡρακλέης· ἕνα δὲ κτίλον ἢ παχὺν ἄρνα
Αἰτεῖ, καὶ πάντως ἓν θύος ἐκλέγεται.
Ἀλλὰ λύκους εἴργει. τί δὲ τὸ πλέον, εἰ τὸ φυλαχθὲν
Ὄλλυται εἴτε λύκοις, εἴθ' ὑπὸ τοῦ φύλακος;

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Mercurius, pueri, minimo placabilis. Ille
Lacte, vel agresti melle litatus erit.
Non sic Alcides. Aries, aut agnus opimus
Poscitur, aut aliquo de grege lecta pecus.
Dicis: At ille lupos arcet; quasi referat, utrum
Custos, anne rapax perdat ovile lupus.

Jos. J. Scaliger.

Dono a Mercurio ben accetto e grato
  È latte e mel di querce a lui libato.
  Ercole un gran montone e un pingue agnello
  Vuole e quanto la mandra ha di più bello.
  Ei caccia i lupi; ma che val che il gregge
  Si divorino i lupi, o chi 'l protegge?

Pagnini.

Un peu de miel, un peu de lait
    Rendent Mercure favorable.
Hercule est bien plus cher, il est moins traitable:
Sans deux agneaux par jour il n' est point satisfait.
On dit qu' à mes moutons ce Dieu sera propice;
    Qu' il soit béni: mais, entre nous,
    C' est un peu trop en sacrifice:
Qu' importe qui les mange, ou d' Hercule ou des loups?

Voltaire

Das Hirtenopfer.

Leicht wird Hermes gespeis't: er nimmt, ihr Hirten, mit wenig
  Süsser Milch und des Baums rinnendem Honig verlieb.
Aber Herakles nicht! den stattlichsten Widder der Heerde,
  Oder das fetteste Lamm wählt sich der Leckre zum Schmaus.
"Aber den Wolf verscheucht er!"—was frommet es, wenn das Bewachte
  Umkommt, ob es der Wolf, ob's der Bewachende raubt?

Voss.

Imitation.

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, troth! to me there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!

Prior.

LXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
Ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·
Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι
Κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

SIMONIDIS.

Maxima virtutis si pars, bene ponere vitam,
Nobis præcipuum fata dedere decus.
Dum properamus enim, fieret ne Græcia serva,
Hic sumus æterna non sine laude siti.

Grotius.

Ist ein rühmlicher Tod das erhabenste Erbe der Tugend,
So hat uns das Geschick dieses vor allen gewährt.
Eifernd im Kampf das Hellenische Land zu bekränzen mit Freyheit,
Starben wir; aber uns schmückt nimmer veraltender Ruhm.

Jacobs.

If well to die be valour's noblest part,
In this with us no mortal men may vie:
Freedom for Greece we sought with fearless heart,
And here in undecaying fame we lie.

Sterling.

If nobly dying man fulfils
The highest lot that valour wills,
To us above all human kind
Fate surely hath this meed assigned:
For as we fought with heart and hand
For freedom to the Grecian land
We fell—and now in death we lie
Begirt with fame that ne'er shall die.

T P R

If to perish gloriously
Valour's consummation be,
Then to us of all mankind
Fortune hath the prize assigned—
Oh deathless eulogy!—to die
Striving for Greece's liberty.

W.

LXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Λίσσομ' Ἔρως, τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας
Κοίμισον, αἰδεσθεὶς Μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἱκέτιν.
Ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδαγμένα βάλλειν
Ἄλλον, ἀεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,
Εἰ καί με κτείναις, λείψω φωνὴν προϊέντα
Γράμματ'· Ἔρωτος ὅρα, ξεῖνε, μιαιφονίην.

MELEAGRI.

Ad Amorem.

Te per ego nostræ supplex rogo carmina Musæ,
Heliodora, meo pectore cedat Amor.
Perque tuos arcus, qui jam petiere nec ullum,
Tantum in me dociles mittere tela sua.
Si pereo, vocem testantia carmina linquam:
Aspicis, ut morti me dedit, hospes, Amor.

Jos. Scaliger.

Paulisper vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,
Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces;
Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori:
Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati!
Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,
Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis:
Quòd si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,
Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.
Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,
Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur;
Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas!
Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

Th. Gray.

Spare, Cupid, spare for shame my suppliant muse,
And give my love for Heliodora rest.
For by thy bow, whose winged shaft pursues
No other quarry now but this poor breast,
Die if I must—I'll leave a line to say,
Stranger, this man did felon Cupid slay.

G. S.

LXXI.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Τῇδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
Εὗδεν Ἔρως, Νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλῃσι, τί μέλλομεν; αἴθε δὲ τούτῳ
Σβέσσαμεν, εἶπον, ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ.

MARIANI SCHOLASTICI.

In balneum, quod vocabatur Cupido.

Has subter platanos molli dans membra sopori
Tradiderat Nymphis lampada parvus Amor.
Una facem rapiens, Quin hanc extinguimus, inquit,
Cedat ut ex hominum pectore flamma vorax.
Traxerunt etiam latices incendia. Nymphæ
Hinc fundunt calidas munus Amoris aquas.

Grotius.

In Fontem aquæ calidæ.

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam
Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.
Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,
Tempus adest; ultra quid dubitamus? ait.
Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque
Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis:
Demens! nam nequiit sævam restinguere flammam
Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Th. Gray.

Sopito in dolce sonno Amor giacea
A piè di questi platani, e la face
Alle Ninfe in balía lasciata avea.
Queste dicean: Che più s' indugia? Ah spento
Sia quel degli uman cuor foco vorace
In seno all' onde! E l' onde in un momento
La face infiammò sì che di là fuore
Versano ognor le Ninfe un caldo umore.

Pagnini.

Unter dem Ahorn hier lag einst im lieblichen Schlummer
Amor: die Fackel lag neben die Quelle gesenkt.
Siehe, da sprachen die Nymphen: "was sollen wir thun mit der Fackel?
Löschen wollen wir sie! kühlen der Sterblichen Herz!"
Und sie tauchten sie nieder; da mischten sich Wellen und Liebe;
Liebende Nymphen ihr strömt selber nun wallende Gluth.

Herder.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Shakspeare.

LXXII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἦλθες ἐμῆς ζωῆς γλυκερώτερος, ὅς μ' ἀπέλυσας
Νούσων, καὶ καμάτων, καὶ μογερᾶς ποδάγρας.

INCERTI.

Venisti tandem vita mihi dulcior, et me
Solvisti morbis tristibus, et podagra.

Sirmondus.

O vitâ mutata meâ bene, quæ mihi morbi
Luctûsque, et podagræ perfugium, alma, venis.

G. S.

To Death.

Sweeter than life thou com'st, who from disease,
From painful gout, and trouble giv'st me ease.

W.

LXXIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα ῥήτορος ἀφυοῦς.

Τίς σέ τὸν οὐ λαλέοντα τύπῳ ῥητῆρος ἔγραψε ;
Σιγᾷς, οὐ λαλέεις, οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

INCERTI.

Elinguem quis te dicentis imagine pinxit?
Dic mihi, Rufe: taces: nil tibi tam simile est.

Ausonius.

Che bel ritratto! È proprio somigliante:
Ha un sol difetto; d' essere parlante.

Pananti.

Of the Picture of a vaine Rhetorician.

This Rufe his table is;
Can nothing be more true:
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
And hee are one to vewe.

Turbervile

LXXIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Μαρίνου ῥήτορος.

Εἰκόνες ἀνθρώποισι φίλον γέρας· ἀλλὰ Μαρίνῳ
Ὕβρις, ἐλεγχομένης εἴδεος ἀπρεπίης.

INCERTI.

Id quod honos aliis, infamia magna Marino est:
Nesciri quam sit turpis imago vetat.

Grotius.

A tutt' altri, o Marin, decoro e pregio
I lor ritratti o simulacri danno;
Ma i tuoi recano a te scorno e dispregio,
Perch' essi fe' di tua bruttezza fanno.

Pagnini.

Grato onore è un ritratto, ma è un' offesa
A Marin, che sì brutto l' appalesa.

W.

Portraits bring honour, or, like thine, disgrace:
The proof's as plain, Marinus, as thy face.

W.

LXXV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Δράγματά σοι χώρου μικραύλακος, ὦ φιλόπυρε
Δηοῖ, Σωσικλέης θῆκεν ἀρουροπόνος,
Εὔσταχυν ἀμήσας τὸν νῦν σπόρον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτις
Ἐκ καλαμητομίης ἀμβλὺ φέροι δρέπανον.

PHILIPPI.

Hæc tibi, magna Ceres, Daphnis jam messe peractâ
Affixit foribus spicea dona tuis.
Tu, Dea, fac illi jacto de semine rursus
Falcem hebetent validâ gramina secta manu.

Fr. Mar. Molsa.

Hunc tibi, parva soli genuit quem gleba, maniplum
Sosiclees ruris dat sator, alma Ceres;
Messe recens facta; sed tu, Dea, sæpius illi
Fac hebetet falcem spicea secta seges.

Grotius.

Questi manipoli
Che in mano serra,
Sosicle povero
Cultor di terra,
In dono recati,
Cerere bionda,
Poichè il suo piccolo
Campo ne abbonda.

Tu, Dea, concedigli
Che un' altra volta
Stanco dal mietere
Lunga raccolta,
Con falce logora
A' tuoi onori
Ritorni, e rechiti
Doni maggiori.

Felici.

Garben des engumgrenzten Gefilds, Fruchtgeberin Deo,
Emsiger Mühen Ertrag widmet Sosiklees dir,
Viel abmähend der Frucht von dem Feld. O brächt' er die Sichel
Doch auch künftig, wie jetzt, stumpf von dem Acker zurück.

Jacobs.

Take, from Sosiclees, who till'd this field,
Ceres! the samples its small furrows yield.
Rich was the harvest! may he bear again
His sickle blunted with like crops of grain.

W.

LXXVI.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

Καὶ κλαῖε, καὶ στέναζε, συσφίγγων χεροῖν
Τένοντας, ὦ 'πίβουλε· τοῖά τοι πρέπει.
Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁ λύσων· μὴ 'λεεὶν' ὑπόβλεπε.
Αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄλλων ἐκ μὲν ὀμμάτων δάκρυ
Ἔθλιψας, ἐν δὲ πικρὰ καρδίᾳ βέλη
Πήξας, ἀφύκτων ἰὸν ἔσταξας πόθων,
Ἔρως· τὰ θνητῶν δ' ἐστί σοι γέλως ἄχη.
Πέπονθας οἷ' ἔρεξας. 'ΕΣΘΛΟΝ 'Η ΔΙΚΗ.

CRINAGORÆ.

Emitte fletus, et geme, et torque manus:
Sunt digna factis ista, fraudator, tuis.
Tuêre quamvis triste, te nemo eruet.
Tu namque multis excitasti lacrymas
Ex ore, multis tela fixisti fera
In corde, miscens virus insanabile,
Cupido, ridens in malis mortalium,
Quæ perpetrasti patere. Jus, res optima est.

Grotius.

Ja, weine nur und seufze; ringe kläglich nur
Die Hände, Freuler! Solche Strafen ziemen dir.
Kein Retter löst dich. Schaue nicht nach Mittleid auf.
Denn selber hast du andrer Augen Thränen oft
Erpresst, und bittre Pfeile mit dir Liebe Gift
Getränkt, unfehlend, andern in die Brust gesenkt.
Der Menschen Jammer, Eros, ist dir Lust und Scherz.
Du büssest, was du selbst verbrachst. Heil, Dike, dir!

Jacobs.

Perfidious wretch, you now may cry,
And wring your hands, and sob and sigh:
Who now your advocate will be?
Who now from chains will set you free?
You oft, by causeless doubts and fears,
From others' eyes have forc'd the tears,

And, by your bitter-biting darts,
Instill'd love's poison into hearts.
O Love, who laugh'd at human bail,
Now all your arts elusive fail,
And justice will at last prevail.

Fawkes.

Ay weep, and moan, and wring thy hands,
  Hand-cuffs befit thee charmingly,
Sly urchin: none shall loose thy bands—
  Nay look not up beseechingly.
Tears thou hast wrung from others' eyes,
  While from thy piercing shafts exprest
  Sure venom strikes each love-sick breast;
Thy pastime in men's tortures lies.
  Love! if thy sufferings be cruel,
  So were thy deeds:—"Fair play's a jewel."

W.

LXXVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἄνθεα πολλὰ γένοιτο νεοδμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,
  Μὴ βάτος αὐχμηρή, μὴ κακὸν αἰγίπυρον,
Ἀλλ' ἴα, καὶ σάμψυχα, καὶ ὑδατίνη νάρκισσος,
  Οὐίβιε, καὶ περὶ σοῦ πάντα γένοιτο ῥόδα.

INCERTI.

Plurimus hunc tumulum flos induat, inque recentem
  Haud rubi horrentes, ægipyrusque mala,
Sed properent violæque, et amaracus, et narcissus,
  Vibi, atque omnis humus te prope jam rosa sit.

Scip. Maffeius.

May many a flower, o Vibius, bedeck thy burial-place,
Nor bramble rude, nor hurtful weed the chosen spot deface,
But may the soft narcissus bloom upon the new-rais'd mound,
With marjoram, and violets, and roses all around.

W.

LXXVIII.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ ἢ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τὸν τριετῆ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα
Εἴδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.
Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἅρπασε μάτηρ,
Σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίηνεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων
Ματρὸς κοιμαθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

POSIDIPPI, VEL CALLIMACHI.

Trimulus Astyanax putei ludebat in ora,
Cum miserum formæ traxit imago suæ.
Educit sed mater aquis, et scire laborat
Anxia, pars vitæ num foret ulla super.
Atque ita vos, Nymphæ, non polluit ille, soporem
Sed longum matris dormiit in genibus.

Grotius.

Perspicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi
Immersit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ:
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
Credula, et amplexu funus inane fovet;
Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

R. West.

Hier am Brunnen ersah Archianax spielend des stummen
Bildes Gestalt, und folgt kindisch dem lieblichen Bild.
Aber die Mutter entreisst den befeuchteten Knaben dem Wasser,
Schauend, ob irgend ein Rest blühenden Lebens ihm blieb.
Keine Befleckung brachte das Kind dem Gewässer der Nymphen;
Sondern der Mutter im Schooss schlief es den ewigen Schlaf.

Jacobs.

Archianax was three years old,
When playing round a well,
Lured by his lifeless image there
He on its bosom fell.
The mother snatch'd her drowning child
From out the ruthless wave:

If some light sign of life might be,
E'en yet her boy to save.
Oh! he would not,—that infant child—
The Nymphs' fair homes defile:
But slumbering on his mother's knees
He slept in death the while.

T. P. R.

LXXIX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

A. Κλεινὸς Ἰωάννης· *B.* θνητός, λέγε. *A.* γαμβρὸς ἀνάσσης.
B. Θνητὸς ὅμως. *A.* γενεῆς ἄνθος Ἀναστασίου.
B. Θνητοῦ κἀκείνου. *A.* βίον ἔνδικος. *B.* οὐκέτι τοῦτο
θνητὸν ἔφης· ἀρεταὶ κρείσσονές εἰσι μόρου.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

De Johanne genero Euphemiæ uxoris Justini.

Clarus Joannes.—Mortalis dic tamen.—Idem
Et gener Augustæ, stirps et Anastasii.—
Mortales sed et hi.—Vita justissimus.—Hoc non
Mortale est: virtus nam negat una mori.

Grotius.

Clarus Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent;
Et pius et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Sam. Johnson.

Cy git l'illustre Jean.—Dites Jean le mortel.
—Prince du Sang.—Mortel malgré ce rang suprême.
—Rejeton d'un grand roi.—Qui fut mortel lui-même.
—Il fut bon.—Je me tais. Le juste est éternel.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

A. John the illustrious. B. John the mortal, say.
A. The son-in-law to the Queen's Highness. B. Nay,
Mortal again. A. Of Anastasius
Descendant prime. B. Mortal like all of us.
A. Of virtuous life. B. Ay, this doth never die;
Virtue is mightier than mortality.

W.

LXXX.

ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ.

Οὐ κόνις, οὐδ' ὀλίγον πέτρης βάρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου
Ἣν ἐσορᾷς αὕτη πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος.
Ὤλετο γὰρ σὺν νηΐ· τὰ δ' ὀστέα ποῦ ποτ' ἐκείνου
Πύθεται, αἰθυίαις γνωστὰ μόναις ἐνέπειν.

GLAUCI.

Pulvere non, saxi tegitur neque pondere parvo,
Sed mare pro tumulo totum Erasippus habet.
Cum rate nam periit: nunc illius ossa sub undâ
Putrescunt—mergus fors tibi dicat, ubi.

G. S.

È ad Erasippo tumulo
Non polve, non di pietra il lieve peso,
Bensì il mar tutto che quì vedi steso.
Ei perì col navigio;
Ma dove a marcir sien l' ossa, potranno
Sol dir gli smerghi, ch' essi soli il sanno.

W.

No dust, no paltry marble for his grave
Has Erasippus, but the wide sea wave.
For with his ship he sank. His bones decay—
But where, the cormorant alone can say.

G. S.

LXXXI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Καὶ πενίη καὶ ἔρως δύο μοι κακά· καὶ τὸ μὲν οἴσω
Κούφως· πῦρ δὲ φέρειν Κύπριδος οὐ δύναμαι.

INCERTI.

Paupertas me sæva domat, dirusque Cupido:
Sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.

Claudianus.

Esuriens pauper telis incendor Amoris:
Inter utrumque malum diligo pauperiem.

Claudianus.

Due mali, Povertade e Amor, ho addosso:
L' uno di leggier tollero,
Ma il fuoco sopportar d' Amor non posso.

M.

La dura povertade e il crudo amore
Hanno le forze mie già vinte e dome:
Quella soffrir si può, ma non amore.

Bianchi.

Two evils, Want and Love, my spirits tame;
The hunger I can bear, but not the flame.

W.

LXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Κρὴς γενεὰν Βρόταχος Γορτύνιος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι,
Οὐ κατὰ τοῦτ' ἐλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ' ἐμπορίην.

SIMONIDIS.

Cres genus, hac jaceo Brotachus Gortynius ora:
Non fuit hoc, merces sed mihi causa viæ.

G. B.

Here I, Gortynian Brotachus, am laid
In death, for which I came not, but for trade.

Sterling.

LXXXIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ὄντως δὴ Χαρίτων λουτρὸν τόδε· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄλλους
Πλείους χωρῆσαι τοῦτο τριῶν δύναται.

INCERTI.

Huicce suum merito nomen dat Gratia trina
Balneolo: plures non capit unda tribus.

G. S.

Il Bagno delle Grazie
Chiamasi questo, e bene,
Chè per non più di tre, posto contiene.

W.

This is the Graces' Bath; for, see,
It has no room for more than three.

W.

LXXXIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἐλαίαν βαστάζουσαν ἄμπελον.

Παλλάδος εἰμὶ φυτόν· Βρομίου τί με θλίβετε κλῶνες;
Ἄρατε τοὺς βότρυας· παρθένος οὐ μεθύω.

INCERTI.

Quid me implicatis, palmites,
Plantam Minervæ, non Bromii?
Procul racemos tollite,
Ne virgo dicar ebria.

Politianus.

Cur me onerant Bacchi frondes? Sum Palladis arbor.
Hinc uvæ este procul: non bibo virgo merum.

Commirius.

L' Ulivo.

Sono di Pallade:
Or coll' ingrate
Viti di Bromio
Che m' intrecciate?

Lungi quei grappoli
Da casta Diva:
Austera vergine
Di Bacco è schiva.

Felici.

Pourquoi, seps vineux, et toi treille aussi,
Venez-vous charger mes branches ainsi?
Je suis de Pallas la plante sacrée;
Otez-moi d' ici vostre ente pamprée,
Esloignez de moi sa grappe enyvrant;
La pucelle au vin son plaisir ne prend;
L' olive aussi bien sans vin se conserve;
Et bien ne s' accouple à Bacchus Minerve.

Antoine Maĝe.

Pallas Staude bin ich: was schlingt ihr, trunkene Trauben
Euch um die Jungfrau? Ich flieh' auch im Bilde den Rausch.

Herder.

I am Minerva's sacred plant,
Press me no more, intruding vine!
Unwreathe your wanton arms! Avaunt!
A modest maiden loves not wine.

Merivale.

LXXXV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ξεῖνε, Συρακόσιός τοι ἀνὴρ τόδ' ἐφίεται Ὄρθων,
  Χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἴοις·
Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχω μόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ πολλῆς
  Πατρίδος, ὀθνείαν κεῖμαι ἐφεσσάμενος.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Præcipit hoc Orthon Siculus: ne forte viator
  Ebrius hybernæ tempore noctis eas:
Namque ego sic jaceo: pro pulvere nempe paterno
  Externa peregre contumulatus humo.

Dan. Heinsius.

O forestier, il Siracusio Ortone
  T' esorta a osservar questa ammonizione.
  Nel verno nottetempo, ove tu sia
  Cotto dal vin, mai non ti porre in via;
  Chè fu mia morte, ond' or lungi mi serra
  Dalla gran patria mia straniera terra.

M.

Höre den Rath, o Wandrer, des Syrakusanischen Orthon:
  Niemals wandle von Wein trunken in stürmischer Nacht.
Denn diess gab mir den Tod. Nun lieg ich im Grabe, der Heimath
  Räumigen Fluren so fern hier in der Fremden Gebiet.

Jacobs.

Orthon's Epitaph.

To every toping traveller that lives,
Orthon of Syracuse this warning gives;
With wine o'erheated, and depriv'd of light,
Forbear to travel on a winter's night;
This was my fate; and for my native land
I now lie buried on a foreign strand.

Fawkes.

Stranger, the Syracusan Orthon prays
You walk not forth drunk in the night; but says
That he by such misfortune was undone,
And sleeps in death beneath a foreign stone.

C. Merivale.

LXXXVI.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Ἑρμογένην τὸν ἰατρὸν ὁ ἀστρολόγος Διόφαντος
  Εἶπε μόνους ζωῆς ἐννέα μῆνας ἔχειν.
Κἀκεῖνος γελάσας, τί μὲν ὁ Κρόνος ἐννέα μηνῶν,
  Φησί, λέγει; σὺ νόει· τἀμὰ δὲ σύντομά σοι·
Εἶπε, καὶ ἐκτείνας μόνον ἥψατο, καὶ Διόφαντος
  Ἄλλον ἀπελπίζων, αὐτὸς ἀπεσκάρισεν.

NICARCHI.

Languenti Marco dixit Diodorus haruspex,
  Ad vitam non plus sex superesse dies.
Sed medicus Divis fatisque potentior Alcon,
  Falsum convicit illico haruspicium:
Tractavitque manum victuri, ni tetigisset,
  Illico nam Marco sex periere dies.

Ausonius.

IMITACION.

De un Médico, y un Adivino.

Seis dias un adivino
  Daba de vida á un enfermo,
  Y un médico hacia apuesta
  A' que erraba en el agüero.
Y á fe la hubiera ganado;
  Pues con un medicamento
  Le envió ántes de tres dias
  A' la region de los muertos.

Arroyal.

Nur neun Monden zu leben, gestand Diophantos, der Sterne
  Kundiger Deuter, dem Artzt, unserm Hermogenes, zu.
Lächelnd versetzte der Artzt: Das nenn' ich was Rechtes, wenn Kronos
  So viel Monden sich setzt! Kürzer verfahr' ich mit dir.
Sprach's, und rührt mit dem Finger ihn an, und sieh, Diophantos,
  Welcher dem andern gedroht, zittert und röchelt und stirbt.

Jacobs.

Of a Phisition and a Soothsayer.

Marcke fealt himselfe diseasde,
The Soothsayer sayd: There bee
Sixe yet remaynder daies of life
No mo (friend Marcke) to thee.
Then skilfull Alcon came,
He felt the pulses beate:
And out of hande this Marcus dide,
There Phisick wrought his feate.
This showes Phisition doth
The Soothsayer farre exceede:
For th' one can make a short dispatch,
When th' other makes no speede.

Turbervile.

LXXXVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μνῆμα τόδε κλεινοῖο Μεγιστία, ὅν ποτε Μῆδοι
Σπερχειὸν ποταμὸν κτεῖναν ἀμειψάμενοι,
Μάντιος, ὃς τότε Κῆρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδὼς,
Οὐκ ἔτλη Σπάρτης ἡγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.

SIMONIDIS.

Inclytus imposita jacet hic sub mole Megistias
Thessala quem leto cis vada Persa dedit.
Tristia qui vates instantia fata monebat,
Noluit et Spartæ deseruisse duces.

G. B.

Hier ruht herrlich gepriesen Megistias, welchen der Meder,
Als er Spercheios Gestad kämpfend beschritten, erschlug.
Klar wohl kannte der Seher die drohenden Loose der Schicksals;
Doch nicht mied er den Kampf und das spartanische Heer.

Jacobs.

Of famed Megistias here behold the tomb,
Him on this side Spercheus slew the Medes;
A seer who well foresaw his coming doom,
But would not lose his share in Sparta's deeds.

Sterling.

LXXXVIII.

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΥ.

Ἄπισχ', ἄπισχε χεῖρας, ὦ γεωπόνε,
Μηδ' ἀμφίταμνε τὰν ἐν ἠρίῳ κόνιν.
Αὐτὰ κέκλαυται βῶλος· ἐκ κεκλαυμένας δ'
Οὔτοι κοματὰς ἀναθαλήσεται στάχυς.

HERACLIDIS.

Ab hac, arator, abstine terra manum,
Nec, quos sepulchrum condit hoc, cineres seca.
Hæc terra fletu maduit, at nunquam seges
De lachrymata sustulit terra comam.

Grotius.

Die Grabestätte.

Halt' ein, o Pflügender, halt' ein den Pflug
Und wühle nicht des Grabes Asch' hinauf.
Mit Thränen ist die Erde hier bethaut,
Und aus bethränter Erde wächset dir
Kein glücklicher, kein ährenvoller Halm.

Herder.

Stay, ploughman! stay thy hand!
In severing the dust that moulders there,
Thou ploughest through a grave.
Tears have bedewed that land:
And o'er the sorrow-moisten'd glebe may ne'er
The joyous harvest wave.

W.

LXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Αἴαντα.

Ἕκτωρ Αἴαντι ξίφος ὤπασεν· Ἕκτορι δ' Αἴας
Ζωστῆρ'· ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατος.

INCERTI.

Ajax Priamidæ cinctum dedit, Hector at illi
Ensem: causa necis munus utrique fuit.

Grotius.

Hector dat gladium Ajaci, dat balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Sam. Johnson.

Ettorre un brando diè ad Ajace, e questi
Un cinto a Ettor; doni ad ambo funesti.

M.

Hector bestow'd on Telamon the brave
A sword; the Greek to god-like Hector gave
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,
And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

Fawkes

XC.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Δίρφυος ἐδμήθημεν ὑπὸ πτυχὶ, σῆμα δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν
Ἐγγύθεν Εὐρίπου δημοσίᾳ κέχυται,
Οὐκ ἀδίκως· ἐρατὴν γὰρ ἀπωλέσαμεν νεότητα,
Τρηχεῖαν πολέμου δεξάμενοι νεφέλην.

SIMONIDIS.

Dirphyos occidimus subter juga, bustaque nobis
Non procul Euripo publica cura dedit:
Et merito: periit nobis nam nostra juventus,
Horrida dum belli nubila sponte subit.

Grotius.

Unter des Dirphys Schluchten erlagen wir; aber ein Denkmal
Steht am Euripus uns nach der Gemeinde Beschluss;
Warlich mit Recht! uns ward der Genuss holdbluhender Jugend
Durch feindseligen Kriegs grausende Stürme geraubt.

Jacobs.

At Dirphys' foot we fell; and o'er us here
Beside Euripus' shore this mound was piled;
Not undeserved; for youth to us was dear;
And that we lost in battle's tempest wild.

Sterling

XCI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Χαῖρε μοι, ὦ ναυηγέ, καὶ εἰς Ἀΐδαο περήσας
Μέμφεο μὴ πόντου κύμασιν, ἀλλ' ἀνέμοις.
Κεῖνοι μέν σ' ἐδάμασσαν· ἁλὸς δέ σε μείλιχον ὕδωρ
Ἐς χθόνα καὶ πατέρων ἐξεκύλισε τάφους.

JULIANI.

Nauta, vale! Ditisque domos ubi veneris, undâ
Omissâ in meritos crimina verte Notos.
Exitium ventus, terram patriumque sepulchrum
Huc maris advecto mitior unda dedit.

G. S.

Naufrago, salve. Infra le morte genti
Non del mar l' onda accusar dei, ma i venti.
Questi tua morte fur: l' onda cortese
Te al patrio suolo, al patrio avello rese.

Pagnini.

Sei mir im Staube gegrüßt, Schiffbrüchiger! Kommst du zum Aïs,
Nicht die Wogen des Meers tadele, sondern den Wind.
Nur des Windes Gewalt entseelte dich; aber die Meerfluth
Hat, wo die Deinigen ruhn, freundlich an's Land dich gespühlt.

Voss.

Hail, shipwreck'd corse! accuse not from the grave,
The ocean, but the winds, that wrought thy doom:
They wreck'd thee; while the gentle salt-sea wave
Bore thee to land, to thy parental tomb.

W.

XCII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον· ἢ μάθε παίζειν,
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

PALLADÆ.

Vita hominum scena est lususque: aut ludere discas,
Sepositis curis, aut miseranda feras.

J. Secundus.

Vita omnis scena est ludusque: aut ludere disce
  Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Sam. Johnson.

Scena e scherzo è la vita.
  O tu a scherzare impara,
  Ogni grave da te cura sbandita;
  O a mille doglie e affanni il cor prepara.

Pagnini.

Spiel ist unser Leben und Schauspiel. Murrender, lerne
  Spielen oder du trägst Schmerzen und Schaden davor.

Herder.

Since life is a scene, and we players at best;
Either suffer like men, or give into the jest.

W. F.

XCIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰ τὸ τρέφειν πώγωνα δοκεῖ σοφίαν περιποιεῖν,
  Καὶ τράγος εὐπώγων εὔστοχός ἐστι Πλάτων.

LUCIANI.

Si promissa facit sapientem barba, quid obstat
  Barbatus possit quin caper esse Plato?

T. Morus.

Se lunga barba è segno
  Di sapere e d' ingegno,
  Un barbuto caprone
  Può tenersi un Platone.

M.

Si nourrir grand' barbe au menton
Nous fait philosophes paroître,
Un bouc barbu pourroit bien être
Par ce moyen quelque Platon.

Ronsard.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

D.

XCIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἄρτι λοχευομένην σε μελισσοτόκων ἔαρ ὕμνων,
Ἄρτι δὲ κυκνείῳ φθεγγομένην στόματι,
Ἤλασεν εἰς Ἀχέροντα διὰ πλατὺ κῦμα καμόντων
Μοῖρα, λινοκλώστου δεσπότις ἠλακάτας·
Σὸς δ' ἐπέων, Ἤριννα, καλὸς πόνος οὔ σε γεγωνεῖ
Φθίσθαι, ἔχειν δὲ χοροὺς ἄμμιγα Πιερίσιν.

INCERTI.

Dum paris æternum mellitis carminibus ver,
Fundit olorinos dum tua lingua sonos,
Regna per umbrarum te fert Acherontis ad undas
Parca colus vitæ pensa trahentis hera.
Sed doctus labor ille tuus te vivere clamat,
Erinna, et Musas inter habere choros.

Grotius.

Während du, Biene der Musen, den Lenzschmuck süsser Gesänge
Bildetest, während du noch töntest den Schwanengesang,
Trieb dich spindelregierend die Hand der gewaltigen Moira
Durch die Lethäische Fluth unter die Todten hinab.
Doch entreisst dein Süsses Bemühn dich, Erinne, dem Hades;
Und mit den Musen vereint schreitest du tanzend einher.

Jacobs.

The strains of swan-like song were on thy tongue,
And in thy heart with honied flowers had sprung
The sweet spring-tide of poesy:
When Fate—dread sovereign of life's distaff thread—
Forth drove thee o'er the wide stream of the dead
Afar to sullen Acheron.
Yet thee, Erinna, thy sweet toils declare
Not dead, but leading with the Muses there
The dance in mingling revelry.

T. P. R.

XCV.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

Ναυτίλοι, ἐγγὺς ἁλὸς τί με θάπτετε; πολλὸν ἄνευθε
Χῶσαι ναυηγοῦ τλήμονα τύμβον ἔδει.
Φρίσσω κύματος ἦχον, ἐμὸν μόρον. ἀλλὰ καὶ οὕτως
Χαίρετε, Νικήτην οἵτινες οἰκτίρετε.

POSIDIPPI.

Quid prope me pelagus nautæ sepelitis? ab undis
Debueram longe naufragus esse situs.
Horresco mea fata, sonum maris; attamen et sic
Queis Niceta fui cura, valere volo.

Grotius.

Perchè sì presso al mare,
Nocchier, vi piace a me la tomba alzare?
Lungi di qua vorria
Un naufrago giacer: troppo ho in orrore
Del pelago il fragore,
Che fu la morte mia.
Pure a voi prego ore serene e liete
Per la pietà che di Niceta avete.

Pagnini.

Schiffer, weshalb so nah bey dem Meer hier? Fern von der Salzfluth
Bauet dem Armen das Grab, welchen die Wellen ertränkt.
Hier ach! beb' ich dem Wogengeräusch.—Doch danket Niketas
Euch auch dieses Geschenk, das ihr erbarmend ihm gabt.

Jacobs.

Why, sailors, bury me so near the shore?
The shipwreck'd mariner's sad grave should be
Far from the echoing breakers; in their roar
Shudd'ring I hear my fate: yet oh! all ye,
Farewell, and blessings for your pity take,
Who even this have done for poor Nicetas' sake.

W.

XCVI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Δακρυχέων γενόμην, καὶ δακρύσας ἀποθνήσκω·
Δάκρυσι δ' ἐν πολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὗρον ὅλον.
Ὦ γένος ἀνθρώπων πολυδάκρυτον, ἀσθενές, οἰκτρόν,
Συρόμενον κατὰ γῆς, καὶ διαλυόμενον.

PALLADÆ.

Natus eram lachrymans, lachrymans e luce recedo:
Sunt quibus a lachrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Sam. Johnson.

Weinend betrat ich die Erde zuerst, und verlasse sie weinend;
Nichts auf irdischer Bahn fand ich als Thränen und Schmerz.
Thränenbegabtes Geschlecht, so Jammerbelastet und kraftlos
Steigest du nieder zur Gruft, wo du in Asche zerfällst.

Jacobs

Tears were my birth-right; born in tears,
In tears too must I die;
And mine has been, through life's long years,
A tearful destiny!
Such is the state of man! from birth
To death all comfortless:
Then swept away beneath the earth,
In utter nothingness!

E. S.

XCVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Ἀνθρώπους μὲν ἴσως λήσεις, ἄτοπόν τι ποιήσας.
Οὐ λήσεις δὲ Θεούς, οὐδὲ λογιζόμενος.

LUCIANI.

Impia facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis;
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Sam. Johnson.

Oprando cosa rea, forse ti puoi
  Agli uomini celar, ma nol potresti
  Ai Numi già, nè pur co' pensier tuoi.

Pompei.

Glaubst du Freuler, du könnst mit Thaten dem Auge der Menschen
  Fliehn? Den Gedanken an sie schauen die Götter in dir.

Herder.

Sterblichen Blicken entziehst du vielleicht die Thaten der Bosheit,
  Göttlichen Augen verbirgt selbst der Gedanke sich nicht.

Jacobs.

Man may not see thee do some impious *deed;*
But God thy very inmost *thought* can read.

J. W. B.

XCVIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες· ποτὶ γὰρ μία ταῖς τρισὶ κείναις
  Ἄρτι ποτεπλάσθη, κῆτι μύροισι νοτεῖ
Εὐαίων ἐν πᾶσιν ἀρίζαλος Βερενίκα,
  Ἇς ἄτερ οὐδ' αὐταὶ ταὶ Χάριτες Χάριτες.

CALLIMACHI.

Tres quæ fuerunt, quatuor sunt Gratiæ;
Accessit etenim odoribus madens adhuc
Berenice ad illas, mulierum pulcherrima,
Sine qua fuissent Gratiæ non Gratiæ.

G S.

Quattro sono le Grazie; or s' è creata
  Oltra le prime tre Grazia novella
  Rugiadosa d' unguenti. Oh fortunata
  E a tutte invidia Berenice bella,
  Chè le Grazie non son Grazie senz' ella.

Ugo Foscolo.

The Graces, three erewhile, are three no more:
A fourth is come, with perfume sprinkled o'er.
'Tis Berenice blest and fair; were she
Away, the Graces would no Graces be.

G. S

XCIX.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἐμὰ ταῦτα λάφυρα· τίς ὁ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνάψας
Ἄρηος ταύταν τὰν ἄχαριν χάριτα;
Ἄκλαστοι μὲν κῶνοι, ἀναίμακτοι δὲ γανῶσαι
Ἀσπίδες, ἄκλαστοι δ' αἱ κλαδαραὶ κάμακες.
Αἰδοῖ πάντα πρόσωπ' ἐρυθαίνομαι, ἐκ δὲ μετώπου
Ἱδρὼς πιδύων στῆθος ἐπισταλάει.
Παστάδα τις τοιοῖσδε, καὶ ἀνδρειῶνα, καὶ αὐλὰν
Κοσμείτω, καὶ τὸν νυμφίδιον θάλαμον·
Ἄρευς δ' αἱματόεντα διωξίπποιο λάφυρα
Νηὸν κοσμοίη· τοῖς γὰρ ἀρεσκόμεθα.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Non mea sunt spolia ista: quis, ad fastigia Martis
Figere cum vellet grata, molesta dedit?
Firmus enim galeis conus, lita sanguine nullo
Scuta nitent; fragilis, firma sed hasta manet.
Tota pudore rubet facies mihi, fronte calenti
Pectora proruptus sudor anhela rigat.
Talibus aut decoret quisquam conclave, vel aulam,
Vestibulum, aut thalamum, molle cubile nurus.
Martis at aurigæ spolia uncta cruoribus ædem,
Apta viris, decorent: hæc mihi dona placent.

G. B.

Nicht mein ist diess Waffengeräth! Wer heftete solch' ein
Unverdanktes Geschenk hier an die Pfosten des Mars?
Glänzende Schilde, von Blut nicht befleckt, und die Helme von keinem
Streiche verletzt, und des Speers nimmer beschädigten Schaft.
Schaamroth glüht mir das ganze Gesicht, und es strömt von der heissen
Stirn abrieselnd der Schweiss bis zu dir Brust mir herab.
Schmücket das Speisegemach und die bräutliche Kammer mit solchem
Glänzenden Spielwerk aus, oder die Hallen des Hofs.
Aber dem Rossantreiber gebührt und den Tempeln des Ares
Blutige Zier. Nur die mag ich mit Freude beschaun.

Jacobs.

These are no spoils of mine! Who dares to place
Such offerings here, and thinks this fane to grace?
Unbroken is each helmet's crest, and clear
Each bloodless shield, unscathed each fragile spear.
With shame my face is fired, and from my brow
Down to my breast big drops of anger flow.
Hence! With such trophies deck thy porch, thy hall,
The courtyard of thy house, thy chamber wall;
But Mars—besprent with gore the arms must be
That deck his temple: such are dear to me!

G. S.

C.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τῶνδε δι' ἀνθρώπων ἀρετὰν οὐχ ἵκετο καπνὸς
Αἰθέρα, δαιομένης εὐρυχόρου Τεγέης,
Οἳ βούλοντο πόλιν μὲν ἐλευθερίᾳ τεθαλυῖαν
Παισὶ λιπεῖν, αὐτοὶ δ' ἐν προμάχοισι θανεῖν.

SIMONIDIS.

Fumus ab his erat ut vacuas non iret in auras,
Nec latum Tegeæ flamma forum caperet.
Scilicet hi patriam voluere relinquere natis
Liberam, et in mediis hostibus oppetere.

G. F. D. T.

Dank' es der Kampfenden Muth, o Tegea, dass sich von deinen
Zinnen der wirbelnde Rauch nicht zu dem Aether erhob;
Blühend in Freyheit wollten die Stadt sie den Kindern verlassen,
Selber mit Ruhme geschmückt fallend im vorderſten Glied.

Jacobs.

Inscription for those who saved Tegea.

Through these men's valour into stainless air
The smoke of Tegea's ruin did not burst:
They chose their sons should dwell in freedom there,
And they themselves should fall amid the first.

Sterling.

CI.

ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ.

Τῷ γριπεῖ Πελάγωνι πατὴρ ἀνέθηκε Μενίσκος
Κύρτον καὶ κώπαν, μνᾶμα κακοζοΐας.

SAPPHUS.

Fiscellam remumque pater Pelagoni Meniscus
Ponit, ei fuerit quam mala vita docens.

Grotius.

Al morto Pelagone pescatore
Nassa e remo Menisco il genitore
Per ricordo ponea
Della misera vita ch' ei traea.

M.

A Pelagon el pescador, Menisco
Su caro padre puso en el sepulcro
La nasa, y redes, el garlito y cañas,
De su misero afan triste memoria.

Conde.

Dessus le monument du pescheur Pelagon
A esté apposé par Menisque son père,
Une nasse, un filé, un petit aviron,
Marques de son mestier, pauvre et plein de misère.

Tamisier.

Pelagon, dir auf das Grab hat hier dein Vater Meniskos
Ruder und Reusen gestellt, dürftigen Lebens Symbol.

Jacobs.

Meniscus, mourning for his hapless son,
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

Fawkes.

CII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἴ τις ἅπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει,
Ναυηγὸς πλώει δὶς βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

INCERTI.

Qui capit uxorem, defunctâ uxore, secundam,
Naufragus in tumido bis natat ille freto.

Th. Morus.

Quisquis adit lectos elata uxore secundos,
  Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Sam. Johnson.

He that hath lost a wedded wife,
  Yet fain would wed again,
Like sailor wrecked, twice tempts the strife
  Of storms upon the main.

T. P. R.

CIII.

ΠΑΓΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ.

Ἐκ πυρὸς ὁ ῥαιστήρ, καὶ ὁ καρκίνος, ἥ τε πυράγρη
  Ἄγκεινθ' Ἡφαίστῳ, δῶρα Πολυκράτεος,
Ὧ πυκνὸν κροτέων ὑπὲρ ἄκμονος εὕρετο παισὶν
  Ὄλβον, ὀϊζυρὴν ὠσάμενος πενίην.

PANCRATIS.

Malleus hic, cancer, forcepsque, Polycrate dante,
  Ignipotens, tibi sunt ecce dicata, pater.
Illo sæpe super feriens incude, fugavit
  Pauperiem, et natis arte paravit opes.

Grotius.

Martel, tanaglie e forcipe ha sacrato
  Policrate a Vulcan; con che indefesso
  Travagliando all' incude, in fuga ha messo
  Povertade, e agi ai figli ha procacciato.

M

The Blacksmith's Offering.

These tongs and pincers, and this hammer stout,
  Polycrates in Vulcan's temple lays;
Toiling with which, he barr'd grim hunger out,
  Nor vainly strove his children's lot to raise.

C. Merivale.

Tongs from the forge, hammer and pincers, these
Are gifts to Vulcan from Polycrates.
With these he plied his anvil many a day,
To feed his babes, and drive grim want away.

W.

CIV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς ἀφύλακτον οἶκον τωθαστί.

Κερδαλέους δίζεσθε δόμους, ληΐστορες, ἄλλους·
Τοῖσδε γάρ ἐστι φύλαξ ἔμπεδος ἡ πενίη.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Ite aliò, fures, nulla hîc occasio lucri;
Nam fida est custos addita, pauperies.

Politianus.

Latrones, alibi locupletum quærite tecta;
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

Sam. Johnson.

Altra casa miglior, ladri, cercate:
Fida guardia di questa è Povertate.

M.

Voleurs, allez plus loin. J' ai pour ma sûreté
La perle des gardiens.—Et qui?—La pauvreté.

Poan-Saint-Simon

Auf die Hütte des Irus.

Vorbey, verwegner Dieb! denn unter diesem Dache,
In jedem Winkel hier, hält Armuth treue Wache.

Lessing.

Such't euch, Räuber, ein anderes Haus, das bessern Gewinn bringt;
Hier bey dem Meinigen steht immer die Durftigkeit wach.

Jacobs.

On a Cottage.

Robbers, avaunt! Beneath this thatch
Stern Poverty keeps strictest watch.

Anon. Translations from Lessing, 1825.

Seek a more profitable job,
Good house-breakers, elsewhere:
These premises you cannot rob;
Want guards them with such care.

W.

CV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἑῷος,
Νῦν δὲ, θανὼν, λάμπεις Ἕσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

PLATONIS.

Stella prius superis fulgebas Lucifer, at nunc
Extinctus cassis lumine Vesper eris.

Ausonius.

Olim inter vivos fulgebas Lucifer; Hesper
Morte obitâ fulges nunc apud exanimos.

Pierius Valerianus

Eri fra noi la Stella alma e gradita
Che in oriente al sol fiammeggia innanti:
Espero or sei, che i tuoi bei raggi santi
Nascondi a questa, e scopri all' altra vita.

Coppetta.

Der Morgen-und Abendstern.

Wie der glänzende Stern des Morgens, wanest du Jüngling
Uns; den Todten anjetzt gehst du, ein Hesperus, auf.

Herder.

Unter den Lebenden strahltest du sonst als Morgen-Gestirn uns;
Hesperus glänzest du jetzt unter den Schatten im Tod.

Jacobs.

In life thou wert my morning star;
But now that death hath quench'd thy light,
Alas! thou shinest, dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

Moore.

To Stella.

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

Shelley.

CVI.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Οὐ γάμον, ἀλλ' Ἀΐδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
Δέξατο, παρθενίας ἅμματα λυομένα.
Ἄρτι γὰρ ἑσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχευν
Λωτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·
Ἠῷοι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' Ὑμέναιος
Σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο.
Αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδᾳδούχουν παρὰ παστῷ
Πεῦκαι, καὶ φθιμένᾳ νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

MELEAGRI.

Non tulit amplexum sponsi Clearista, sed Orci,
Cum foret in socio zona soluta toro.
Vespere namque nurus sonuit tibicine limen,
Et thalami plausæ concrepuere fores;
Mane sed exoritur plangor, pavidusque silescens
Vertitur in luctum nænia factus hymen:
Ipsaque fax eadem quæ lumen prætulit aulæ,
Ducit ad infernas heu! minus apta! domos.

G. B.

El horroroso Dite,
No la boda festiva
En esponsales dones
Recibió Clearista
Al deslazar la vanda
Entre dulces caricias.
A los umbrales cantan
Al acabar el dia
Las alegres canciones
Las entonadas Ninfas;
Del thalamo las puertas
Sus cantos aplaudian;
Mas al alba sonáron
Las voces matutinas
Con fúnebre alarido
Por nupcial armonía,
Y las festivas teas
Que al thalamo servian,
Antorchas que alumbráron
La obscura infernal via.

Conde.

Upon a Maid that died the day she was married.

That morne which saw me made a bride
That evening witnest that I dy'd.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,

Served but as tapers for to burne
And light my reliques to their urne.
  The Epitaph, which here you see,
  Supply'd the Epithalamie.

Herrick.

The cruel fates to Clearista gave,
Alas! no husband,—but a wedded grave!
Erewhile, at eve there reigned the bridal hour,
And lute and jocund din assailed her bower:
The dawn brings shrieks! that hymeneal song
Is hushed: sad strains the dirge of woe prolong.
The selfsame torch that lit the nuptial dome,
Shews the drear passage to her last long home.

G. B.

CVII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ.

Φεύγειν δὴ τὸν Ἔρωτα κενὸς πόνος· οὐ γὰρ ἀλύξω,
Πεζὸς ὑπὸ πτηνοῦ πυκνὰ διωκόμενος.

ARCHIÆ.

A Veneris puero nulla est fuga. Quo miser ibo,
  Perpetuo peditem cum premat ales Amor?

Grotius.

Quid fugis, ah! demens? Vanus labor est fuga Amoris,
  Effugere alatum non potes ipse pedes.

Th. Farnaby.

A che giova da Amor fuggir, mortali?
Voi a piedi fuggir da lui che ha l' ali?

W.

Que veut dire, Catin, cette fuite frivole?
Crois-tu qu' Amour ne te puisse attraper?
  Tu vas à pied, et ce Dieu vole;
  Penses-tu pouvoir échapper?

Jean Doublet.

Of shunning Love 'tis vain to talk,
When he can fly and I but walk.

Fawkes.

CVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμός. εἴθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

PLATONIS.

Astra vides, utinam fiam, meus Aster, Olympus;
Ut multis sic te luminibus videam.

Apuleius.

Stella meus, stellas dum suspicis ipse utinam sim
Cœlum, oculis ut te pluribus aspiciam.

Muretus.

Stella mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

Sam. Johnson.

Mentre, mia stella, miri
I bei celesti giri,
Il cielo esser vorrei,
Perchè negli occhi miei
Fiso tu rivolgessi
Le tue dolci pupille,
Io vagheggiar potessi
Mille bellezze tue con luci mille.

Torquato Tasso.

Dein Blick weilt an den Sternen, mein Aster; o dass ich der ganze
Uranos wäre, mit viel Augen den Liebling zu schaun.

Erichson.

The Lover to his Ladie that gased much up to the skies.

My girle, thou gazest much
Upon the golden skies:
Would I were heauen, I would behold
Thee then with all mine eies.

Turbervile.

"Would I were yon blue field above,"
(Said Plato, warbling am'rous lays)
"That with ten thousand eyes of love
"On thee for ever I might gaze."

My purer love the wish disclaims,
  For were I, like Tiresias, blind,
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,
  And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

Sir W Jones

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
  Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
Then every star should be an eye
  To wander o'er thy beauties here.

Moore.

Dost scan the stars? O would I were those skies,
To gaze upon thee with their myriad eyes.

G. S.

CIX.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Μήτε βαθυκτεάνοιο τύχης κουφίζεο ῥοίζῳ,
* Μήτε σέο γνάμψῃ φροντὶς ἐλευθερίην,*
Πᾶς γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσταθέεσσι βιὸς πελεμίζεται αὔραις,
* Τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμινῶς ἀντιμεθελκόμενος.*
Ἡ δ' ἀρετὴ σταθερόν τι καὶ ἄτροπον, ἧς ἔπι μούνης
* Κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βιότου.*

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Prospera sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
  Nec mente injiciat sordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
  Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit.
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
  Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Sam. Johnson.

Be not elate with Fortune's whirling gale,
  Nor under slavish apprehensions bend.
  Through life, athwart the shifting winds contend,
And with incessant change its course assail.
  Virtue alone is firm and changeless; she
  Will bear thee o'er life's surges gallantly.

W.

CX.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Ἠῷοι Μελάνιππον ἐθάπτομεν, ἠελίου δὲ
Δυομένου Βασιλὼ κάτθανε παρθενικὴ
Αὐτοχερί. ζώειν γάρ, ἀδελφεὸν ἐν πυρὶ θεῖσα,
Οὐκ ἔτλη. δίδυμον δ' οἶκος ἐσεῖδε κακὸν
Πατρὸς Ἀριστίπποιο· κατήφησεν δὲ Κυρήνη
Πᾶσα, τὸν εὔτεκνον χῆρον ἰδοῦσα δόμον.

CALLIMACHI.

Mane sepultus erat Melanippus, et, occidit ut sol,
Virgo suâ Basilo concidit icta manu:
Nam non sustinuit fratri superesse cremato;
Atque ita Aristippi bis fuit orba domus.
Cum mœrore gravi Cyrene cernit inanes,
Qui modo felices prole fuere, lares.

Grotius

Fu Menalippo sul mattin sepolto;
E la sorella sul cader del sole
Suo vital nodo ha di sua man disciolto,
Chè dopo lui restar le pesa, e duole.
Oh quanto il doppio mal che a soffrir ebbe
La casa d' Aristippo, a tutti increbbe!

Pagnini.

At dawn we look'd on Menalippus dying;
At eve, self-slain, his sister's form was lying.
'How shall this loving heart alone live on,'
(The maiden cried) 'my Menalippus gone?'
A parent's hope was laid for ever low,
And all Cyrene wept the double woe.

J. W. B.

CXI.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Αἱ Χάριτες τέμενός τι λαβεῖν, ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσεῖται,
Ζητοῦσαι, ψυχὴν εὗρον Ἀριστοφάνους.

PLATONIS.

Cum sibi mansurum Charitum chorus undique templum
Quæreret, invenit pectus Aristophanis.

G. B.

Non perituro tempio
  Le Grazie aver cercarono,
  E alfine d' Aristofane
  Nel petto il ritrovarono.

M.

Einen Tempel, der nimmer veralte, suchten der Anmuth
  Schwestern und fanden ihn—in Aristophanes Geist.

Herder.

The Muses seeking for a shrine
  Whose glories ne'er should cease,
Found, as they stray'd, the soul divine
  Of Aristophanes.

Merivale.

CXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Τῆνος ὅδε Ζήνων Κιτίῳ φίλος, ὃς ποτ' Ὄλυμπον
  Ἔδραμεν, οὐκ Ὄσσῃ Πήλιον ἀνθέμενος,
Οὐδὲ τά γ' Ἡρακλῆος ἀέθλεε· τὰν δὲ ποτ' ἄστρα
  Ἀτραπιτὸν μούνας εὗρε σαοφροσύνας.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

De Zenone Citiensi.

Hic Citio gratus Zeno est, qui scandit Olympum,
  Impositum non quod Pelion Ossa tulit,
Alcidæ neque per certamina: solus ad astra
  Repperit ex sanctis moribus ille viam.

Grotius.

Il buon Zenon di Cizio
  Quest' è, che al cielo ascese
  Senza ad Ossa impor Pelio,
  Senza d' Alcide rinnovar le imprese.
  Alle stelle la via
  Colla virtù soltanto egli si apría.

M.

Here lies the Citian Zeno: Heaven he won,
But not by Ossa piled on Pelion,
Nor as the meed of feats Herculean; nay!
He mounted to the stars by Virtue's way.

G. S.

CXIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Ὠγρευτής, Ἐπίκυδες, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγωὸν
  Διφᾷ, καὶ πάσης ἴχνια δορκαλίδος,
Στίβῃ καὶ νιφετῷ κεχρημένος, ἢν δέ τις εἴπῃ,
  Τῇ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον· οὐκ ἔλαβεν.
Χοὐμὸς ἔρως τοιόσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν
  Οἶδε, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσσῳ κείμενα παρπέταται.

CALLIMACHI.

Venator leporem quemvis, Epicydes, in altis
  Montibus atque omnem persequitur capream,
In nive pressa legens vestigia: si quis at illi
  Dixerit, en jacet hîc hæc fera, non capiat.
Plane talis amor meus est: fugientia captat:
  In medio cernit quæ sita, transvolitat.

Grotius

Il cacciator va su pe' monti in traccia
  Di lepri e damme ove piu neva e ghiaccia.
  Se a lui dice talun: Prendi la degna
  Preda c'hai fatta, ei la rifiuta e sdegna:
  Tale il mio amor ciò che sen fugge apprezza,
  E ciò ch' è presto a' suoi desir, disprezza.

Pagnini.

The Chace.

Mark, Epicydes, how the hunter bears
His honours in the chace, when timid hares
And nobler stags he tracks through frost and snow,
O'er mountains echoing to the vales below.
Then if some clown halloos: "Here, master, here
Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer,"
He takes no heed, but starts for newer game.
Such is my love, and such his arrow's aim
That follows still with speed the flying fair,
But deems the yielding slave below his care.

Merivale.

The hunter, used to frost and snow,
Tracks o'er the mountains every roe
And every timid hare:
But say to him, "Ho! there!
Look to your stricken game," he takes no heed!
My passion, Epicydes, is the same:
I chase each flying nymph with eager speed,
But pass with disregard the yielding dame.

W.

CXIV

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Δοῦρας 'Αλεξάνδροιο· λέγει δέ σε γράμματ' ἐκεῖνον
'Εκ πολέμου θέσθαι σύμβολον 'Αρτέμιδι,
"Οπλον ἀνικήτοιο βραχίονος. ἆ καλὸν ἔγχος,
'Ωι πόντος καὶ χθὼν εἶκε κραδαινομένῳ.
"Ιλαθι δοῦρας ἀταρβές· ἀεί δέ σε πᾶς τις ἀθρήσας
Ταρβήσει, μεγάλης μνησάμενος παλάμης.

ANTIPHILI.

Inclyta, Pellæus quam dux fortissimus, hasta,
Ut fertur, templum vovit ad Artemidos,
Indomitæ telum dextræ, quo bella movente,
Terra, fretumque tuum cessit in arbitrium;
Sis bona; nam quanta metuet formidine quisquis
Te memor invictæ viderit, hasta, manus!

Averardus Medices.

'Twas Alexander's lance—those letters say—
By him to Dian given in victory's day,
Th' unconquered arm's own weapon. Glorious spear!
Whose quivering erst filled earth and sea with fear.
O spare thy terrors! Whoso looks on thee
Must tremble at thy lord's dread memory!

G. S.

CXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Εἶπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
Ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσσάκις ἀμφότεροι
Ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν που,
Ξεῖν' Ἁλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή·
Αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ᾗσιν ὁ πάντων
Ἁρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

CALLIMACHI.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;
Quo rumore misellus impotentes
Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:
Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
Dulci consuëramus ambo longos
Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
Verum tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum!
Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, urbe Carûm!
Tuæ lusciniæ tamen supersunt;
Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

T. Warton.

Cum mihi te, Heraclite, aliquis narrasset ademtum,
Lacryma per memores fluxit oborta genas;
Dum repeto, quoties solem sermone morati
Condidimus, grata fatus uterque vice.
Jampridem tamen, hospitii mihi fœdere quondam
Juncte Halicarnasseu, tu cinis ipse jaces;
Usque tuæ vivunt sed aëdones; hisque nec Orcus
Omnia prædantes afferet ipse manus.

G. B.

I wept, my Heraclitus, when they told
That thou wert dead; I thought of days of old,
How oft, in talk, we sent the sun to rest:
Long since hast thou, my Halicarnassian guest,
Been dust; yet live thy nightingales; on these
The all-plundering hand of death shall never seize.

Hay.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talk'd down the sun: but thou,
Halicarnassian guest! art ashes now.
Yet live thy nightingales of song; on those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

H. Nelson Coleridge.

CXVI.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

Εἴαρος ἤνθει μὲν τὸ πρὶν ῥόδα, νῦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
Χείματι πορφυρέας ἐσχάσαμεν κάλυκας,
Σῇ ἐπιμειδήσαντα γενεθλίῃ ἄσμενα τῇδε
Ἠοῖ, νυμφιδίων ἀσσοτάτῃ λεχέων.
Καλλίστης ὀφθῆναι ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι γυναικὸς
Λώϊον, ἢ μίμνειν ἠρινὸν ἠέλιον.

CRINAGORÆ.

Vere rosæ quondam solitæ florere, rubentes
Nunc hyeme in media pandimus ecce sinus.
Natalis tua lux nobis lætissima venit
Scilicet: et prope nunc ipse Hymenæus adest.
Dulce foret solem æstivum zephyrosque manere,
Dulcius est frontem sic redimire tuam.

G. S.

To deck the honours of thy natal day,
Soon to be follow'd by thy nuptial lay,
We roses, wont in early spring to blow,
Expand our beauties midst the winter's snow;
More pleased thy lovely tresses to adorn,
Than wait the splendours of the summer's morn.

W. Shepherd.

CXVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Φῆ ποτε Τίμαρχος, πατρὸς περὶ χεῖρας ἔχοντος,
Ἡνίκ' ἀφ' ἱμερτὴν ἔπνεεν ἡλικίαν·
Ὦ Τιμηνορίδη, παιδὸς φίλου οὔποτε λήσῃ
Οὔτ' ἀρετὴν ποθέων, οὔτε σαοφροσύνην.

SIMONIDIS.

Cum vitam efflaret juvenis Timarchus amœnam,
Hæc ait, amplexu colla tenente patre:
O Timenoride, castumque bonumque requirens,
Non poteris nati non memor esse tui.

G. B.

Timarchus, circled in his sire's embrace,
Exclaimed, while breathing out his latest breath:
Timenor's son, henceforth in thought retrace
The strength and calm of soul I keep in death.

Sterling.

CXVIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Εὔφημος γλώσσῃ παραμείβεο τὴν λάλον Ἠχώ,
Κοὐ λάλον· ἤν τι κλύω, τοῦτ' ἀπαμειβομέναν.
Εἰς σὲ γὰρ ὃν σὺ λέγεις στρέψω λόγον· ἢν δὲ σιωπᾷς,
Σιγήσω. τίς ἐμεῦ γλῶσσα δικαιοτέρη;

ARCHIÆ, VEL PARMENIONIS.

Lingua fave celebraque tuis me vocibus Echo:
Garrula sum, nec sum garrula: reddo sonos.
Si loqueris, simul ipsa loquor, taceoque tacenti:
Vox an mente capi justior ulla potest?

Grotius.

To Echo, mute or talkative,
Address good words, for she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:
If you provoke me I reply,
If you are silent, so am I;
Can any tongue speak fairer?

W.

CXIX.

ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ.

Ἤθελες, ὦ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἤθελες, ἄνδρα τύραννον
Κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἐλέαν·
Ἀλλ' ἐδάμης· δὴ γάρ σε λαβὼν ὁ τύραννος ἐν ὅλμῳ
Κόψε· τί τοῦτο λέγω; σῶμα γάρ, οὐχὶ δὲ σέ.

DIOGENIS LAERTII.

De Zenone Veliensi.

Servitium Velia depellere cæde tyranni
Propositum fuerat, Zeno, virile tibi.
Victus es, inque pila te contudit ille tyrannus:
Non te, sed corpus dicere debueram.

Grotius.

Zeno, a noble aim was thine, to slay
The tyrant, and to set thy Elea free.
Thee in a mortar did the tyrant bray—
Thee, said I?—No—thy body, but not thee.

G. S.

CXX.

ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΥ.

Τίς γλύψας τὸν Ἔρωτα παρὰ κρήνῃσιν ἔθηκεν;
Οἰόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πυρ ὕδατι.

ZENODOTI.

Vicinum gelido fonti quis finxit Amorem?
Sedatur nullis illius ignis aquis.

Petrus Francius.

Quis sculptum posuit latices ad fontis Amorem?
Restingui hunc ignem posse putavit aqua?

G. F. D. T.

Chi scolpío già fra queste fonti Amore,
Pensò spegner con l' acque il suo calore?

L. Alamanni.

Wer nur stellte den Sohn Amathustens hier an dem Bach auf?
Eros flammenden Brand löschet das Wasser nicht aus.

Jacobs

Who sculptured Love beside this fountain?—Fool,
To think with water such a flame to cool.

W.

CXXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ.

Ἠϊθέοις οὐκ ἔστι τόσος πόνος, ὁππόσος ἡμῖν
Ταῖς ἀταλοψύχοις ἔχραε θηλυτέραις.
Τοῖς μὲν γὰρ παρέασιν ὁμήλικες, οἷς τὰ μερίμνης
Ἄλγεα μυθεῦνται φθέγματι θαρσαλέῳ,
Παίγνιά τ' ἀμφιέπουσι παρήγορα, καὶ κατ' ἀγυιὰς
Πλάζονται γραφίδων χρώμασι ῥεμβόμενοι·
Ἡμῖν δ' οὐδὲ φάος λεύσσειν θέμις, ἀλλὰ μελάθροις
Κρυπτόμεθα, ζοφεραῖς φροντίσι τηκόμεναι.

AGATHIÆ SCHOLASTICI.

Cœlibibus non tanta viris mala, quanta puellas,
Pectora sint quamvis mollia nostra, gravant.
His chorus æqualis juvenum, quibus anxia mentis
Prodita fidenti pondera voce levant.
Ludicra sectantur solatia, quæque vagatis
Picta per urbanas dant simulacra vias.
Ipse nec est nobis sol aspiciendus, at intus
Abdimur, et curis tabida corda nigrant.

G. B.

Ach wir Arme! Die Junglinge lieben nicht wie wir lieben:
Wenn Verlangen sie quält, trösten einander sie sich,
Suchen Freunde, vertraun dem Freunde den Kummer der Seele,
Suchen Zerstreuung, sehn Auen und Menschen und Kunst;
Und wir eingeschlossene, wir kleinmuthige Seelen,
Einsam zehren wir uns liebend und sehnend ins Grab.

Herder.

Ah! youths never know the weight of care
That delicate-spirited women must bear;
For comrades of cheery speech have they,
To blandish the woes of thought away:
With games they can cheat the hours at home;
And whenever abroad in the streets they roam,
With the colours of painting they glad themselves.
But as for us poor prisoned elves,
We are shut out from sunlight, buried in rooms,
And fretted away by our fancy's glooms.

G. C. S.

CXXII.

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΟΥ.

Εὔδημος τὸν νηὸν ἐπ' ἀγροῦ τόνδ' ἀνέθηκεν
Τῷ πάντων ἀνέμων πιοτάτῳ Ζεφύρῳ.
Εὐξαμένῳ γάρ οἱ ἦλθε βοαθόος, ὄφρα τάχιστα
Λικμήσῃ πεπόνων καρπὸν ἀπ' ἀσταχύων.

BACCHYLIDIS.

Accipe, ventorum mitissime, quod tibi fanum
In proprio Eudemus surgere jussit agro.
Te, Zephyre, extritis præsentem poscit aristis;
Nec mora, quin fruges, dum quatit aura, legit.

W.

Eudemo un piccol tempio
In questo verde fondo
Innalza al vento Zeffiro
D' ogni altro più fecondo;
Perchè accorse sollecito
Allor che fu chiamato,
E dalle secche foglie
Ha il grano suo mondato.

Felici.

Des Worflers Dank.

Diese Kapell' im Gefild' erbauete dankbar Eudemos
Dem vor jeglichem Wind segnenden Zephyros hier:
Denn ihm kam er ein Helfer, dem flehenden, dass er in Eile
Worfelte von der gedörrt fliegenden Hülse die Frucht.

Voss.

To Zephyr, kindest wind, that swells the grain,
Eudemus consecrates this humble fane;
For that he listened to his vows and bore
On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

Merivale.

To Zephyr, most propitious of all airs,
Eudemus on his land erects this fane:
Zephyr, kind help, who hasted at his prayers,
To winnow from the stalks the ripened grain.

W.

CXXIII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Πουλὺ Λεωνίδεω κατιδὼν δέμας αὐτοδάϊκτον
Ξέρξης, ἐχλαίνου φάρεϊ πορφυρέῳ.
Κὴκ νεκύων ἤχησεν ὁ τᾶς Σπάρτας πολὺς ἥρως·
Οὐ δέχομαι προδόταις μισθὸν ὀφειλόμενον·
Ἀσπὶς ἐμοὶ τύμβου κόσμος μέγας· αἶρε τὰ Περσῶν·
Χὴξω κεὶς Ἀΐδαν ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος.

PHILIPPI THESSALON.

Grande Leonideum projectum in littore corpus
Xerxes purpureâ veste tegi voluit.
At vox e terra est ingens audita: "Recuso
Quæ læsam arguerent turpia dona fidem:
Nil mihi cum Persis; clypeus sat funus honestat:
Ibo etiam ad manes ut Lacedæmonius."

Lord Grenville.

Di Leonida il corpo ornando Serse
D' ampia veste reale il ricoperse.
Gridò lo spirto allor: Cessin gli onori
Dovuti in questa guisa ai traditori.
Tomba il mio scudo sia, pompa la spada;
Che qual Lacedemonio a Pluto io vada.

L Alamanni.

Als der grosse Leonidas nun, ein williges Opfer,
Unter den Todten erlag, sah ihn der Persermonarch:
Eilig warf er auf ihn den Purpurmantel.—Der Todte
Hob sich murrend und sprach: "Fleuch und entehre mich nicht
Mit dem Lohn, der Verräthern gebührt. Mich ziert bei den Todten
Dieser Schild nur; ich geh' wie ein Spartaner hinab."

Herder.

The Spartan's mangled corse when Xerxes spied,
He long'd to wrap it in a robe of pride.
Then rose from earth that hero's voice in scorn:
"Hence with thy gifts, by none but traitors worn!
Bury me on my shield, and let me go
Down like a Spartan to the realm below."

J. W. B.

CXXIV.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Μηκέτι τις πτήξειε πόθου βέλος· ἰοδόκην γὰρ
Εἰς ἐμὲ λάβρος Ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὅλην.
Μὴ πτερύγων τρομέοι τις ἐπήλυσιν· ἐξότε γάρ μοι
Λὰξ ἐπιβὰς στέρνοις πικρὸν ἔπηξε πόδα,
Ἀστεμφὴς, ἀδόνητος ἐνέζεται, οὐδὲ μετέστη,
Εἰς ἐμὲ συζυγίην κειράμενος πτερύγων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nemo pharetrati formidet spicula Amoris,
Nam cuncta in nostro pectore fixa manent,
Nec strepitum alarum timeat; quo tempore victum
Me superimpositis pressit ovans pedibus,
Ut semel arrepta nunquam de sedę volaret,
Abscidit pennas improbus ille sibi.

Averardus Medices.

Nessun paventi più d' Amor gli strali,
Chè tutta in me la sua faretra ei spese;
Nè il suo più tema avvicinar dell' ali,
Chè d' allor quando a calpestarmi prese,
Immobile al mio petto il crudo nume
Affisse il piede, e si tarpò le piume.

Pagnini.

Niemand fürchte die Liebe hinfort und die Pfeile der Sehnsucht;
Denn es entleerte auf mich Eros des Köchers Geschoss.
Niemand fürchte Besuch des Beflügelten. Seit er mir siegreich
Sonder Erbarmen den Fuss stolz auf den Nacken gesetzt,
Sitzt er mir wanklos stets in dem innersten Herzen und weicht nicht;
Ach und der Fittiche Paar hat er sich selber gekürzt.

Jacobs.

Fear no more Love's shafts, for he
Hath all his quiver spent on me.
Fear not his wings; since on this breast
His scornful foot the victor prest,
Here sits he fast, and here must stay,
For he hath shorn his wings away.

G. S.

CXXV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Τὸν θάνατον τι φοβεῖσθε, τὸν ἡσυχίης γενετῆρα,
Τὸν παύοντα νόσους καὶ πενίης ὀδύνας;
Μοῦνον ἅπαξ θνητοῖς παραγίγνεται, οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτὸν
Εἶδέν τις θνητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον·
Αἱ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον
Ἐρχόμεναι θνητῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι.

AGATHIÆ.

Quàm stultum est mortem matrem timuisse quietis,
Quæ pellit morbos, pauperiemque fugat,
Sola semel miseris quæ se mortalibus offert,
Nec quisquam est ad quem mors iterata venit!
At reliqui morbi varii multique vicissim
Nunc hunc, nunc illum terque quaterque premunt.

T. Morus.

A che in orrore
La morte avete,
Che sola genera
Dolce quïete,
Sana l' indomita
Infermità,
Caccia la sordida
Mendicità?
Viene una volta,
Nè torna mai
Come le febbri
E gli altri guai,
Che innumerabili
Cangiano tempre,
Partono, e riedono,
E varii sempre
Strazian la misera
Umanità.

Felici

Warum fürchtet ihr denn der Ruhe, Vater, den sanften
Tod, der Leiden und Müh', Schmerzen und Jammer euch stillt?
Ein Mahl kommet er nur den Sterblichen; keiner derselben
Konnte klagen, dass Er mehr ihn als ein Mahl geseh'n.
Aber Leiden und Schmerz und Lebensmühe; wie viel ist
Derer, und täglich mehr, täglich in neuer Gestalt.

Herder.

That Death is not so much to be feared as daylie diseases are.

What? yst not follie for to dread and stand of Death in feare,
That mother is of quiet reast, and griefs away doth weare?
That brings release to want of wealth, and poore oppressed wights?
He comes but once to mortall men, but once for all he smites.

Was never none that twise hath fealt of cruell Death the knife:
But other griefes and pining paines doe linger on the life,
And oftentimes one selfe same corse with furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatcht of life doth bring the soule to rest.

Turbervile.

Why shrink from Death, the parent of repose,
The cure of sickness and all human woes?
As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,
Once, and but once, his visit he will pay;
Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,
Close on each other crowd—an endless train.

W. Shepherd.

CXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τοῦτό τοι ἡμετέρης μνημήϊον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβῖνε,
Ἡ λίθος ἡ μικρὴ τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης.
Αἰεὶ ζητήσω σε· σὺ δ', εἰ θέμις, ἐν φθιμένοισι
Τοῦ Λήθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μή τι πίῃς ὕδατος.

INCERTI.

Parvulus iste lapis monumentum, care Sabine,
Ingentis nostræ monstrat amicitiæ.
Semper te quæram; modò, si licet, inter humatos,
Me propter, Lethes pocula nulla bibas.

Obsopœus.

Bund der Freundschaft.

Unsrer Freundschaft, Orest, der grossen ewigen Freundschaft
Kleines Denkmahl sey dieser erinnernde Stein.
Immer will ich dich suchen; und du auch unter den Todten,
Trinke ja über mich nie den Lethäischen Trank.

Herder.

This stone, beloved Sabinus, on thy grave
Memorial small of our great love shall be.
I still shall seek thee lost; from Lethe's wave
Oh! drink not thou forgetfulness—of me.

G. S.

CXXVII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἡ γραφὶς ἀργυρέη μέν, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἦλθον, ἐτύχθην·
Σαῖσι δὲ καὶ χρυσέη γίνομαι ἐν παλάμαις.
Ὧδέ σοι, ὦ χαρίεσσα Λεόντιον, εὖ μὲν Ἀθήνη
Τέχνης, εὖ δ' εἴδους ἄκρα δέδωκε Κύπρις.

INCERTI.

Exieram nuper flammis argentea, sed nunc
Sum graphis in digitis aurea facta tuis.
Quippe decus supra decus omne Leontion uni
Dat Venus in forma, Pallas in arte tibi.

Grotius.

Lo stilo di Dafne studiosa.

Io che dapprima fui stilo d' argento,
Dafne, nelle tue man d' oro divento;
Cui quanta Citerea beltà comparte,
Tanto Palla ti dona ingegno, ed arte.

Felici.

Der Griffel.

Schöne Leontium, nimm, nimm an den silbernen Griffel,
Deiner zeichnenden Hand wird er ein goldener seyn;
Denn dir gaben die Götter, was sie so wenigen gaben,
Cypris die schönste Gestalt, Pallas die weiseste Kunst.

Herder.

A silver style the maker fashion'd me,
But golden I become when held by thee,
Leontium, to whom such skilfulness
Minerva gives, Venus such loveliness.

W.

CXXVIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Ψευδὲς ἔσοπτρον ἔχει Δημοσθενίς· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθὲς
Ἔβλεπεν, οὐκ ἂν ὅλως ἤθελεν αὐτὸ βλέπειν.

LUCILLII.

Mendaci speculo Demosthenis utitur; at si
Inspiceret verum, nunquam iterum inspiceret.

Cornarius.

Mentitur speculum, Demostheni; sit modò verax
Jamjam non unquam consuluisse voles.

G. F. D. T.

Demostenide ha specchio ch' è bugiardo:
S' ella il ver vi scorgesse,
Per certo mai non volgeriavi il guardo.

M.

A Perrette.

Tu as, Perrette, un faux miroer:
Car si de ton miroer la glace
Représentoit au vray ta face,
Tu ne voudrois jamais t' y voir.

Baif.

Nein, Kleopatra, nein! Dein Spiegel, glaube mir, trieget;
Sähest du dich, wie du bist; sähest du nimmer hinein.

Herder.

Falsch ist sicher des Spiegels Metall. Den zeigt' er die Wahrheit,
Würde Demosthenis sich nimmer darinne beschaun.

Jacobs.

How falsely does Dorinda's glass
Reflect her face whene'er she views it!
If it told truth, I think the lass
Would seldom have a wish to use it.

Ph. Smyth.

Though to your face that mirror lies,
'Tis just the glass for you,
Demosthenis; you'd shut your eyes,
If it reflected true.

W.

CXXIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀριάδνης.

Ξεῖνοι, λαΐνεας μὴ ψαύετε τᾶς Ἀριάδνας,
Μὴ καὶ ἀναθρώσκῃ Θησέα διζομένη.

INCERTI.

Saxea sit quamvis, Ariadnen tangere noli,
Thesea ne properans quærere prosiliat.

Grotius.

Wanderer, rühre mir nicht an die steinerne Tochter des Minos!
Daß sie nicht schnell sich erhebt und den Geliebten verfolgt.

Jacobs

Touch not this marble Ariadne. See,
She starts! To Theseus' arms she longs to flee!

W.

CXXX.

ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἴη σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἰκτρὲ Νέαρχε,
Ὄφρα σε ῥηϊδίως ἐξερύσωσι κύνες.

AMMIANI.

Sit levis, infelix, tandem tibi terra, Nearche;
Promptius effodiant ut tua membra canes.

Grotius.

Lieve la polve sia sulla tua fossa,
O sciaurato Nearco, acciò dai cani
Più facilmente fuor trarti si possa.

Pompei.

Sanft bedecke der Staub dein Gebein, du armer Nearchos!
Desto leichter, mein Freund, wühlen die Hunde dich aus.

Voss.

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,
That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

Merivale.

CXXXI.

ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ.

Ψαλμὸς καὶ λαλιὴ καὶ κωτίλον ὄμμα, καὶ ᾠδὴ
Ξανθίππης, καὶ πῦρ, ἄρτι καταρχόμενον,
Ὦ ψυχή, φλέξει σε· τὸ δ' ἐκ τίνος, ἢ πότε, καὶ πῶς,
Οὐκ οἶδα· γνώσῃ, δύσμορε, τυφομένη.

PHILODEMI.

Et lyra Xanthippes et vox, oculique protervi,
Quique recens cœpto gliscit ab igne calor,
Te, mi anime, incendent; quando, quo more, vel unde,
Nescio; cognosces, cum, miser, ustus eris.

G. B.

"Ach ihr süsser Gesang! und ihre bezaubernde Sprache,
Und ihr glänzender Blick!" Armes, betragenes Herz,
Du fängst Feuer? "Von wem? ich weiss nichts!" Wirst du es wissen,
Wenn, unglückliches Kind, einst dich die Flamme verzehrt?

Herder.

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,
Her sparkling eyes that glow with fond desire,
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,
Subdue my soul: I know not how nor whence;
Too soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.

Merivale.

Xanthippe's lyre and voice, her eye,
That luring eye! this kindling glow,
Will burn thee, soul! whence, when, or why,
I know not; thou in flames wilt know.

G. B.

CXXXII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Αὐτοθελὴς καρποὺς ἀποτέμνομαι, ἀλλὰ πεπείρους
Πάντοτε· μὴ σκληροῖς τύπτε με χερμαδίοις.
Μηνίσει καὶ Βάκχος ἐνυβρίζοντι τὰ κείνου
Ἔργα· Λυκούργειος μὴ λαθέτω σε τύχη.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Sponte mea soleo dare, cum maturuit, uvam,
Quid miseram saxis turba proterva petis?
Ultorem Bromium nescis, et fata Lycurgi?
Contemni graviter fert sua dona Deus.

Grotius.

Willig entlad' ich mich selber der Frucht; doch wenn sie gereift ist.
Also verletze mich nicht, Wandrer, mit scharfen Gestein.
Bacchos folget dem freuelnden Mann, der seine Geschenke
Höhnet, mit rächendem Zorn. Denke der Strase Lykurgs.

Jacobs.

I grant my fruit with right good-will
So soon as it be ripe for using;
So prithee do not treat me ill,
With horrid stones my branches bruising.
I tell thee, Bacchus still is strong
To punish those who do him wrong;
Lycurgus once indulged a whim—
Bethink thee what became of him.

G. C. S.

CXXXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Α. Ὄρνι, Διὸς Κρονίδαο διάκτορε, τεῦ χάριν ἕστας
  Γοργὸς ὑπὲρ μεγάλου τύμβον Ἀριστομένους;
Β. Ἀγγέλλω μερόπεσσιν ὁθοὕνεκεν ὅσσον ἄριστος
  Οἰωνῶν γενόμαν, τόσσον ὅδ' ἠϊθέων.
Δειλαί τοι δειλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσσουσι πέλειαι·
  Ἄμμες δ' ἀτρέστοις ἀνδράσι τερπόμεθα.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Nuncia fida Jovis, cur sic stas lumine torvo
  In tumulo magni semper Aristomenis?
Mortali ut dicam generi, quod, ut ipsa volucrum
  Sum princeps, juvenum sic fuit ille decus.
In timidi timidæ monumento state columbæ:
  Nos juvat intrepidis semper adesse viris.

Dan. Heinsius.

Nuncia fida Jovis, dic, cur sic vivida servas,
  O avis, extincti corpus Aristomenis?
Nuncio, quod tantum hic juvenes supereminet omnes,
  Quantum avium pennis optima dicar ego.
Assideant timidæ timidorum ad busta columbæ;
  Inter magnanimos me decet esse viros.

Averardus Medices.

Messaggiero di Giove, Augel, che l' ali
  Stendi sì minaccioso,
  Che fai sull' urna u' Aristomene è ascoso?
  Narro a tutti i mortali,
  Che tanto i pari suoi vinse in valore,
  Quanto son' io d' ogni altro augel maggiore.
  Del vil presso alla tomba
  Stia l' imbelle colomba;
  A me, di generose opre capace,
  Coll' alme grandi conversar sol piace.

Averardo de' Medici.

Fr. Dienender Bote des Zeus, sprich, treflicher Adler, weshalb du
Hier Aristomenes Grab trotzigen Blickes bewachst?
A. Euch zu verkündigen, dass, wie ich selbst von den Vögeln der beste,
So von der Jünglingen er immer der edelste war.
Möge die Taube, das feige Geschlecht, bey dem Feiglinge sitzen!
Mir schafft Freude der Mann, welcher im Kampfe nicht zagt.

Jacobs.

Herald of Jove, why in stern majesty
Here dost thou sit?—That all the earth may see,
As I of birds the monarch am, so erst
Was Aristomenes of youths the first.
Let coward doves perch on the coward's grave,
But the brave eagle ever loves the brave.

G. S.

CXXXIV.

ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν Μούσῃσιν Ἐρινύες, αἵ σε ποιοῦσιν
Ποιητήν, ἀνθ' ὧν πολλὰ γράφεις ἀκρίτως.
Τοίνυν, σοῦ δέομαι, γράφε πλείονα· μείζονα γάρ σοι
Εὔξασθαι ταύτης οὐ δύναμαι μανίαν.

POLLIANI.

Sunt inter Musas Furiæ quoque et inde poeta es:
Nam tua judicio carmina cuncta vacant.
Plurima, te quæso, scribas: vesania mentis
Optari major nam tibi nulla potest.

Grotius.

An einen Versmacher.

Unter den Musen auch sind Strafgöttinnen, die dich begeistern.
Schreib! Nicht ärgere Muth kann ich dir wunschen! O schreib!

Voss

Some Furies sure possess'd the Nine, what time
They dubb'd thee poet, with thy trashy rhyme.
Scribble away! If madness be a curse,
What greater can I wish thee than thy verse?

W.

CXXXV.

ΚΑΠΙΤΩΝΟΣ.

Κάλλος ἄνευ χαρίτων τέρπει μόνον, οὐ κατέχει δέ,
Ὡς ἄτερ ἀγκίστρου νηχόμενον δέλεαρ.

CAPITONIS.

Forma animos hominum capit, at si gratia desit,
Non tenet: esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

Sam. Johnson.

Beltà che non ha grazia in compagnia,
Diletta solo, e non rattien, siccome
Esca notante che senz' amo sia.

Pompei.

Beauté de grâces dépourvue,
Peut bien plaire en charmant la vue;
Mais c' est l' appât sans hameçon,
Qui n' arrête pas le poisson.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Schönheit ohne den Reiz bringt Freude wol, aber sie hält nicht;
Wie von dem Angel getrennt schwimmender Köder nicht hält.

Jacobs.

Beauty without the graces may impart
Charms that will please, not captivate the heart;
As splendid baits without the bearded hook
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Fawkes.

Graces must hold, though beauty first may gain:
Without the hook, the bait but floats in vain.

Sayers.

Beauty without the graces is a bait
Without its hook; and fails to captivate.

W.

CXXXVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τῶν αὐτοῦ τις ἕκαστος ἀπολλυμένων ἀνιᾶται·
Νικόδικον δὲ φίλοι καὶ πόλις ἥδε ποθεῖ.

SIMONIDIS.

Quisque suum plorat quem fato perdit: amici,
Tota simul plorat patria Nicodicum.

Grotius.

Unter den Todten beweint ein jeder die Seinen; um dich weint
Nicon, die Stadt und das Land; aber die Freunde noch mehr.

Herder.

We each lament the loved ones nearest us;
But friends and city mourn Nicodicus.

Sterling.

CXXXVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἐκ πυρὸς Ἰλιακοῦ δοράτων μέσον ἥρπασεν ἥρως
Αἰνείας, ὅσιον παιδὶ βάρος, πατέρα.
Ἔκλαγε δ' Ἀργείοις· μὴ ψαύετε. μικρὸν ἐς ἄρη
Κέρδος ὁ γηραλέος, τῷ δὲ φέροντι μέγα.

INCERTI.

Dum Phrygio Æneas per densos eripit enses
Igne patrem, ad Danaos hæc abiturus ait:
Parcite, victores, oneri huic; quam parva sit hosti,
Quem gero, præda, mihi, qui fero, grande lucrum!

H. Plumptre

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem;
Clamat et Argivis: Vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

Sam. Johnson.

Enea l' eroe, dal fuoco d' Ilio fuore
Per mezzo all' aste de' nemici trasse,
Santo peso ad un figlio, il genitore;
E altamente gridava ai Greci volto:
No, non ferite. Questo vecchio a Marte
Poco, e a chi'l pórta ben è lucro molto.

Pompei.

Als aus Ilions Brande der Held Aeneas den alten
Vater errettend trug, sich eine heilige Last;
Rief er den Griechen: "schont! Dem Kriegesgott ist der Greis hier,
Schlechte Beute; dem Sohn ist er das reichste Geschenk."

Herder.

Midst flames of Troy, and many a hostile spear
Æneas bore, a burden oh! how dear,
His father: "Hurt him not, ye Greeks," he cries:
"Mars scorns an old man, though my dearest prize."

T. F.

CXXXVIII.

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ.

Σοὶ μὲν καμπύλα τόξα καὶ ἰοχέαιρα φαρέτρα,
  Δῶρα παρὰ Προμάχου, Φοῖβε, τάδε κρέμαται·
Ἰοὺς δὲ πτερόεντας ἀνὰ κλόνον ἄνδρες ἔχουσιν
  Ἐν κραδίαις, ὀλοὰ ξείνια δυσμενέων.

MNASALCÆ.

Emeritos arcus Promachus, vacuamque pharetram,
  Hæc pia suspendit munera, Phœbe, tibi.
Hostibus at volucres hærent in corde sagittæ,
  Sparsa per instantem noxia dona globum.

G. B.

Gli archi e'l turcasso insieme, o Febo, in dono
  Da Promaco a te qui sospesi sono;
Gli strali no: funesto ed inaccetto
  Dono a' nemici, e' stanno lor nel petto.

M.

Diesen geschwungenen Bogen, Apoll, und den Köcher der Pfeile
  Hänget, ein frommes Geschenk, Promachos weihend dir auf.
  Aber der Pfeile Geschoss, der beflügelten, nahmen die Feinde,
  Schreckliche Gaben der Schlacht, tief in dem Herzen davon.

Jacobs.

Phœbus! to thee this curved bow and empty-sounding quiver
Are offer'd at thy sacred shrine by Promachus, the giver.
But ah! the shafts that us'd within that painted case to rattle,
Now in the foemen's hearts are sheath'd, whom he hath slain in battle.

Merivale.

CXXXIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἑρμοῦ.

Ὦ λῷστε, μὴ νόμιζε τῶν πολλῶν ἕνα
Ἑρμᾶν θεωρεῖν. εἰμὶ γὰρ τέχνα Σκόπα.

INCERTI.

Ne me intuens, amice, Mercurium puta,
De plebe. Docta me Scopæ fecit manus.

Grotius.

Non creder gia veder, uomo mio buono,
  Un comun Erme : opra di Scopa io sono.

M.

Das Bild des Hermes.

Wähne nicht, o Guter! ein Hermesbild von den vielen
  Hier zu schaun; denn mich stellete Skopas hieher.

Voss

Think not that 'tis some common Mercury,
No, my good friend, 'tis Scopas' work you see.

W.

CXL.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τίπτε μάτην γοόωντες ἐμῷ παραμίμνετε τύμβῳ;
* Οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον ἐν φθιμένοις.*
Λῆγε γόων, καὶ παῦε, πόσις, καὶ παῖδες ἐμεῖο
* Χαίρετε, καὶ μνήμην σώζετ' Ἀμαζονίης.*

INCERTI.

Quid juvat incassum flentes adstare sepulcro?
  Non apud infernos sors miseranda mea est.
Siste tuos, conjux, fletus, et vos mea proles,
  Salvete, o, memores semper Amazoniæ!

G. F D. T.

Perchè voi tutti da cordoglio vinti
  Intorno alla mia tomba invan plorate?
  Nulla degno di pianto ho tra gli estinti.
  Deh, sposo e figli, il lagrimar cessate,
  E memore sol viva a voi nel petto
  Per la vostra Amazonia un grato affetto!

Pagnini.

Warum weinet ihr so, an meinem Grabe verweilend?
  Nichts, das Thränen verdient, fand ich, dem Leben entrückt.
Weine nicht mehr, mein trauter Gemahl; ihr Kinderchen, gehet
  Fröhlich heim, und bleibt eurer Anymone gut.

Voss.

In unavailing sorrow why linger by my grave?
Number'd among departed souls no cause of grief I have.
Then dry those tears, and weep no more, husband and children dear:
Farewell, and oh! remember Amazonia many a year.

W.

CXLI.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εἴη ποντοπόρῳ πλόος οὔριος· ἢν δ' ἄρ' ἀήτης,
Ὡς ἐμέ, τοῖς Ἀΐδεω προσπελάσῃ λιμέσιν,
Μεμφέσθω μὴ λαῖτμα κακόξενον, ἀλλ' ἕο τόλμαν,
Ὅστις ἀφ' ἡμετέρου πείσματ' ἔλυσε τάφου.

LEONIDÆ.

Sit felix utinam cursus tibi, navita! Portus
Si tamen in Stygios te quoque ventus agat,
Non maria infida, at tua te dementia perdit,
Ausus es e tumulo qui dare vela meo.

G. S.

Werde dir glückliche Fahrt, o Schiffender! Aber entführt dich
Etwa der Sturm, wie mich, zu dem Lethäischen Port,
Dann schilt nimmer das Meer, das unwirthliche, sondern die eigne
Kühnheit, dass du das Tau hier von dem Grabe gelöst.

Jacobs.

Good voyage, mariner! But should the gale
(My fate) to Death's dark harbour drive thy sail,
Curse thine own rashness, not the treacherous wave,
Thou that hast dared cut cable from my grave.

G. S.

CXLII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, *οἱ δὲ* ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ἡ φύσις ἐξεῦρεν, φιλίης θεσμοὺς ἀγαπῶσα
Τῶν ἀποδημούντων ὄργανα συντυχίης,
Τὸν κάλαμον, χάρτην, τὸ μέλαν, τὰ χαράγματα χειρός,
Σύμβολα τῆς ψυχῆς τηλόθεν ἀχνυμένης.

INCERTI.

Absentes inter reperit commercia, leges
Dum natura sacras curat amicitiæ.
Nam calamos, chartas, atramentumque notasque
Eminus hæc animi signa dolentis habes.

Grotius.

La natura che suol dell' amistade
Le leggi amar, trovò modi ond' insieme
Conversin que' che in varie son contrade;

Penna, carta ed inchiostro, e della mano
  Le impresse note, simboli di afflitto
  Cor che addolora dello star lontano.

Pompei.

Die Schrift.

Auch getrennete Freunde mit süssen Banden zu knüpfen,
  Fand die gute Natur uns eine Sprache, die Schrift.
Sie führt Seelen zusammen, die fern an einander gedenken,
  Führt den Seufzer herbey, der in den Lüften verhallt.

Herder.

Ingenious Nature's zeal for Friendship's laws
  A means for distant friends to meet could find;
Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,
  Betok'ning from afar the anxious mind.

W

CXLIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Θειοδότης εἰκόνα.

Αὐτὴν Θειοδότην ὁ ζωγράφος· αἴθε δὲ τέχνης
  Ἤμβροτε, καὶ λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένοις.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Ipsam Thermodoten pictor dedit, ars ego mallem
  Errasset: luctus vivit ab arte recens.

Grotius.

Ben il pittor, quale appunt' era, espresse
  Teodote. Oh fallita ei l' arte, e tolto
  Il rammentarla a chi la piange avesse!

Pompei.

Das Bild der Geliebten.

Meine Theiodote; sie ist es lebend. O Mahler,
Hätt'st du gefehlet! Ihr Bild täuscht mich nun immer mit Schmerz.

Herder.

Painter, this likeness is too strong,
And we shall mourn the dead too long.

W. Cowper.

Thy likeness breathes: would it were missed! that so,
Theiodote, we might forget our woe.

W.

Dear shade! The painter makes thee live again:
Would he had failed, nor thus recalled our pain!

W.

CXLIV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα γυμνόν.

Γυμνὸς Ἔρως, διὰ τοῦτο γελᾷ καὶ μείλιχός ἐστιν·
Οὐ γὰρ ἔχει τόξον, καὶ πυρόεντα βέλη.
Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κατέχει δελφῖνα καὶ ἄνθος·
Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν, τῇ δὲ θάλασσαν ἔχει.

PALLADÆ.

Nudus Amor, quæris placido cur rideat ore?
Quod neque nunc arcus nec sua tela gerit.
Altera cur piscem teneat manus, altera florem?
Scilicet hæc terris imperat, illa mari.

G. S.

L' arco non ha, non ha lo strale ardente,
Nudo è Amor, perciò placido e ridente;
Ma il delfino ed il fior non porta in vano:
La terra ha in una, e'l mar nell' altra mano.

Pasquale Carcani.

Waffenentblößt schaut milde der Gott und lächelt so freundlich,
Weil ihm der flammende Pfeil, weil ihm der Bogen gebricht.
Doch nicht trägt in den Händen umsonst er Blumen und Delphin;
Hält er mit dieser das Land, hält er mit jener das Meer.

Jacobs.

On a Cupid disarmed.

Stript of his fiery darts and fatal bow,
See Cupid smiles; how mild the urchin's brow!
In either hand he holds a fish and flower,
O'er sea and earth just emblems of his power.

Ph. Smyth.

CXLV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον· ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
Ζητῶν εὑρήσεις οὐ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

INCERTI.

Exiguo floret rosa tempore: prætereat ver,
Illa, tibi fuerat quæ rosa, sentis erit.

Grotius.

Vidi in piaggia dilettosa
  Rugiadosa
  Fresca rosa matutina:
Su la sera ritornai,
  E trovai
  Non la rosa, ma la spina.

Felici.

Wenige Tage, so stirbt die Rose. Vorübergegangen
  Ist sie; du suchest nun Rosen, und findest den Dorn.

Herder.

Wenige Zeit nur blühen die Rosen uns; wann sie verschwunden,
  Triffst du die Rosen nicht mehr, sondern die Dornen allein.

Jacobs.

Short is the rose's bloom; another morn
No rose is there, you find instead a thorn.

W.

CXLVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἄσβεστον κλέος οἵδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες
  Κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος·
Οὐδὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεί σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθε
  Κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δώματος ἐξ Ἀΐδεω.

SIMONIDIS.

Quos tegit hic tellus, patriæ immortale dederunt,
  Ante umbras lethi quam subiere, decus.
Nec toti periere; illos namque inclyta virtus
  Rursus ab infernâ scit revocare domo.

G. S.

Nimmer verlöschenden Ruhm entzündeten diese der theuern
  Heimath; aber sie selbst hüllte des Todes Gewölk.
Doch auch sind sie getödtet nicht tod; sie erhob auf der Siegruhms
  Flügeln aus Aïdes Nacht preissend die Tugend empor.

Jacobs.

On those who fell with Leonidas.

These won for Sparta fame through endless days,
When death's dark cloud upon themselves they drew,
But dying died not; for their valour's praise
From Hades' dwelling leads them up anew.

Sterling.

CXLVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Εὔθυμος ὢν ἔρεσσε τὴν ἐπ' Ἀΐδος
Ἀταρπὸν ἕρπων· οὐ γάρ ἐστι δύσβατος,
Οὐδὲ σκαληνός, οὐδ' ἀνάπλεως πλάνης,
Ἰθεῖα δ' ᾗ μάλιστα, καὶ κατακλινὴς
Ἅπασα, κὴκ μεμυκότων ὁδεύεται.

LEONIDÆ.

Ad inferos quæ ducit, impiger viam
Fidensque carpe: non enim ascensu gravis,
Anfractibusque curva, plena erroribus;
Sed præter omnes recta tota, pronaque,
Ipsisque vel terenda conniventibus.

G. B.

Getrosten Muthes wandle nur, o Sterblicher,
Den Pfad des Hades; denn er ist zu gehn nicht schwer,
Und sonder Krümmung; keine Irren drohn darauf;
Gerad vielmehr, wie einer, und hinabgesenkt,
So dass du leicht ihn mit verschlossnen Augen gehst.

Jacobs.

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;
The path before you lies:
It is not hard to find, nor tread;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread,
But broad and straight, and even still,
And ever gently slopes downhill:
You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.

C. Merivale.

CXLVIII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ.

Εἰκόνα Μηνοδότου γράψας Διόδωρος, ἔθηκεν
Πλὴν τοῦ Μηνοδότου πᾶσιν ὁμοιοτάτην.

LEONIDÆ.

Hæc tua quam nuper pinxit Diodorus imago,
Cujusvis magis est, quàm tua, Menodote.

Th. Morus.

Pingere Menodotum voluit Diodorus: at illa
  Omnes, Menodotum præter, imago refert.

Grotius.

Pinse Alcon di Menodoto il sembiante
Più che ad esso a tutt' altri somigliante.

Pagnini.

Hierher stellte Menodotos Bild Diodoros der Mahler,
  Jeglichem gleichet das Bild, nur dem Menodotos nicht.

Jacobs.

Auf den Maler Klecks.

Mich malte Simon Klecks so treu, so meisterlich,
Dass aller Welt, so gut als mir, das Bildniss glich.

Lessing.

When Diodorus sketch'd your phiz,
  Menodotus, 'tis true
A likeness was produced, for 'tis
  Like ev'ry one—but you.

W.

CXLIX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Οὔνομα μευ Σαπφώ· τόσσον δ' ὑπερέσχον ἀοιδὰν
  θηλειᾶν, ἀνδρῶν ὅσσον ὁ Μαιονίδας.

ANTIPATRI.

Sappho nomen erat: tantum muliebria vici
  Carmina, tu quantum vincis, Homere, viros.

Grotius.

Fœmineos cantus superavi mascula Sappho,
  Quantum hominum vicit carmina Mæonides.

A. M. Salvinius.

Sappho ist mein Name: ich habe die Weiber besieget
  Mit Gesange, wie euch Männer Homerus besiegt.

Herder.

Sappho ward ich genannt; ich besiegte die Lieder der Frauen
  Weithin, so wie Homer männliche Lieder besiegt.

Jacobs.

Sappho my name. When Homer's song divine
Man hath surpass'd, may maiden rival mine.

R. C. C.

CL.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἱππώνακτα.

Ὦ ξεῖνε, φεῦγε τὸν χαλαζεπῆ τάφον,
Τὸν φρικτόν, Ἱππώνακτος, οὗ τε χὰ τέφρα
Ἰαμβιάζει Βουπάλειον ἐς στύγος,
Μή πως ἐγείρῃς σφῆκα τὸν κοιμώμενον,
Ὃς οὐδ' ἐν Ἅιδῃ νῦν κεκοίμικεν χόλον,
Σκάζουσι μέτροις ὀρθὰ τοξεύσας ἔπη.

PHILIPPI.

Hunc grandinantem, si sapis, tumulum fuge.
Viator, Hipponactis, hostis Bupali;
Atrox Iambis stridet ipse etiam cinis.
Vide crabronem ne cubantem suscites:
Nondum quiescit ejus apud Orcum furor,
Sed recta vibrat tela claudo carmine.

Grotius.

O meide, Fremdling, hier des Wortehaglers Grab,
Hipponax Hügel, welchem selbst die Asche noch
Jambisiret, Spott und Hass dem Bupalos;
Damit du nicht der herben Wespe Schlummer störst,
Die selbst im Hades, jenes alten Grolles voll,
Vom scharfen Bogen stracks zum Ziel Skazonten schiesst.

Jacobs.

Fly, stranger, nor your weary limbs relax
Near the tempestuous tomb of Hipponax,
Whose very dust, deposited below,
Stings with Iambics Bupalus his foe.
Rouse not the sleeping hornet in his cell;
He loads his limping lines with satires fell;
His anger is not pacified in Hell.

Fawkes.

CLI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Πλουτάρχου.

Σεῖο πολυκλήεντα τύπον στῆσαν, Χαιρωνεῦ
Πλούταρχε, κρατερῶν υἷες Αὐσονίων·
Ὅττι παραλλήλοισι βίοις Ἕλληνας ἀρίστους
Ῥώμης εὐπολέμοις ἥρμοσας ἐνναέταις.
Ἀλλὰ τεοῦ βιότοιο παράλληλον βίον ἄλλον
Οὐδὲ σύ γ' ἂν γράψαις. οὐ γὰρ ὅμοιον ἔχεις.

AGATHIÆ ORATORIS.

Effigiem, Plutarche, tibi statuere merenti,
Clarum opus, Ausonii quos genuere patres.
Nempè Parallelis nôsti componere Vitis
Romulidis Graios, nomina summa, viros.
Tute Parallelam non posses scribere vitæ
Ipse tuæ Vitam : non habet illa parem.

G. B.

Chäronensischer Weise, der setzten Ausoniens Söhne
Dieses lebende Bild, ihnen zum bleibenden Ruhm,
Dir zum Danke: denn du verglichst mit griechischen Seelen
Römer-Seelen und hast Gleiche zu Gleichen gesellt.
Aber du stehest allein: denn schrieb' ein zweiter Plutarchus
Dich; wen glich' er dir, da dir ein Aehnlicher fehlt?

Herder.

Cheronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise;
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shar'd,
(Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd;)
But thou thyself could'st never write thy own;
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

Dryden

CLII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Τρισσαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρθενοι Ὧραι,
Τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.
Ἦ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατείρυσεν, ὡς ἄρα μέλλων
Οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

MELEAGRI.

Tres Charites, tres sunt Horæ, triplexque Cupido,
Insano qui me sævus amore ferit.
Nimirum tres in me arcus puer ille tetendit,
Ceu mihi non unum sed tria corda forent.

F Bellicarius.

Tres Charites, ternæ dulces numerantur et Horæ;
Meque furens triplex virginis ardor agit.
Flexit enim ternos arcus, meditatus ut in me
Figere non unum, sed tria corda, deus.

G. B.

Son tres las bellas Gracias,
Tres las suaves Horas,
Y con ardientes tiros
Me abrasan tres hermosas:
Para qué son tres flechas?
Amor, basta una sola.

Conde

Drey sind Grazien, drey jungfräuliche blühende Horen,
Und die mit Glut mich erfüllt, drey uberirdische sinds.
Wirklich, es schoss drey Pfeile der Knabe Kytherens, als wollt' er
Nicht ein Herz, in der Brust treffen der Herzen mir drey.

Erichson

As the Graces are three, and the sweet Seasons three,
So three are the maids I adore:
For three are the bows Cupid drew against me,
And aimed as if three hearts I bore.

W.

CLIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ.

Εἰς τὸν Καλυδώνιον κάπρον.

Χάλκεος, ἀλλ᾽ ἄθρησον ὅσον θράσος ἄνυσε κάπρου
Ὁ πλάστας, ἔμπνουν θῆρα τυπωσάμενος,
Χαίτας αὐχενίους πεφρικότα, θηκτὸν ὀδόντα
Βρύχοντα, γλήναις φρικτὸν ἰέντα σέλας,
Ἀφρῷ χείλεα πάντα δεδευμένον· οὐκέτι θάμβος,
Εἰ λογάδα στρατιὴν ὤλεσεν ἡμιθέων.

ARCHIÆ.

Æreus est; quantas spirat tamen, adspice! vires,
Artifici ut dextrâ vivit et ardet aper!
Erectæ per colla jubæ stant: dente minaci
Frendet, et ex oculis lux metuenda micat:
Oraque tota fluunt spuma rorantia. Tali
Quid mirum Heroes si cecidere ferâ?

G. S

Sieh, wie der Bildner dem Erze verliehn vollkräftige Kühnheit;
Wie er des Ebers Gestalt lebend und athmend geformt.
Furchtbar sträubt sich der Kamm auf dem borstigen Rucken; die Hauer
Blitzen gezückt; es entstrahlt schrecklisches Feuer dem Aug.
Rundum schäumet der Mund dem Gewaltigen. Wundre dich nicht mehr,
Wenn ihm das edle Geschlecht göttlicher Männer erlag.

Jacobs.

Tis bronze. But mark with what fierce prowess fired
By cunning hands, and with what life inspired!
Erect his bristles stand; his tusk for fight
He gnashes, and his eyes flash horrid light,
All bathed his lips in foam. Heroes, no more
We marvel that ye fell by such a boar!

G S.

CLIV.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

Λύσιππε, πλάστα Σικυώνιε, θαρσαλέη χείρ,
Δάϊε τεχνίτα, πῦρ τοι ὁ χαλκὸς ὁρῇ,
Ὃν κατ' Ἀλεξάνδρου μορφᾶς χέες· οὐκέτι μεμπτοὶ
Πέρσαι· συγγνώμη βουσὶ λέοντα φυγεῖν.

POSIDIPPI.

In Alexandrum ære effictum.

Quantum audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære
Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:
Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:
Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

Th. Gray.

Sikyons Künstler, so muthig an Geist, als Händen, Lysippos,
Kriegrischer Bildner, fürwahr Flammen entsprühen dem Erz,
Dem die Gestalt Alexanders du gabst. Jetzt tadelt die Perser
Niemand. Stieren verzeih, wenn vor dem Löwen sie fliehn.

Jacobs.

Lysippus, Sicyon's genius, master bold!
The bronze looks very fire, thus cast by thee
In Alexander's form. Persians, behold,
Your flight was blameless: herds the lion flee.

G. S

CLV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Ἴσχετε τὴν Βάκχην, μὴ λαϊνέη περ ἐοῦσα
Οὐδὸν ὑπερθεμένη, νηὸν ὑπεκπροφύγῃ.

INCERTI.

Heus Baccham retinete, viri, ne, saxea quanquam est,
Concita se templi limine proripiat.

Grotius.

Quella Baccante arrestisi;
Che sebben marmo sia,
Dalla soglia del tempio
Non abbia a fuggir via.

M.

Haltet sie ein, die Thyade, damit nicht, ob sie gleich Stein ist,
Sie von der Schwelle des Thors hüpfe zum Tempel hinaus.

Herder.

Haltet fest die Bacchantin! Obgleich aus Steine gebildet,
Stürmt sie über die Schwell' eilig zum Tempel hinaus.

Voss.

Stop that wild Bacchant! lest, tho' made of stone,
She bound from out the temple and be gone.

W.

CLVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἁ πάρος ἄδμητος καὶ ἀνέμβατος, ὦ Λακεδαῖμον,
Καπνὸν ἐπ' Εὐρώτᾳ δέρκεαι 'Ωλένιον,
Ἄσκιος· οἰωνοὶ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς οἰκία θέντες
Μύρονται· μήλων δ' οὐκ ἀΐουσι λύκοι.

INCERTI.

O bene culta diu tellus invicta Laconum,
Cernis? ab Eurota fumus it Olenius.
Umbra tibi nulla est. Mæstum sua tecta volantum
Agmen humi ponit, nec lupus audit oves.

Grotius.

O inaccessibil già, nè mai domata
Lacedemone! Il fumo Olenio or miri
D' Eurota in su la sponda incendïata:
Più non spargi ombra: tristi fan gli augelli
Lor nido in terra; e il lupo, sebben giri,
Non ode intorno più belare agnelli.

W.

Vormals nimmer besiegt, Lakedaimon, nimmer erstiegen,
Siehst du am Ufer des Stroms jetzt den Olenischen Rauch,
Schattenberaubt. Wehklagend erbaun an dem Boden die Vöglein
Nester, und Heerdengeblöck hören die Wölfe nicht mehr.

Jacobs.

O Lacedæmon! unsubdu'd and unapproach'd of old,
Now smoking on Eurotas' banks th' Achæan fires behold!
All shelterless!—The birds in sorrow build upon the ground,
And list'ning wolves no sound detect of bleating flocks around.

W.

CLVII.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΚΩΜΙΚΟΥ.

Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
Νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
Φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς καμάτων ἅλις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
Τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ' ἢν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·
Ἢν δ' ἀπορῇς, ἀνιηρόν. ἔχεις γάμον; οὐκ ἀμέριμνος
Ἔσσεαι· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῇς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος.
Τέκνα πόνοι· πήρωσις ἄπαις βίος. αἱ νεότητες
Ἄφρονες· αἱ πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.
Ἦν ἄρα τοῖνδε δυοῖν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
Μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον.

POSIDIPPI, VEL PLATONIS.

Quod vitæ sectabor iter? si plena tumultu
Sunt fora: si curis domus anxia: si peregrinos
Cura domus sequitur: mercantem si nova semper
Damna manent: cessare vetat si turpis egestas:
Si vexat labor agricolam, mare naufragus horror
Infamat, pœnæque graves in cœlibe vita,
Et gravior cautis custodia vana maritis:
Sanguineum si Martis opus: si turpia lucra
Fœnoris, et velox inopes usura trucidat.
Omne ævum curæ: cunctis sua displicet ætas.
. . . . Ergo
Optima Graiorum sententia: quippe homini aiunt
Non nasci esse bonum, natum aut cito morte potiri.

Ausonius.

Quem vitæ teneas callem? Nam cuncta molestis
Sunt fora litigiis plena: domique graves
Curæ adsunt; et rure labor; super æquore sævo
Mille pericla; metus, siquid habes peregre.
Paupertas, tristis; vita anxia, vita mariti;
Si malis cœlebs vivere, solus eris.
Nati sollicitant; sinè natis orbus haberis:
Mente juventa caret, robore canities.
Alterutrum ergo velis; aut nunquam in luminis auras
Venisse; aut veniens, morte repentè frui.

Maittaire.

Qual vita è da cercar? In corte hai doglie
  E invidie: alti pensier fra le tue soglie:
Pena in villa: in mar tema: in altrui tetto
  Povero, hai dispiacer; ricco, sospetto.
Prender moglie è travaglio: vive solo
  Chi non l'ha in tutto. Gran peso è il figliuolo:
Il non averne è duol. La giovinezza
  È senza senno: frale è la vecchiezza.
Dunque o non nascer mai bramar si deve,
  O nato, men durar ch' al foco neve.

L. Alamanni.

Vie en infélicité continuelle,

à Muret.

Quel train de vie est il bon que je suyve,
Afin, Muret, qu' heureusement je vive?
Dans les palais il n' y a que procès,
Noises, debats, et querelleux excès:
Les maisons sont de mille soucis pleines;
Le labourage est tout rempli de peines;
Le matelot familier du labeur
Dessus les eaux pâlit tousjours de peur:
Celluy qui erre en un païs éstrange,
S'il a du bien, il craint qu'on ne le mange:
D'estre indigent c'est une grand douleur.
Le mariage est comblé de malheur;
Et si l'on vit sans estre en mariage,
Seul et désert il faut user son âge.
Avoir enfans, n' avoir enfans aussi
Donne labeur, donne soing et soucy.
La jeunesse est peu sage et mal habile;
La vieillesse est languissante et débile,
Aiant tousjours la mort devant les yeux.
  Donques, Muret, je croy qu'il vaudroit mieux
L'un de ces deux; ou bien jamais ne naistre,
Ou de mourir si tost qu'on vient de naistre.

Ronsard.

Welchen der Pfad' im Leben erwähl' ich mir? Hader und schwere
  Händel erfüllen den Marckt; Sorgen bewohnen das Haus;
Fülle von lästigen Mühen das Feld; auf dem Meere der Schrecken;
  Furcht auf fremdem Gebiet, bist du mit Gütern begabt;
Leidest du Mangel, so lebst du im Druck; Noth bringet der Ehstand;
  Bleibst du im ledigen Stand, bist du im Alter verwaisst.
Müh sind Kinder; der Kinder beraubt ist halb nur das Leben.
  Jugend ist ohne Verstand, Alter entbehret der Kraft.
Eins denn wähle von zwehn: entweder nimmer zu leben,
  Oder gebohren, sogleich wieder das Leben zu fliehn.

Jacobs.

Man's life, after Possidonius or Crates.

What path list you to tread? what trade will you assay?
The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gentle peace away.
In house, for wife and child, there is but cark and care;
With travel and with toyl ynough in fields we use to fare.
Upon the seas lieth dread; the riche in foreign land
Doo feare the losse; and there the poore like mysers porely stand.
Strife with a wife; without your thrift full harde to see.
Young brats a troble; none at all, a mayme it semes to be:
Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all to nie:
Choose then the leefer of these two, no life or soon to die.

Poems of Vncertaine Auctors, 1530—1550.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
  lesse than a span,
In his conception wretched, from the woombe
  so to the tombe:
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares,
  with cares and feares.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limmes the water, or but writes in dust;
Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,
  what life is best?
Courts are but only superficiall schooles
  to dandle fooles.
The rurall parts are turn'd into a den
  of savage men.

And where's a city from all vice so free
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?
Domesticke cares afflict the husband's bed,
or paines his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
or doe things worse.
Some would have children; those that have them, mone,
or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldome, or a double strife?
Our owne affections still at home to please
is a disease;
To crosse the sea to any foreine soyle
perills and toyle.
Warres with their noise affright us: when they cease
W'are worse in peace.
What then remaines? but that we still should cry,
Not to be borne, or being borne to dye.

Lord Bacon.

An Epigram concerning Man's Life, composed by Crates or Posidippus.

What course of life should wretched mortals take?
In courts hard questions large contention make:
Care dwels in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yeeld.
In forraine lands thou never canst be blest;
If rich, thou art in feare; if poore, distrest.
In wedlock, frequent discontentments swell:
Vnmarried persons as in desarts dwell.
How many troubles are with children borne!
Yet he that wants them counts himselfe forlorne.
Young men are wanton, and of wisedome void:
Gray haires are cold, vnfit to be imploid.
Who would not one of these two offers choose:
Not to be borne, or breath with speede to loose?

Sir John Beaumont.

CLVIII.

ΜΗΤΡΟΔΩΡΟΥ.

Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον. εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
Κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
Ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
Κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἦν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·
Ἢν δ' ἀπορῇς, μόνος οἶδας. ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος
Ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῇς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερον.
Τέκνα πόθος· ἄφροντις ἄπαις βίος. αἱ νεότητες
Ῥωμαλέαι· πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.
Οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσῶν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
Μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν. πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίῳ.

METRODORI.

Quod mavis, vitæ genus excole: curia famam
Prudentis poterit conciliare: domi
Tuta quies; in agris naturæ gratia: lucrum
Dat mare; laudaris, si quid habes peregre.
Pauper es; id solus nôsti. Cum conjuge vivas;
Grata domus; careas conjuge, cura minor.
Gaudia dant nati; vives minùs anxius, orbus.
Dos propria est juvenum vis, pietasque senum.
Cur cupis esse ortus nunquam, aut obiisse repenté?
Vita tibi felix quælibet esse potest.

Maittaire.

Ogni sorte di vita al saggio piace:
In corte è somma gloria, in casa pace:
Diporto in villa, in mar guadagno. Fuore
Della sua patria il ricco porta onore:
Il pover più si cela. Quel c'ha moglie,
Ha più conforto; chi non l' ha, men doglie.
Son sostegno i figliuoi: queta è l' orbezza.
Robusta è gioventù, saggia vecchiezza.
Brami adunque ciascun non morir mai,
O di Nestore i dì vincer d' assai.

L. Alamanni.

Das Glück des Lebens.

Jedes Leben beglückt. In Haüsern wohnet die Ruhe,
Auf dem Lande Genuss, unter Geschäften der Ruhm,
Auf dem Meere Gewinn. Sey reich an Habe, so wird dir
Ehre; besitzest du nichts, strebe nach Weisheit und Muth.
Lebest du unvermählt, so lebst du Tage der Freyheit!
Nimm dir ein Weib, so bau'st du dir ein fröhliches Haus.
Kinder freuen, und ohne Mühe lebet sich halb nur;
Jugend gewährt dir Kraft, reifende Jahre Verstand.
Falsch ist also die Wahl, die nicht geboren zu werden
Oder zu sterben wünscht. Jegliches Leben beglückt.

Herder.

A Marc Antoine de Muret,

contre: "Quel train de vie est-il bon que je suive &c."

Tout train de vie il est bon que tu suives,
Afin, Muret, que heureusement tu vives.
Dans le palais sont punis les excès;
Par bon conseil s'appaisent les procès.
Voy les maisons de mille plaisirs pleines:
Le labourage est plein de douces peines:
Le matelot par un peu de labeur
Jouist du gaing délivré de la peur.
Celuy qui erre en un païs estrange,
S'il a du bien, à son plaisir le mange,
S'il n' en a point, il en est moins troublé.
Le marié vit de joye comblé:
Celuy qui vit sans estre en mariage,
Seul sans travail passera son doux âge.
Avoir enfans, n' avoir enfans aussi
Ne donne, plus l'un que l'autre, soucy.
La jeunesse est gaye, belle, agréable:
La vieillesse est rassise et vénérable,
Qui le passé remet devant les yeux.
Donques, Muret, je croy qu'il vaudroit mieux,
Si l'on pouvoit, ne cesser jamais d'estre,
Que de mourir si tost qu'on vient de naistre.

Baif

Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.

What race of lyfe ronn you? what trade will you assay?
In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by day.
At home we take our ease, and beak ourselves in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refresh with pleasures of the best.
On seas is gain to get; the straunger he shall be
Estemed, having much, if not, none knoweth his lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house; no wyfe, then art thou free.
Brood is a lovely thing: without, thy lyf is loose to thee.
Young bloodes be strong; old syres in double honour dwel:
Do 'way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for all is well.

Poems of Vncertaine Auctors, 1530—1550

The answer of Metrodorus.

In every way of life, true pleasure flowes:
Immortall fame from publike action growes:
Within the doores is found appeasing rest;
In fields the gifts of Nature are exprest.
The sea brings gaine, the rich abroad provide
To blaze their names, the poore their wants to hide;
All housholds best are govern'd by a wife;
His cares are light, who leades a single life.
Sweet children are delights which marriage blesse:
He that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the lesse.
Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds:
Old age the soule with pious motion feeds.
All states are good, and they are falsly led,
Who wish to be unborne, or quickly dead.

Sir John Beaumont.

CLIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἔστιν μείζων βάσανος χρόνου οὐδενὸς ἔργου,
Ὃς καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοις ἀνδρὸς ἔδειξε νόον.

SIMONIDIS.

Facta viri solo poterunt bene tempore nosci,
Tempus enim solum pandere corda potest.

G. S.

Time is of every act the surest test;
For time lays bare the secrets of the breast.

G. S.

CLX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Εἰς Ἀριστοφάνην.

Βίβλοι Ἀριστοφάνευς, θεῖος πόνος, αἷσιν Ἀχαρνεὺς
Κισσὸς ἐπὶ χλοερὴν πουλὺς ἔσεισε κόμην.
Ἠνίδ' ὅσον Διόνυσον ἔχει σελίς, οἷα δὲ μῦθοι
Ἠχεῦσιν, φοβερῶν πληθόμενοι χαρίτων.
Ὦ καὶ θυμὸν ἄριστε, καὶ Ἑλλάδος ἤθεσιν ἶσα,
Κωμικέ, καὶ στύξας ἄξια καὶ γελάσας.

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

En tibi Aristophanis libri, divinum opus, et quos
Ambit Acharneæ plurima frons hederæ.
Pagina quantum habeat Bacchum aspice! Qui sonus illis
Carminibus, quæ sit gratia terribilis!
O! animi præstans, et Græcis moribus apta et
Digna secute odio, Comice, digna joco!

G. S.

Werke von göttlicher Kunst, Aristophanes Lieder! Acharnäs
Epheu schüttelt um euch säuselnd das grüne Gelock;
Sieh, wie die Blätter erfüllt von dem Bromios; tönend von Wohlklang
Jegliches Wort, und vom Reiz schreckender Chariten voll!
Sey mir, muthiger Sänger, gegrüßt, der hellenischen Sitte
Maler, der komischen Kunst Meister im Lachen und Spott.

Jacobs.

The Plays of Aristophanes! around that work divine
Th' Acharnian ivy's clust'ring wreaths in verdant glory twine.
What inspiration in the page! 'Tis Bacchus' self! what sounds
Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds.
Genius of Comedy! how just! how true to all that's Greek,
Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak.

W.

CLXI.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἐτεοκλέα καὶ Πολυνείκην.

Τηλοτάτω χεύασθαι ἔδει τάφον Οἰδιπόδαο
Παισὶν ἀπ' ἀλλήλων, οἷς πέρας οὐδ' Ἀΐδας·
Ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἕνα πλόον ἠρνήσαντο,
Χὠ στυγερὸς ζώει κὴν φθιμένοισιν Ἄρης.
Ἠνίδε πυρκαΐης ἄνισον φλόγα· δαιομένα γὰρ
Ἐξ ἑνὸς εἰς δισσὰν δῆριν ἀποστρέφεται.

ANTIPHILI.

Œdipodæ natis longe disjuncta sepulchra
Condite: non illis terminus orcus erit.
Namque negant, Stygias una transire per undas;
Improbus extinctos urit agitque furor.
Scinditur in partes, quæ vertice surgit ab uno,
Et velut ad pugnam flamma suprema venit.

Leichius.

Söhne des Oedipus, seyd auch in der Asche getrennet:
Fern von einander ruh' euer begrabene Rest.
Charon, schiffe sie nicht in Einem Kahne zum Ufer:
Auch in der Todten Brust lebet der Lebenden Haß.
Schaue, wie kämpfend dort vom Holz das Feuer emporsteigt
Wie sich da rechts und links streitend die Flamme vertheilt.

Herder.

The sons of Œdipus should buried be
Far from each other, they, whose enmity
Death bounds not. On the last sad voyage they part,
Unnatural hate still living in each heart.
See e'en the flames at strife: the cloven fire
Soars in two angry points, though one the pyre.

G. S.

CLXII.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Εἰς Ἀλέξανδρον τὸν Μακεδόνα.

Φθίσθαι Ἀλέξανδρον ψευδὴς φάτις, εἴπερ ἀληθὴς
Φοῖβος. ἀνικήτων ἅπτεται οὐδ' Ἀΐδης.

PARMENIONIS.

Mortis Alexandri falsa est, si verus Apollo,
Fama; sub invictis mors quoque victa jacet.

Grotius.

Funus Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
  Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Sam. Johnson.

False is the tale; a Hero never dies.
Or Alexander lives, or Phœbus lies.

E. S.

CLXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Κλῶνες ἀπηόριοι ταναῆς δρυός, εὔσκιον ὕψος
* Ἀνδράσιν ἄκρητον καῦμα φυλασσομένοις,*
Εὐπέταλοι, κεράμων στεγανώτεροι, οἰκία φαττῶν,
* Οἰκία τεττίγων, ἔνδιοι ἀκρέμονες,*
Κἠμὲ τὸν ὑμετέραισιν ὑποκλινθέντα κόμαισιν
* Ῥύσασθ' ἀκτίνων ἠελίου φυγάδα.*

ANTIPHILI.

Aerii quercus rami, vitantibus æstum
  Hospita diffusa tegmina celsa coma;
Frondiferi, tectis densi magis, apta cicadis
  Aptaque turturibus sub Jove nexa domus;
Me quoque sub foliis stratum defendite vestris,
  Grataque sit profugo solis ab igne quies!

G. B.

Schattige Wipfel, und ihr, hoch schwebende Zweige des Eichbaums,
  Welche vor drückender Glut wandernde Männer beschützt;
Laubreich Dach, gleich Ziegeln, und dichter noch, Zweige zur Wohnung
  Girrender Tauben, und euch, zirpende Grillen, bestimmt;
Auch ich eilte zu dir, um in kühlendem Schatten zu rasten.
  Nimm mich freundlich in Schutz, wehrend der Sonne Geschoß.

Jacobs.

Aerial branches of tall oak, retreat
Of loftiest shade for those who shun the heat,
With foliage full, more close than tiling, where
Dove and cicada dwell aloft in air,
Me too, that thus my head beneath you lay,
Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray.

G. S.

CLXIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰ τοὺς ἐν πελάγει σώζεις, Κύπρι, κἀμὲ τὸν ἐν γᾷ
Ναυαγόν, φιλίη, σῶσον ἀπολλύμενον.

INCERTI.

Alma Venus servas si quos mare jactat, amoris
Naufragus in terris quin tibi servor ego.

Grotius.

Wenn du im Meere dem Schiffenden hilfst, o Kythere, gewähre
Hülfe dem Liebenden auch, welcher zu Lande versinkt.

Jacobs.

Venus, who sav'st at sea, O lend a hand,
Dear Goddess, for I'm wrecking on dry land.

W.

CLXV.

ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ.

Ἀντὶ τάφου λιτοῖο θὲς Ἑλλάδα, θὲς δ' ἐπὶ ταύταν
Δούρατα, βαρβαρικᾶς σύμβολα ναυφθορίας,
Καὶ τύμβῳ κρηπῖδα περίγραφε Περσικὸν Ἄρη
Καὶ Ξέρξην· τούτοις θάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.
Στάλα δ' ἁ Σαλαμὶς ἐπικείσεται, ἔργα λέγουσα
Τἀμά· τί με σμικροῖς τὸν μέγαν ἐντίθετε;

GEMINI.

Græcia pro tumulo mihi sit, fractasque, ruinæ
Barbaricæ testes, insuper adde trabes.
Inde pedem circum Xerxem Xerxisque cohortes
Pone: Themistoclem sic sepelire decet.
Pro cippo Salamis, referens mea prælia, surget:
Non capiunt magnum parva sepulchra ducem.

G. S.

Setze zum Grabe mir Hellas, und Spiesse über das Grabmal,
Zeichen der rühmlichen Schlacht, die dich, o Hellas, befreit.
Und der persische Mars und Xerxes sollen mein Grabmal
Tragen; auf ihnen nur ruhet Themistokles Grab.
Salamis sey die Säule dabei. Dann sage die Inschrift:
"Dieses that ich. O ihr, Griechen, begrubet mich klein."

Herder.

Give me no grave but Greece; that grave bedeck
With symbols of the fallen barbarians' wreck:
The base to Xerxes and the Persian fleet.
Such burial for Themistocles is meet.
For column Salamis my deeds to tell
Shall stand: such greatness brooks no narrow cell.

G. S.

CLXVI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Ὕδατος ἀκρήτου κεκορημένῳ ἄγχι παραστὰς
Χθιζὸν ἐμοὶ λεχέων Βάκχος ἔλεξε τάδε·
Εὕδεις ἄξιον ὕπνον ἀπεχθομένων Ἀφροδίτῃ·
Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ νήφων, πεύθεαι Ἱππολύτου;
Τάρβει, μή τι πάθῃς ἐναλίγκιον. Ὣς ὁ μὲν εἰπὼν
Ὤχετ'· ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπὸ τῆς οὐκέτι τερπνὸν ὕδωρ.

ANTIPATRI.

Puris proluto lymphis hesternus Iacchus
Adstitit, et sævâ talia voce dedit:
"Ingratos Veneri ducis, malè sobrie, somnos.
"Heus, quæso, exitium noveris Hippolyti?
"Hippolyti tibi fata time." Nec plura: subinde,
Sobria jam non me, pocula, lympha juvat.

G. F. D. T.

Während ich gestern vom reichlichen Naß der Najaden gesättigt
Schlummerte, nahte dem Bett Bacchos mit drohendem Blick:
"Solch' ein Schlummer geziemet sich wohl für die Feinde Kytherens.
Hast du Hippolytos Loos, Nüchterner, nimmer gehört?
Zittere, daß du nicht Gleiches erfährst!" So sprach er und eilte
Plötzlich hinweg. Seitdem ist mir das Wasser verhaßt.

Jacobs.

As yester-eve I slept on sober water,
The God of wine drew near and gave no quarter:
Quoth he, "That lubbard sleep's past Venus' bearing:
"Hast never heard Hippolytus's faring?
"Beware his end be thine." He spake: my cure
Came with his words: water I can't endure.

G. F. D. T.

CLXVII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝ.

Δύσμορε Νικάνορ, πολιῷ μεμορημένε πόντῳ,
Κεῖσαι δὴ ξείνῃ γυμνὸς ἐπ' ἠϊόνι,
Ἢ σύ γε πρὸς πέτρῃσι· τὰ δ' ὄλβια κεῖνα μέλαθρα
Φροῦδα τε, καὶ πάσης ἐλπὶς ὄλωλε Τύρου.
Οὐδέ τί σε κτεάνων ἐῤῥύσατο· φεῦ, ἐλεεινέ,
Ὤλεο μοχθήσας ἰχθύσι καὶ πελάγει·

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Ah miser æquoreis Nicanor merse sub undis,
Nudus in externo littore nempe jaces,
Aut aliqua sub rupe: vacant illa inclyta tecta,
Et tecum periit spes quoque tota Tyri.
Nec tot opes potuere tibi defendere læva
Fata, laborasti piscibus et pelago.

Grotius.

Also dem Meere verhiess das Geschick dich, armer Nikanor?
Ach, aus fremdem Gestad liegst du des Grabes beraubt;
Oder am Riffe des Meers? Hinschwinden die Schätze der Heimath,
Jeglicher Hofnung Trost weichet dem Tyrischen Land.
Keines der Güter errettete dich. Unglücklicher, also
Hast du der Fluth dich gemüht und für die Fische des Meers.

Jacobs.

Doomed, poor Nicanor, to the hoar sea wave,
Naked thou liest upon a foreign coast,
Or haply 'neath some rock. Thy palace brave
Is gone for aye, and all Tyre's hopes are lost.
Of all thy wealth nought saved thee: vain thy toil;
And all its fruits to fish and sea a spoil!

G. S.

CLXVIII.

ΚΥΡΟΥ.

Πίνδαρον ἱμερόεντα παρ' ὕδασι Κῦρος ἐγείρει,
Οὕνεκα φορμίζων εἶπεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ.

CYRI.

Quod citharam pulsans, aqua dixerat optima rerum,
Cyrus aquas propter Pindaron hic statuit.

Salvinius.

Why at this fount stands Pindar's form exprest?
Because th' enchanter sung that "water's best."

W.

CLXIX.

ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ, *οἱ δὲ* ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΥ.

Ἕκτορ, Ἀρήϊον αἷμα, κατὰ χθονὸς εἴ που ἀκούεις,
Χαῖρε, καὶ ἄμπνευσον βαιὸν ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.
Ἴλιον οἰκεῖται κλεινὴ πόλις, ἄνδρας ἔχουσα
Σοῦ μὲν ἀφαυροτέρους, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀρηϊφίλους·
Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἀπόλοντο. παρίστασο καὶ λέγ' Ἀχιλλεῖ
Θεσσαλίην κεῖσθαι πᾶσαν ὑπ' Αἰνεάδαις.

ADRIANI CÆSARIS, VEL GERMANICI.

Martia progenies, Hector, (tellure sub ima
Fas audire tamen si mea verba tibi)
Respira, quoniam vindex tibi contigit hæres,
Qui patriæ famam proferat usque tuæ.
Ilion en surgit rursum inclita, gens colit illam,
Te Marte inferior, Martis amica tamen.
Myrmidonas periisse omnes dic, Hector, Achilli,
Thessaliam et magnis esse sub Æneadis.

Anthol. Vett. Latt.

Sey gegrüsset o Hector, und wenn du unter der Erde
Hörest: so athme neu über dein Vaterland auf,
Ilion lebet wieder, die Mutter tapferer Söhne,
Zwar nicht Helden wie du, aber doch bieder und kühn.
Geh' und sag'es Achill: "Die Myrmidonen sind nicht mehr;
Uber Thessalien herrscht jetzt ein Aeneas-Geschlecht."

Herder.

Hector, brave heart, if still thy spirit hears,
O list! and stay awhile thy patriot tears.
Troy stands a noble city; and in war
Her sons, though weak to thee, still valiant are.
The Myrmidons are gone. T' Achilles say,
Æneas' offspring all Thessalia sway.

G. S.

CLXX.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

Πολλοῖς ἀντιλέγειν μὲν ἔθος περὶ παντὸς ὁμοίως·
Ὀρθῶς δ' ἀντιλέγειν οὐκέτι τοῦτ' ἐν ἔθει.
Καὶ πρὸς μὲν τούτους ἀρκεῖ λόγος εἷς ὁ παλαιός·
"Σοὶ μὲν ταῦτα δοκοῦντ' ἔστω, ἐμοὶ δὲ τάδε."
Τοὺς ξυνετοὺς δ' ἂν τις πείσειε τάχιστα λέγων εὖ,
Οἵπερ καὶ ῥᾷστης εἰσὶ διδασκαλίης.

EVENI.

Multorum mos est, dicta æque cuncta negare,
Qui tamen haud recta mente negare solent.
Talibus una vetus sententia convenit apte:
Hæc nobis placeant, o bone, et illa tibi.
At cito, qui sapiens est, verbis vincere possis,
Namque citus mentem percipit ille tuam.

G. S.

Der Widerspruch.

Widerspruch ist vielen Gebrauch bei allem, was auffällt:
Treffender Widerspruch, selten ist dieser Gebrauch.
Gegen jene genügt die einzige Rede der Alten:
Dir mag dieses, mein Freund, scheinen das andere mir.
Kundige nur gewinnt man sogleich durch Worte der Wahrheit,
Weil die Kundigen stets auch die gelehrigsten sind.

VOSS.

Flat contradiction is a rule
Practis'd by every clown and fool;
The question why they thus object
Soon would their ignorance detect.
To such this adage I apply,
"Sir you are right and so am I:"
But wise men to conviction lean;
And aptly catch at what you mean.

Ph. Smyth.

To contradict alike whatever's meant
Is more in fashion than fair argument;
And to all such the common phrase comes pat,
"I am of this opinion, you're of that."
Yet men of sense at once to sense give way,
As apprehending soonest all you say.

W.

CLXXI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Λιτός τοι δόμος οὗτος, (ἐπεὶ παρὰ κύματι πηγῷ
Ἵδρυμαι νοτερῆς δεσπότις ἠϊόνος)
Ἀλλὰ φίλος· πόντῳ γὰρ ἐπὶ πλατὺ δειμαίνοντι
Χαίρω, καὶ ναύταις εἰς ἐμὲ σωζομένοις.
Ἱλάσκευ τὴν Κύπριν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἢ ἐν ἔρωτι
Οὔριος, ἢ χαροπῷ πνεύσομαι ἐν πελάγει.

ANTIPATRI.

In sacellum Veneris marinæ.

Non pretiosa quidem domus hæc, quia fluctibus adstat,
Et me parva madens ora salutat heram:
Sed bene grata; juvat nam me reverentia ponti,
Creber et a nostra navita salvus ope.
Tu sacra fac Veneri, cursus promitto secundos,
Seu pelagi, seu te jactat amoris hiems.

Grotius.

Einfach ist dieß Haus und gering—denn hier an die dunkle
Brandung ward ich gestellt Herrin des feuchten Gestads—
Aber mir werth. Denn dieser mich weithin fürchtenden Meerfluth
Freu' ich mich; Schiffender auch, welche sich retten zu mir.
Betend erflehe dir Kypriens Huld! Denn jeßt in der Liebe,
Jeßt auf drohendem Meer send' ich dir günstige Luft.

Jacobs.

Small is this dome, where o'er the billowy main,
Sole empress of the sea-beat shore, I reign,
Yet dear; for much I love the roaring sea,
And much the shipwreck'd seaman saved by me!
Worship thou Venus; her propitious gales,
Lover or mariner, shall fill thy sails.

Wrangham.

CLXXII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Ἱππεύων μύρμηκι Μενέστρατος, ὡς ἐλέφαντι,
Δύσμορος ἐξαπίνης ὕπτιος ἐξετάθη,
Λακτισθεὶς δ', ὡς εἶχε τὸ καίριον, ὦ φθόνε, φησίν,
Οὕτως ἱππεύων ὤλετο καὶ Φαέθων.

LUCILLII.

Faustulus insidens formicæ, ut magno elephanto,
Decidit, et terræ terga supina dedit.
Moxque idem ad mortem est mulctatus calcibus ejus,
Perditus ut posset vix retinere animam.
Vix tamen est fatus: Quid rides, improbe Livor,
Quod cecidi? cecidit non aliter Phaeton.

Ausonius.

Ausus formicæ Nanus conscendere tergum,
Credebat domito sese elephante vehi.
At vero, ut cursu fertur nimis illa superbo,
Infelix media præcipitatur humo:
Calcatusque miser, Quid rides, invide, casum,
Dixit, communem cum Phaethonte mihi?

J. Secundus.

Sul tergo asceso
D' una formica,
Micron di peso
Precipitò;
E il capo e gli omeri
Si fracassò;

E maltrattato
Da' calci orribili
Gridò così:
Invido fato!
Fetonte ancora
Così perì.

Felici.

Subió atrevido miserable enano
En una hormiga de su cuerpo Athlante,
Gloriosa de llevar su semejante:
Tal puede en proporcion el arte humano.
Sin espuela en el pié, rienda en la mano
Caminaba tan bravo y arrogante
Como pudiera el Cesar mas triunfante
En el aplauso del laurel Romano.

Corrió la hormiga, y dió con él en tierra,
  Y entonces dixo: Envidia, ¿qué te ries?
  De una suerte caímos yo y Phaetonte.
Lydio, camina en paz, non me des guerra,
  Que es grande diferencia, aunque porfies,
  Caer de hormiga y de celeste monte.

Lope de Vega Carpio.

Faustulus once bravely mounted on an Ant,
As on the back of some tall Elephant,
Fals; with her heele the Ant nigh strikes him dead:
At length come hardly to himselfe, he said:
Jeer'st thou, base Envie, at any fall so low?
Why so, for all the world, fell Phaeton, just so.

Leximos Uthalmus.

High mounted on an Ant Nanus the tall,
Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall.
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies
All torn: with much ado yet e'er he dies,
He strains these words: Base Envy, do laugh on;
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton.

Crashaw.

Bestride an ant a Pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, base, envious world, now, now laugh on,
"For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaeton!"

Sprat.

CLXXIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ἀνεστράφησαν, ὡς ὁρῶ, τὰ πράγματα,
Καὶ τὴν Τύχην νῦν δυστυχοῦσαν εἴδομεν.

PALLADÆ.

Sublapsa retro nunc feruntur omnia;
Fortuna nam infortunio affecta est gravi.

Fed. Morellus.

Nunc ordo rerum quam sit inversus vides,
Fortuna quando jacet in infortunio.

Grotius.

The world's upset, and, O strange fate,
Fortune herself's unfortunate.

W.

CLXXIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Ἴσχετε χεῖρα μυλαῖον, ἀλετρίδες, εὕδετε μακρά,
  Κῆν ὄρθρον προλέγῃ γῆρυς ἀλεκτρυόνων·
Δηὼ γὰρ Νύμφαισι χερῶν ἐπετείλατο μόχθους·
  Αἱ δὲ κατ' ἀκροτάτην ἀλλόμεναι τροχιήν,
Ἄξονα δινεύουσιν· ὁ δ' ἀκτίνεσσιν ἑλικταῖς
  Στρωφᾶται πισύρων κοῖλα βάρη μυλάκων.
Γευόμεθ' ἀρχαίου βιότου πάλιν, εἰ δίχα μόχθου
  Δαίνυσθαι Δηοῦς ἔργα διδασκόμεθα.

ANTIPATRI.

Parcite pistrices manibus, longumque soporem
  Carpite, mane licet gallus adesse canat.
Flava Ceres choreas en Nymphis imperat: illæ
  Saltantes summo molliter orbe super
Circumagunt axem: radii momenta sequuntur,
  Bis duo versantes concava saxa molæ.
Vita redit veterum, quando cerealia nostro
  Dona frui nobis absque labore datur.

Grotius.

Schonet der malenden Händ', o Müllerinnen, und schlafet
  Sanft! es verkünde der Hahn euch den Morgen umsonst!
Deo hat die Arbeit der Mädchen den Nymphen befohlen,
  Und jetzt hüpfen sie leicht über die Räder dahin,
Dass die erschütterten Achsen mit ihren Speichen sich wälzen
  Und im Kreise die Last drehen des malmenden Steins.
Lasst uns leben dasL eben der Väter, und lasst uns der Gaben
  Arbeitslos uns freun, welche die Göttinn uns schenkt!

Christian von Stolberg.

Raste die mahlende Hand jetzt, Müllerin! Freue des Schlafs dich,
  Trotz des erwachenden Tags, oder des Hahnengeschreys.
Des hat das Geschäfte der Hand den Naiaden gegeben;
  Und auf die Räder herabspringend mit flüchtigem Fuss
Treiben sie wirbelnd die Achsen im Kreis; und des vierfachen Mühlsteins
  Wucht, in der Mitte gehölt, wälzt an den Speichen sich um.
Also geniessen auf's neu wir das goldene Leben der Vorzeit;
  Da mühlosen Genuss Deo den Menschen verleiht.

Jacobs.

Let your wheel-turning hands, lucky maidens, be still;
  Sleep on, though Alectryo wakens the morn:
The water-nymphs now take your post at the mill,
  And weigh down the mill-stones that crumble the corn.
How they flash from the wheels! how they thunder and roar!
  How the axle spins round at the sound of their voices!
This age is become like the golden of yore,
  When Ceres our hearts without labour rejoices.

Merivale.

CLXXV.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

A. Οὔνομά μοι . . B. Τί δὲ τοῦτο; A. Πατρὶς δέ μοι. B. Ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο;
  A. Κλεινοῦ δ' εἰμὶ γένους. B. Εἰ γὰρ ἀφαυροτάτου;
A. Ζήσας ἐνδόξως ἔλιπον βίον. B. Εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως;
  A. Κεῖμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν. . . B. Τίς τίνι ταῦτα λέγεις;

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nomine dicor ego.—Quid tum?—Mea patria.—Quid tum?
  —Nobilis.—At quid tum, si sine gente fores?
—Splendida vita fuit.—Quid si nec nota fuisset?
  —Hic jaceo.—Sed quis? cui, precor, ista refers?

Grotius.

Mon nom.—Que fait ton nom?—Ma patrie.—Eh! tais-toi.
—Ma haute extraction.—Quand elle serait basse?
—Mon rang.—Quand on t' eût vu dans la dernière classe?
—Dans ce tombeau.—Qu' es-tu? poussière, ainsi que moi.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all; what then?
Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb;
Thou know'st its use; it hides—no matter whom.

W. Cowper.

CLXXVI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ.

Πᾶσαν ἐγὼ τὴν νύκτα κινύρομαι· εὖτε δ' ἐπέλθῃ
Ὄρθρος ἐλινῦσαι μικρὰ χαριζόμενος,
Ἀμφιπεριτρύζουσι χελιδόνες, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
Βάλλουσιν, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρωσάμεναι.
Ὄμματα δὲ σταλάοντα φυλάσσεται· ἡ δὲ Ῥοδάνθης
Αὖθις ἐμοῖς στέρνοις φροντὶς ἀναστρέφεται.
Ὦ φθονεραὶ παύσασθε λαλητρίδες· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
Τὴν Φιλομηλείην γλῶσσαν ἀπεθρισάμην.
Ἀλλ' Ἴτυλον κλαίοιτε κατ' οὔρεα, καὶ γοάοιτε
Εἰς ἔποπος κραναὴν αὖλιν ἐφεζόμεναι,
Βαιὸν ἵνα κνώσσοιμεν· ἴσως δέ τις ἥξει ὄνειρος,
Ὅς με Ῥοδανθείοις πήχεσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

AGATHIÆ.

Nocte queror tota: simul ac caput extulit Eos,
Et refici modico membra sopore dedit,
Undique hirundinibus properis circumsonor: illæ
Ad lachrymas somno me fugiente vocant.
Garrula parce loqui, parce invida: non Philomelæ
Est quondam manibus lingua resecta meis.
Ite, per umbrosos Itylum plorate recessus,
Per quæ vasta ferus culmina servat epops;
Ut paullum dormire sinas: mihi forte Rhodanthes
Amplexus somni mollis imago dabit.

Grotius.

All night I sigh with cares of love opprest:
And when the morn indulges balmy rest,
These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,
Recal my sorrows, and prevent my sleep.
Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell:
I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys, in an elegy of woe.
Me leave to sleep: in visionary charms
Some dream perhaps may bring Rhodanthe to my arms.

Fawkes.

The livelong night I moan, and when the morn
Would visit with short sleep mine eyes forlorn,
The swallows squeal around, above, below;
And from my jaded lids the tear-drops flow
That all their sweet unconsciousness dispel,
And make my watching orbs a dropping well;
And then again before my heart is brought
Rhodanthe's image, sweet tumultuous thought.
Ill-natured babblers, cease. Who ever said
I tore the tongue from Philomela's head?
Go to the hills, and Itylus bemoan,
Or sitting on the hoopoe's rugged throne,
Speak out your sorrows; that a moment's rest
Be mine at length, and then may come a dream,
In which Rhodanthe's arms enclasping me may seem.

G. C. S.

CLXXVII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Μναμοσύναν ἕλε θάμβος, ὅτ' ἔκλυε τᾶς μελιφώνου
Σαπφοῦς, μὴ δεκάταν Μοῦσαν ἔχουσι βροτοί.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Mnemosyne audivit quum Sappho dulce loquentem,
Musam, dixit, habent utrum homines decimam?

Salvinius.

Obstupuit, credens mortalibus esse Camœnas,
Mnemosyne, Sappho dulce canente, decem.

G. B.

Mnemosine di Saffo le vocali
Dolci note in udir, sclamò stupita:
Che! una decima Musa hanno i mortali?

M.

Amazement seized Mnemosyne
At Sappho's honied song.
"What! does a tenth Muse, then," cried she,
"To mortal men belong?"

W.

CLXXVIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἀχήεις τέττιξ δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθείς,
Ἀγρονόμαν μέλπεις μοῦσαν ἐρημολάλον·
Ἄκρα δ' ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοις πριονώδεσι κώλοις
Αἰθιόπι κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας.
Ἀλλά, φίλος, φθέγγου τι νέον δενδρώδεσι Νύμφα ις
Παίγνιον, ἀντῳδὸν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,
Ὄφρα φυγὼν τὸν Ἔρωτα μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνον ἀγρεύσω,
Ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερῇ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

MELEAGRI.

Huc age quæ poto canis ebria rore, Cicada,
Arva replens numeris et loca sola tuis.
Et pede serrato summis in frondibus hærens,
More lyræ, fusco corpore dulce sonas.
Eia novum quiddam sylvestribus incipe Nymphis,
Æmula Mænalii carmina funde Dei;
Sic ab amore vacans somnum resupinus inibo,
Dum platani nimium distinet umbra jubar.

G. S.

Canta, cigarra, canta,
Hora que estas beoda
Del rocío del alba,
Con las suaves gotas.
En soledad amena
Sobre las tiernas copas
De los arbustos cantas
Tus pastorales odas.
Tus delicadas alas
Agitas quando entonas
Las dulces cantinelas,
Y qual lyra sonora
Armonioso y vario
Tu chincharchar se forma.
Ea, cigarra mia,
A las Ninfas hermosas
Que los sagrados bosques,
Y por las selvas moran,
Entona nuevo canto,
Que al de Pan corresponda,
Para que Amor me dexe
En las ardientes horas
Gozar el blando sueño
Del plátano á la sombra.

Conde.

Tipsy with dew-drops, through the desert shrill,
Noisy Cicada, thou thy strain dost trill;
And from thy dusky sides with jagged feet,
Perch'd on an air-hung spray draw'st music sweet!

With some new chirrup, friend, the Dryads cheer,
Rival to Pan's some carol bid them hear;
That scap'd from Love, secure at noon-tide laid,
I may woo slumber 'neath the plane-tree's shade.

Wrangham.

Loud sounding grasshopper, 'tis thine, with dew-drops drunk, to fill
The speaking solitudes afar with thy rural notes so shrill.
Thou sitt'st on high; and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and saw-like, tire
In striking, from thy dusky wings, clear notes, as from a lyre.
Come then, some new, some sportive song to the wood nymphs now essay,
Thou lov'd one, while thy rival Pan gives back th' alternate lay:
That Love may for a while forbear to pierce this heart of mine,
While I, in quest of noon-tide sleep, in the plane-tree's shade recline.

Hay.

Oh shrill-voiced insect! that with dew-drops sweet
Inebriate, dost in desert woodlands sing;
Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,
Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring:
Come, dear Cicada! chirp to all the grove,
The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain;
That I, in noon-day sleep, may steal from Love,
Reclined beneath the dark o'erspreading plane.

Elton.

CLXXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Σῆμα Θεόγνιδος εἰμὶ Σινωπέος, ᾧ μ' ἐπέθηκεν
Γλαῦκος ἑταιρείης ἀντὶ πολυχρονίου.

SIMONIDIS.

Aio Sinopensi posuisse Theognidi Glaucum
Hæc mea pro longo saxa sodalitio.

G. F. D. T.

Del Sinopeo Teognide
L' avel son io, che ad esso ha Glauco eretto
In contraccambio di diuturno affetto.

M.

Theognis of Sinope's tomb am I,
By Glaucus reared for ancient amity.

Sterling.

CLXXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἤδη λευκόϊον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος
Νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα.
Ἤδη δ', ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὥριμον ἄνθος,
Ζηνοφίλα, Πειθοῦς ἡδὺ τέθηλε ῥόδον.
Λειμῶνες τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε;
Ἁ γὰρ παῖς κρέσσων ἀδυπνόων στεφάνων.

MELEAGRI.

Jam pluvias narcissus amans, jam lactea florent
Montibus in summis lilia, jam violæ:
Flos etiam florum maturis vernat in annis
Zenophile, dulci plena tepore rosa.
Prata, quid o vano ridetis honore comarum?
Zenophilæ par est nulla corona meæ.

Grotius.

Già s' apron le vïole albe, gli amici
Delle piogge pur s' aprono narcisi,
E i gigli s' apron su per le pendici.
E Zenofila amante e amata, fiore
Tra i fior compiuto, la soave rosa
Della suasïon manda pur fuore.
A che indarno sì gai rider, o prati,
In su le vostre chiome? È la fanciulla
Ben migliore de' bei serti odorati.

Pompei.

Florecen las violas,
Y florece el narciso
Amante de los valles
Que riega claro rio,
Y por los altos montes
Los variados lirios.
La bella Zenofila
Tambien ha florecido
Su dulce y fresca rosa
Amoroso incentivo.
Su flor es muy mas bella
Que quantas flores miro.
¿ Para que, ameno prado,
Vano y empompecido
Te muestras con tus flores
Azucenas y mirtos,
Si la niña es mas bella
Que quantas flores miro?

Conde.

Schon blühen weiße Violen, Narcissen blühen im Thau schon,
Und an den Bergen umher wehet der Lilien Duft;
Aber vor allen Blumen hat mir sich ein Röschen entknospet,
Meiner Zenophila süß-süß überredender Mund.
Auen, was pranget ihr mit euren lieblichen Kränzen?
Süßere Blüthe gewährt meine Zenophila mir.

Herder.

Sieh, schon blüht auf der Flur das Leukoïon; feuchte Narcissen
Blühen; die Zierden des Thals duftende Lilien blühn.
Schon auch öffnet die Rose, Zenophila, Liebender Freunden,
Peitho's Rose die Brust, Blume der Blumen, im Lenz.
O was lächelt ihr Wiesen umsonst mit dem freundlichen Haarschmuck?
Schöner als jeglicher Kranz strahlet Zenophila's Reiz.

Jacobs.

See! the snow-flake blossoms gaily,
Blossoms too Narcissus dank,
Blossom all the lilies daily
Straying over mountain-bank.

Nay, but now, the flow'r of flowers,
Fair Zenophile is seen,
Sweetest rose-bud from the bowers
Of the love-bewitching queen.

Meadows, vain your sunny smiles
On those tresses bright to wear:
For the maid hath mightier wiles
Than the wreaths that scent the air.

G. F. D. T.

CLXXXI.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μνήμονες Εὐβούλοιο σαόφρονος, ὦ παριόντες,
Πίνωμεν· κοινὸς πᾶσι λιμὴν Ἀΐδης.

LEONIDÆ.

Potor aquæ jacet hic Eubulus. Vina bibamus:
Terminus hic cunctis scilicet unus erit.

G. S.

Eubulo's Grab.

Der du am Grabe vorbey hier wanderst, gedenkend des weisen
Eubuls, trink; es begehrt alle sich Aïdes Fürst.

Erichson.

Sober Eubulus here doth buried lie:
Then let us drink; for all alike must die.

G. S.

CLXXXII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Παίγνιόν ἐστι Τύχης μερόπων βίος, οἰκτρός, ἀλήτης,
Πλούτου καὶ πενίης μεσσόθι ῥεμβόμενος,
Καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατάγουσα πάλιν σφαιρηδὸν ἀείρει,
Τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς Ἀΐδην κατάγει.

PALLADÆ.

Ludus Fortunæ vita est, sortem inter utramque
Usque repercussæ more rotata pilæ:
Hic modo sub manes depressus ad astra resultat,
Ad terram e summis nubibus ille cadit.

G. S.

Di guai l' umana vita e di orror piena
Giuoco della Fortuna è, che d' intorno
Infra ricchezze e povertà la mena.
Altri ch' ella depresse, ad alte cime
Novellamente in sue rivolte estolle,
E dal cielo all' inferno altri deprime.

Pompei.

Written on a window in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole had been confined.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

This wretched life of ours is Fortune's ball;
'Twixt wealth and poverty she bandies all:
These, cast to earth, up to the skies rebound;
These, tossed to heaven, come tumbling to the ground.

G. S.

CLXXXIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Χαλκοτύπος τὸν Ἔρωτα μεταλλάξας ἐπόησε
Τήγανον, οὐκ ἀλόγως, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸ φλέγει.

PALLADÆ.

Sartago facta est, fuerat qui ex ære Cupido,
Idque haud immerito; torret et illa ut Amor.

Salvinius.

Sartago est factus, fabro mutante, Cupido;
Nec male; torret Amor nunc, velut ante, jecur.

G. S.

Di rame un fonditore
Fe' non senza ragione una padella
D' un liquefatto Amore,
Perch' ardono del pari e questo e quella.

Pagnini.

The artist, sure, was not so stupid
Who made a frying-pan of Cupid.
Put but a rasher for a heart,
He plays his old familiar part.

G. S.

CLXXXIV.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ναὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα, θέλω τὸ παρ' οὔασιν Ἡλιοδώρας
Φθέγμα κλύειν, ἢ τᾶς Λατοΐδεω κιθάρας.

MELEAGRI.

Me male perdat Amor, ni cantus Heliodoræ
Plus amo, quam citharæ carmen, Apollo, tuæ.

Grotius.

Negli orecchi la voce anzi vogl' io
D' Elïodora, per Amor lo giuro,
Che udir la cetra del Latonio Dio.

Pompei.

Si, por Amor, mas quiero
De la bella Eliodora
Oir la voz suave
Y tierna y amorosa,
Que la armonica lyra
Del hijo de Latona.

Conde.

Heliodora's voice, by all that's dear!
Is sweeter than Apollo's lute to hear.

W.

Parody.

Dear Jenny Lind! I'd rather hear you sing
Than Paganini fiddle 'on one string.'

W.

CLXXXV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Αἰ, αἰ, τοῦτο κάκιστον, ὅταν κλαίωσι θανόντα
Νυμφίον, ἢ νύμφην· ἡνίκα δ' ἀμφοτέρους—
Εὔπολιν ὡς ἀγαθήν τε Λυκαίνιον, ὧν ὑμέναιον
Ἔσβεσεν ἐν πρώτῃ νυκτὶ πεσὼν θάλαμος—
Οὐκ ἄλλῳ τόδε κῆδος ἰσόῤῥοπον, ᾧ σὺ μὲν υἱόν,
Νῖκι, σὺ δ' ἔκλαυσας, Εὔδικε, θυγατέρα.

INCERTI.

Sponsus erit vel sponsa suis si flenda propinquis,
Hoc miserum: quod si raptus uterque simul,
Eupolis ut, dulcisque Lycænion, obruit atras
Queis thalami prima nocte ruina faces;
Par dolor huic non est alius: ploratur in iisdem,
Nici, tibi natus; Theudice, nata tibi.

G. B.

Alas, alas! the worst bereavement is
A bridegroom, or a bride! but oh!—the two—
Like good Lycænium and Eupolis,
Whom the first night the chamber falling slew,
No woe like that! Nicis, a son 'twas thus
You wept, and you a daughter, Eudicus!

W.

CLXXXVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλλ' ἀνεγείρειν
Ἀτραπὸς εἰς πενίην ἐστὶν ἑτοιμοτάτη.

INCERTI.

Ædificare domos multas, et pascere multos;
Hoc ad egestatem perbreve ducit iter.

N. Borbonius.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Sam. Johnson.

Far molti pranzi e molte case, è questa
La strada a impoverir più dritta e presta.

Pagnini.

Veux tu sçavoir quelle voie
L' homme à pauvreté convoie?
Élever trop de palais,
Et nourrir trop de valets.

Ronsard.

Bastir maintes maisons, nourrir grande famille,
Est pour devenir pauvre un chemin fort facile.

Tamisier.

The broad high-way to poverty and need,
Is much to build, and many mouthes to feed.

Leximos Uthalmus.

The servants'-hall and architect
To certain ruin lead direct.

W.

Keep open house, dabble in brick and mortar,
Of all the roads to ruin none is shorter.

W.

CLXXXVII.

ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ.

Γῆρας ἐπὰν μὲν ἀπῇ, πᾶς εὔχεται· ἢν δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ,
Μέμφεται· ἔστι δ' ἀεὶ κρεῖσσον ὀφειλόμενον.

MENECRATIS.

Quærimus absentem, præsentem plangimus, et quæ
Ventura est nobis sola senecta placet.

Grotius.

Fin ch' è lontana la vecchiezza bramasi,
Ma quando vien, ci accuora:
Sempre è migliore non venuta ancora.

M.

On t' espère de loin: on te maudit de près.
Vieillesse, dis: J' arrive; et n' arrive jamais.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

For age we pray, when at a distance seen;
But when arriv'd, we loathe its hideous mien.
We spurn it ever, as a boon bestow'd,
And prize it most when as a debt 'tis ow'd.

Merivale.

All pray to reach old age: when come, how few
But blame it, as a thing that's better due.

W.

CLXXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Οὔνομα μὲν Καλή· φρεσὶ δὲ πλέον ἠὲ προσώπῳ,
Κάτθανε· φεῦ, Χαρίτων ἐξαπόλωλεν ἔαρ.
Καὶ γὰρ ἔην Παφίῃ πανομοίϊος ἀλλὰ συνεύνῳ
Μούνῳ· τοῖς δ' ἑτέροις Παλλὰς ἐρυμνοτάτη.
Τίς λίθος οὐκ ἐγόησεν, ὅτ' ἐξήρπαξεν ἐκείνην
Εὐρυβίης 'Αΐδης ἀνδρὸς ἀπ' ἀγκαλίδων;

JULIANI.

Nomine dicta *Καλή*, sed erat mens pulchrior ore,
Hic extincta jacet flos, et amor Charitum:
Persimilis Veneri, sponso sed amabilis uni,
Et nova ceu Pallas, tota operosa domi.
Quis lapis haud fleret rabie implacabilis Orci
Præreptam cari conjugis e gremio?

Averardus Medices.

Bella di nome, e ben più che di volto,
Bella di cuor, è colà dentro ascosa.
Ahi, delle Grazie il fiore
Come repente sparve!
Fu Venere amorosa,
Ma col marito sol: tutta rigore
Inverso agli altri, Pallade ella parve.
Qual selce non plorò quand' empia Morte
Colei strappò di braccio al suo consorte?

Pagnini.

More for her gracious spirit than her face
This graceful maid deserved her name of 'Grace.'
Yet died she, in the spring-time of her charms!
Venus to him who owned her for his bride,
Minerva's self to all the world beside,
What rugged stone
Refused a groan,
When Hades snatch'd her from her husband's arms?

J. W. B.

CLXXXIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰ φιλέεις, μὴ πάμπαν ὑποκλασθέντα χαλάσσῃς
Θυμὸν ὀλισθηρῆς ἔμπλεον ἱκεσίης·
Ἀλλά τι καὶ φρονέοις στεγανώτερον, ὅσσον ἐρύσσαι
Ὀφρύας, ὅσσον ἰδεῖν βλέμματι φειδομένῳ.
Ἔργον γάρ τι γυναιξὶν ὑπερφιάλους ἀθερίζειν,
Καὶ κατακαγχάζειν τῶν ἄγαν οἰκτροτάτων.
Κεῖνος δ' ἐστὶν ἄριστος ἐρωτικός, ὃς τάδε μίξει,
Οἶκτον ἔχων ὀλίγῃ ξυνὸν ἀγηνορίῃ.

AGATHIÆ.

Quisquis amas, nimium demittere supplice ritu
Temet, et ad servas parce venire preces,
Sed tollens animos oculis parcentibus ipsam
Aspice, et intrepidum tolle supercilium.
Feminei generis mos est odisse superbos,
Et ludum fracti cordis habere viros.
Qui sublime aliquid simul, et miserabile præfert,
Inter amatores is mihi primus erit.

Grotius.

Lover, listen to advice,
Do not throw your heart away,
Lest it perish in a trice,
Knowing but to pule and pray.

Keep a well-defended corner,
Learn to frown and look askance
With the eyebrow of a scorner,
And be sparing of thy glance.

Women love to baffle drily
Those that dotingly are fond,
Ridiculing coldly, slily,
Men that languish and despond.

He is the consummate lover
Who the middle course can hold;
Able each advance to cover,
Half pathetic and half bold.

G. C. S.

CXC.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν ὅσσα καρήατι τῆμος ἔδωκα
Ξανθὰ σὺν εὐόδμοις ἁβρὰ λίπη στεφάνοις,
Ἄπνοα πάντ' ἐγένοντο παραχρῆμ'· ὅσσα τ' ὀδόντων
Ἔνδοθι, νειαίραν τ' εἰς ἀχάριστον ἔδυ,
Καὶ τῶν οὐδὲν ἔμεινεν ἐς αὔριον. ὅσσα δ' ἀκουὰς
Εἰσεθέμην, ἔτι μοὶ μοῦνα πάρεστι τάδε.

CALLIMACHI.

Namque et ego nitido capiti, flavisque capillis
Serta olim Assyrio sparsa liquore dedi:
Et bona in ingratum congessi plurima ventrem,
Cuncta, sed in ventos illa abiere leves.
Servarunt solæ commissa fideliter aures:
Corporis hac unâ est parte reperta fides.

Muretus.

Quanti io donai serti odorosi e unguenti
Al mio crin, ratto dileguaro; e tutto
Di che fer pasto al ventre ingrato i denti,
In me fu pria della diman distrutto.
Ma ciò che accolto ho per l' orecchio in mente,
Ciò solo è quel che serbo ognor presente.

Pagnini.

Alle die Kränze der Lust, womit ich die Schläfe mir schmückte,
Jede Salbe, die einst zierte mein lockiges Haar,
Ist verflogen, o Freund; die Kränze sind alle verwelket:
Auch der Zunge Genuss, jegliche niedliche Kost
Ging mit der Stunde dahin. Nur was die Seele mir schmückte,
Was durch's Ohr ich dem Geist schenkte, das hab' ich, o Freund.

Herder.

All that I ever gave my head to wear,
Those fragrant wreaths which crowned my yellow hair,
Faded as quickly as I laid them there!
And so, whate'er within my lips was sent,
Into my thankless stomach went,
And so was spent!
That which I garnered in mine ears, is all
Which I may still my own possession call.

J. W. B.

CXCI.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Τρεῖς λεπτοὶ πρώην περὶ λεπτοσύνης ἐμάχοντο,
Τίς προκριθεὶς εἴη λεπτεπιλεπτότερος.
Ὧν ὁ μὲν εἷς, Ἕρμων, μεγάλην ἐνεδείξατο τέχνην,
Καὶ διέδυ ῥαφίδος τρῆμα, λίνον κατέχων.
Δημᾶς δ' ἐκ τρώγλης βαίνων, ἐς ἀράχνιον ἔστη,
Ἡ δ' ἀράχνη νήθουσ' αὐτὸν ἀπεκρέμασεν.
Σωσίπατρος δ' ἐβόησεν ἐμὲ στεφανώσατ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ
Εἰ βλέπομ', ἥττημαι· πνεῦμα γὰρ εἰμὶ μόνον.

NICARCHI.

Certavere leves tres de levitatis honore,
Vinceret eximia quis levitate leves.
Hermon ante alios insignem prodidit artem,
Transivitque trahens fila foramen acus.
Exoriens Demas, quam fecit Aranea, telæ
Institit, atque illa nente pependit ibi.
At, "Mihi," Sosipater, "palmam date: quippe ego tantum
Spiritus: et cerni si queo, vincor," ait.

Grotius.

Wegen der Magerkeit Preiß wetteiferten drey mit einander,
Welcher von ihnen der Fürst unter den Magersten sey.
Da zeigt Hermon, einer davon, ein gewaltiges Kunststück;
Denn mit dem Faden zugleich schlüpft er der Nadel durchs Oehr.
Demas trat aus dem Loch in der emsigen Spinne Gewebe;
Während den Faden sie spinnt, hängt er sich schwebend daran.
Aber Sosipatros rief: Mich krönet ihr! Wenn ich zu sehn bin.
Thu' ich Verzicht auf den Preis; Odem nur bin ich und Luft.

Jacobs.

Three thin ones strove the glorious prize to win
Of being judged the thinnest of the thin.
Hermon, the first, great skill exhibited,
And through a needle's eye crept with the thread.
Next, from his hole upon a cobweb sprung
Demas, and by the spider was up-strung.
The palm, Sosipater exclaims, I bear;
I yield if I am seen: I'm nought but air.

W.

CXCII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

Τᾷ Πιτάνᾳ Θρασύβουλος ἐπ' ἀσπίδος ἤλυθεν ἄπνους,
'Επτὰ πρὸς 'Αργείων τραύματα δεξάμενος,
Δεικνὺς ἀντία πάντα· τὸν αἱματόεντα δ' ὁ πρέσβυς
Παῖδ' ἐπὶ πυρκαϊὴν Τύννιχος εἶπε τιθείς·
Δειλοὶ κλαιέσθωσαν· ἐγὼ δὲ σέ, τέκνον, ἄδακρυς
Θάψω, τὸν καὶ ἐμὸν καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιον.

DIOSCORIDIS.

Excipis adverso quod pectore vulnera septem;
Arma superveheris quod, Thrasybule, tua;
Non dolor hic patris: Pitanæ sed gloria major.
Rarum, tam pulchro funere posse frui.
Quem postquam mæsto socii posuere feretro,
Talia magnanimus edidit orsa pater:
Flete alios: natus lachrymis non indiget ullis,
Et meus, et talis, et Lacedæmonius.

Ausonius.

Ad Pitanam in clypeo cæsus, Thrasybule, redibas,
Septem ex Argivo vulnera marte ferens,
Cunctaque in adverso. Nati tum Tynnichus ipse
Membra senex posuit sanguinolenta rogo,
Atque ait: "Ignavos lachrymæ; te, digne parentis,
Digne puer patriæ, lumina sicca decent."

G. S.

De sept flèches atteint, et percé par devant,
Thrasybule tomba, digne de sa patrie,
Et sur son bouclier fut ramené sans vie.
Son vieux père au bucher le porta tout sanglant.
Que les lâches, dit-il, pleurent sur mon enfant.
Mes larmes flétriraient la gloire qui couronne
L'heureux fils de Tynnique, et de Lacédémone.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Pitana sah auf dem Schild Thrasybulos, Tynnichos Sprössling,
Kehren; mit Wunden bedeckt von der Argiver Geschoss,
Sieben, und all' auf der männlichen Brust. Und auf flammen den Holtzstoff
Legend den blutigen Leib, sagte der muthige Greis:
Möge der Feigling weinen, O Sohn. Ich gebe dem Grab dich
Trockenen Aug's; denn mir bist du und Sparta entstammt.

Jacobs.

To Pitana came Thrasybulus slain
Upon his shield, seven wounds from Argives ta'en,
And all in front. Old Tynnichus his sire
Cried, as he laid him bleeding on the pyre:
"Let tears for cowards flow: I shed no tear,
Mine own true son and Sparta's, on thy bier."

G. S.

CXCIII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ.

Αὔλια, καὶ Νυμφέων ἱερὸς πάγος, αἵ θ' ὑπὸ πέτρῃ
Πίδακες, ἥ θ' ὕδασιν γειτονέουσα πίτυς,
Καὶ σὺ τετράγλωχιν, μηλοσσόε, Μαιάδος Ἑρμᾶ,
Ὅς τε τὸν αἰγιβότην, Πάν, κατέχεις σκόπελον,
Ἵλαοι τὰ ψαιστά, τό τε σκύφος ἔμπλεον οἴνης
Δέξασθ', Αἰακίδεω δῶρα Νεοπτολέμου.

LEONIDÆ.

O stabula, o rupes Nymphis sacra, tuque sub illa
Fons, et fontanæ proxima pinus aquæ,
Tuque ovium custos, Maja sate, imagine quadra,
Et qui cum capreis hæc juga, Faune, tenes,
Hos vini latices, hæc mellea liba volentes
Sumite ab Æacida dona Neoptolemo.

Grotius.

Hear! oh ye folds! and thou, the sacred hill
Of the fair Nymphs, and every trickling rill
Beneath the rocks, and thou, close bordering pine,
Thou too, quaint image of a form divine,
Four-cornered Hermes, guardian of the fold,
And Pan, by whom each goat-fed peak we hold,
Deign to accept these cakes—this cup of wine,
From Pyrrhus, heir of great Achilles' line.

E. S.

CXCIV.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ἠράσθης πλουτῶν Σωσίκρατες· ἀλλὰ πένης ὢν
Οὐκέτ' ἐρᾷς· λιμὸς φάρμακον οἷον ἔχει.
Ἡ δὲ πάρος σε καλεῦσα μύρον καὶ τερπνὸν Ἄδωνιν
Μηνοφίλα, νῦν σου τοὔνομα πυνθάνεται·
Τίς, πόθεν εἷς ἀνδρῶν; πόθι τοι πόλις; ἦ μόλις ἔγνως
Τοῦτ' ἔπος, ὡς οὐδεὶς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος.

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Dives eras, et amator eras; nunc pauper, amore
Es liber: præsens o medicina fames!
Quæ te delicias dulcemque vocabat Adonim,
Menophile, nomen nunc rogat illa tuum.
"Qui genus? unde domo?" Jam te docet usus, opinor,
Quod cui res deerit, nullus amicus erit.

Buchananus.

Dives amavisti, desisti pauper amare,
Sosicrates. Quanta est proh medicina fames!
Quæ prius unguentum, quæ te vocitabat Adonim
Menophile, nomen jam rogat illa tuum.
"Ecquis es, unde domo? Quæ patria?" Jam puto, verum
Esse vides, inopi nullus amicus erit.

Grotius.

Vormals liebtest du immer, Sosikrates, als du noch reich warst;
Arm jetzt, liebest du nicht. Hunger curiret geschwind.
Sie, die sonst dich Adonis genannt und ihr süßes Verlangen,
Deine Menophila fragt jetzo "wie nennt sich der Mann?
Wer und woher von den Männern? wo hauset er?"—Endlich erfährst du
Jetzt "kein Geld, kein Freund" laute des Lebens Gesetz.

Jacobs.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers;—poor, hast none,
So surely want extinguishes the flame,
And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where
In what strange country can thy parents live,
Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware
That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

W. Cowper.

When you were rich, Sosicrates, you used to fall in love;
But you are poor—oh what a cure doth poverty not prove!
And she who call'd you spikenard and Adonis when you came
Menophile, is puzzled now to recollect your name.
O say, where can you come from? for 'tis known at the world's end,
That those who nothing else possess, can ne'er possess a friend.

G. C. S.

CXCV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ἵππον ὑποσχόμενός μοι Ὀλύμπιος, ἤγαγεν οὐράν,
Ἧς ὀλιγοδρανέων ἵππος ἀπεκρέματο.

PALLADÆ.

Pollicitus mihi equum, grandem tulit Euclio caudam,
E qua pendebat parvus, et æger equus.

Th. Farnaby.

Pollicitatus equum, mihi mittis, Olympice, caudam,
Ex qua vix facies languida pendet equi.

Grotius.

Olympius, you said you'd bring
A horse; why don't you do it?
'Tis a fine tail, but is that thing
A horse that's hanging to it?

W.

CXCVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰκὼν ἡ Σέξτου μελετᾷ· Σέξτος δὲ σιωπᾷ.
Ῥήτωρ ἦν εἰκών· ὁ δὲ ῥήτωρ εἰκόνος εἰκών.

INCERTI.

Ipse tacet Sextus: Sexti declamat imago,
Hæc rhetor: sed rhetor imaginis hujus imago est.

Grotius.

En, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente;
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

Sam. Johnson.

L' image de Thomas médite quelque chose,
Et Thomas au parquet se tait à bouche close.
L' image est advocat, à voir son parlant trait;
Et Thomas n' est sinon portrait de son portrait.

Ronsard.

Sextus is mum; his statue looks with speaking gesture at you:
The statue is the orator, the orator the statue.

W.

CXCVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἀνδρὸς ἀριστεύσαντος ἐν Ἑλλάδι τῶν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ
Ἱππίου Ἀρχεδίκην ἥδε κέκευθε κόνις.
Ἣ πατρός τε, καὶ ἀνδρός, ἀδελφῶν τ' οὖσα τυράννων,
Παίδων τ', οὐκ ἤρθη νοῦν ἐς ἀτασθαλίην.

SIMONIDIS.

Hippia quam genuit laudem virtutis adeptus,
Archedicen isto pulvere terra tegit.
Quæ reges habuit fratresque patremque, virumque
Et natos, nec erat facta superba tamen.

Grotius.

D' Archedice quest' urna il cener serba:
Che figlia e suora fu, consorte e madre
Di re possenti, e pur non fu superba.

Felici.

Imitazione.

Morì Enrichetta Balbo Tapparella,
Donna nobile, dotta, giovin, bella,
E pur non vanerella.

Oligoro.

Archibice, die Gattinn des herrlichsten unter den Griechen,
Hippias Gattinn, ruht hier in verborgener Gruft
Vater und Mann und Brüder und Kinder, waren Beherrscher
Griechenlandes, und sie blieb die Bescheidenheit selbst.

Herder.

Archedice, the daughter of king Hippias,
Who in his time,
Of all the potentates of Greece was prime,
This dust doth hide.
Daughter, wife, sister, mother unto kings she was,
Yet free from pride.

Hobbes.

Of Greeks was Hippias first, while shone his day;
Below Archedice his daughter lies.
Sire, husband, brethren, sons had kingly sway;
But ne'er did pride within her bosom rise.

Sterling.

CXCVIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

'Αΐδη ἀλλιτάνευτε καὶ ἄτροπε, τίπτε τοι οὕτω
Κάλλαισχρον ζωᾶς νήπιον ὠρφάνισας;
Ἔσται μὰν ὅ γε παῖς ἐν δώμασι Φερσεφονείοις
Παίγνιον· ἀλλ' οἴκοι λυγρὰ λέλοιπε πάθη.

INCERTI.

Cur puerum, crudelis inexorabilis Orce,
Callæschrum vita tam cito despolias?
Delicias hunc furva suas Proserpina dicet,
Sed multis causa est fletibus ille domi.

Grotius.

Grabschrift eines Knaben.

Tod, durch Thränen und Flehn unerbittlicher! unsern Adonis,
Unser freundliches Kind, nahmst du so frühe hinweg!
Dort auch von allen geherzt in den Wohnungen Persephoneens
Spielet er: aber daheim liess er unnennbaren Gram.

Voss.

O Death, untouched by ruth, unmoved by prayer,
And could'st thou not our young Callæschrus spare?
The joy of all that pretty babe will be
In realms below, but sad at heart are we.

G. S.

CXCIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Θᾶττον ἔην λευκοὺς κόρακας, πτηνάς τε χελώνας
Εὑρεῖν, ἢ δόκιμον ῥήτορα Καππαδόκην.

LUCIANI.

Ante albos videas corvos, testudo volabit,
Quàm clarum invenies rhetora Cappadocen.

Paulus Stephanus.

Corvi bianchi, e testuggini volanti
Si rinverran più presto
Che un orator di Cappadocia onesto.

M.

When crows are white and tortoises can fly,
Lawyers—in Cappadocia—may rank high.

W.

CC.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Πλέξω λευκόϊον, πλέξω δ' ἁπαλὴν ἅμα μύρτοις
Νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα,
Πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν· ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον
Πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα,
Ὡς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδώρας
Εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

MELEAGRI.

Pallentes violas, et molles texere myrtos,
Junctaque narcisso lilia læta paro;
Adnectamque crocos, ferrugineosque hyacinthos,
Et, sine queis dignum nil fit amore, rosas:
Vertice malobathrum spirantis ut Heliodoræ
Floreat in pulchris apta corona comis.

G. S

Zarten Narcissus will ich mit duftender Myrte verweben;
Lächelnde Lilien auch web' ich mit Veilchen in Kranz.
Lieblichen Krokos auch, und die purpurne Blum' Hyakinthos;
Rosen auch flecht' ich darein, Liebender schmückende Zier;
Dass umschlingend das Haupt, das umduftete, Heliodora's,
Blumen und Blüthen der Kranz streue dem lockigen Haar.

Jacobs.

I'll wreathe white violets, with the myrtle shade
Bind soft narcissus, and amidst them braid
The laughing lily; with whose virgin hue
Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue.
There many a rose shall, interwoven, shed
Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,
And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining
Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining.

Merivale.

I'll twine white violets, and the myrtle green;
Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen;
I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue;
And last I twine the rose, Love's token true:
That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet
To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet.

G. S.

CCI.

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ.

Οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρων
Μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἕλικας,
Οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
Ζανὶ θεοτροφίης πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

PTOLEMÆI.

Me scio mortalem, sed cum volventia cœlo
Contuor, inque suas astra relapsa vias,
Non ultra pedibus tango sola, sed Jovis hospes
Nectare cœlesti pascor, et ambrosia.

Grotius.

L' Astronomo.

So che mortal son io,
Che breve è il viver mio;
Ma se degli astri all' ordine
Sollevo il mio pensier;
M' ergo coi piè dal suolo;
Al ciel mi levo a volo;
In grembo a Dio m' inebbria
L' alma immortal piacer.

Felici.

Mortal io son, mel so; ma il guardo mio
S' io levo agli astri, e i lor gran giri esploro,
Terra co' piè non tocco, e su nel coro
Beato i' cibo ambrosia al par d' un Dio.

Pagnini.

Der Sternseher Ptolemäus.

Sterblich bin ich, und kurzes Lebens; doch wenn ich der Sterne
Bahnen meſſ' und zähl' ihre gedrangete Zahl,
Dann berühret die Erde mein Fuſſ nur; unter den Göttern
Reichet mir Jupiter selbſt seinen unſterblichen Trank.

Herder.

On Astronomy.

Tho' but the being of a day,
When I yon planet's course survey,
This earth I then despise:
Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,
And quaff from an immortal hand
The nectar of the skies.

Ph. Smyth.

CCII.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Γριπεύς τις μογέεσκεν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι· τὸν δ' ἐσιδοῦσα
Εὐκτέανος κούρη θυμὸν ἔκαμνε πόθῳ,
Καί μιν θῆκε σύνευνον. ὁ δ' ἐκ βιότοιο πενιχροῦ
Δέξατο παντοίης ὄγκον ἀγηνορίης.
Ἡ δὲ Τύχη γελόωσα παρίστατο, καὶ ποτὶ Κύπριν,
Οὐ τεὸς οὗτος ἀγών, ἀλλ' ἐμός ἐστιν, ἔφη.

AGATHIÆ.

Captantem misere pisces opulenta puella
Viderat, et visi flagrat amore viri.
Nec mora, quin nubat: sic victu e paupere dives
Omnigenarum illi copia venit opum.
Conversa in Venerem risit Fortuna propinquam,
Et, "Meus hic ludus, non tuus," inquit, "erat."

G. S.

Una donna ricchissima s' accende
D' un pover pescator, e sposo il prende.
Sorride allor Fortuna, e dice: Amore,
Questo non opra il tuo, ma il mio valore.

L Alamanni.

Ein armer Fischer lebte kummervoll;
Ein reiches Mädchen warf ihr Aug' auf ihn,
Nahm ihn zur Eh', und gab ihm all' ihr Gut.
Was folgete? Der Arme ward nun reich,
Der Reiche stolz, der Stolze ein Tyrann.
Sieh, sprach das Glück zur Liebes göttinn, wer
Auf Erden stärker sey, ich oder du?

Herder

A Controversie of a Conquest 'twixt Fortune and Venus.

Whilst fissher kest his line
The hovering fish to hooke,
By hap a rich mans daughter on
The fissher kest hir looke.

Shee fryde with frantick love;
They maride eke at last:
Thus fissher was from lowe estate
In top of treasure plast.

Stoode Fortune by, and smylde:
  How say you, dame? quoth shee
To Venus. Was this conquest yours,
  Or is it due to mee?

Turbervile

Euseia rich in gold and land,
To a poor fisher gave her hand.
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.
Venus, says Fortune, looking sly;
Who play'd this trick, pray, you or I?

Ph Smyth.

CCIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Νυκτικόραξ ᾄδει θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὅταν ᾄσῃ
  Δημόφιλος, θνήσκει καὐτὸς ὁ νυκτικόραξ.

NICARCHI.

Nycticorax cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
  Demophilo auscultans nycticorax moritur.

Sam. Johnson.

Lethum aliis cantu fert strix: strix ipsa canente
  Demophilo lethum sentit adesse suum.

G. S

È altrui del gufo il canto
  Di morte annunziatore;
  Ma se Demofil canta il gufo muore.

M

Eulengesang auf dem Hause zu nacht bringt Tod dem Bewohner;
  Aber Demophilos Sang bringet der Eule den Tod.

Jacobs.

'Tis said that certain death awaits
  The raven's nightly cry;
But at the sound of Cymon's voice
  The very ravens die.

Merivale.

The screech-owl sings; death follows at her cries:
Demophilus strikes up; the screech-owl dies.

W.

CCIV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἀρτέμιδος τόδ' ἄγαλμα, διηκόσιαι δ' ἄρ ὁ μισθὸς
Δραχμαὶ ταὶ Πάριαι, τῶν ἐπίσημα τράγος·
Ἀσκητὸς δ' ἐποίησεν Ἀθηναίης παλάμῃσιν
Ἄξιος Ἀρχεσίλας υἱὸς Ἀριστοδίκου.

SIMONIDIS.

Dianæ effigies hæc est; Pariasque ducentas
Demeruit drachmas, signa notante capro.
Fecit et in studiis versatus et arte Minervæ
Dignus Aristodico filius Arcesilas.

G. B.

Hier ist Artemis Bild. Zweyhundert der parischen Drachmen
Mit dem Gepräge des Bocks wurden dem Künstler zum Lohn.
Sie schuf Arkesilas, Aristodikos würdiger Sprössling,
Welchen Tritonias Hand selber gebildet zur Kunst.

Jacobs.

On a Statue of Artemis.

This Artemis two hundred drachmas cost
Of Paros, those that bear the goat embossed.
Arcesilas, Aristodicus' son,
Wrought it, as fair as by Athene done.

Sterling.

CCV.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Οὐ φίλος, ὃς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλέῳ οἰνοποτάζων
Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυόεντα λέγει·
Ἀλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης
Συμμίσγων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκεται εὐφροσύνης.

ANACREONTIS.

Non placet ille mihi, qui lites sævaque bella,
Dum spumant Bromio pocula rore, crepat:
Sed qui Pieridum Cythereæ munera miscens
Muneribus, læto tempore læta canit.

Grotius.

Nicht lieb ist mir der Mann, wenn einer beym schäumenden Becher
Thränenerregenden Krieg, Hader und Schlachten erwähnt.
Aber wol, welcher der Musen und Kypriens strahlende Gaben
Einend, der lieblichen Lust frohen Genusses gedenkt.

Jacobs.

On Company.

I ne'er can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Muses joins.

Fawkes.

No friend is he to social joy,
Who these gay moments would destroy,
By tales of martial woe;
But he, who with a toast and song
The sportive pleasures shall prolong,
Which from yon goblet flow.

Ph. Smyth.

When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream,
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower:
Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

T. Moore.

CCVI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Τοὺς πόδας εἰ Κρατερὸς καὶ τὰς χέρας εἶχ' ὁλοκλήρους,
Οὐκ ἄρα τὴν κεφαλὴν εἶχε, τοιαῦτα γράφων.

LUCILLII.

Forte pedes habuit Craterus cum scriberet ista,
Forte manus: verum cor, puto, non habuit.

Grotius.

Se Cratero ebbe mani
E piedi interi e sani,
Non par però che avesse punto testa,
Avendo scritto roba come questa.

W.

I dare say Craterus had hands and feet
Sound and complete,
But not a head, at least with brains enough,
Writing such stuff.

W.

CCVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰ ταχὺς εἰς τὸ φαγεῖν, καὶ πρὸς δρόμον ἀμβλὺς ὑπάρχεις,
Τοῖς ποσί σου τρῶγε, καὶ τρέχε τῷ στόματι.

LUCIANI.

Manducare celer cum sis, et currere tardus,
Manduca pedibus, curre sed ore tuo.

Grotius.

Se a mangiar voli, e a correr tanto stenti,
Mangia dunque co' piè, corri co' denti.

Roncalli.

Auf einen unnützen Bedienten.

Im Essen bist du schnell, im Gehen bist du faul.
Iss mit den Füssen, Freund, und nimm zum Gehn das Maul.

Lessing.

So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat,
You should march with your mouth, and devour with your feet.

Anon. Translations from Lessing. 1825.

You eat fast and run slow: now you'll win more applause,
If you eat like your paces, but *go* like your jaws.

W.

CCVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Μή με τάφῳ σύγκρινε τὸν Ἕκτορα, μηδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Μέτρει τὸν πάσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον.
Ἰλιάς, αὐτὸς Ὅμηρος ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλάς, Ἀχαιοὶ
Φεύγοντες· τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐχωννύμεθα.
Εἰ δ' ὀλίγην ἀθρεῖς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ κόνιν, οὐκ ἐμοὶ αἶσχος·
Ἑλλήνων ἐχθραῖς χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.

INCERTI.

Hectora parce sui spatio conferre sepulchri,
Nam par Grajugenum millibus unus eram.
Ilias, et Vates, et versis Græcia turmis,
Hic rogus, his cunctis sum sepelitus ego;
Turpe nec est, parvâ si contumulamur arenâ:
Hostilis posuit nostra sepulchra manus.

G. S.

Schätze nicht Hektors Werth nach dem Grab hier; oder vergleiche
  Hellas rüstigen Feind mit dem umhüllenden Staub.
Hektors Mal ist Homer und die Ilias, und der Achaier
  Flucht. Dieß alles erhebt mir sich als dauerndes Mal.
Siehst du mich dürftig mit Erde bedeckt, mir ist es ein Schimpf nicht;
  Feindlicher Danaer Hand deckte des Feindes Gebein.

Jacobs.

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave:
This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave.
The Iliad, Homer, Greece and Greeks that fled,
These are my tomb; all these enshrine me dead.
Mock not, if scant the dust that o'er me lies:
The foeman's hand performed our obsequies.

G. S.

CCIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τόξα τάδε πτολέμοιο πεπαυμένα δακρυόεντος
* Νηῷ 'Αθηναίης κεῖται ὑπωρόφια,*
Πολλάκι δὴ στονόεντα κατὰ κλόνον ἐν δαΐ φωτῶν
* Περσῶν ἱππομάχων αἵματι λουσάμενα.*

SIMONIDIS.

Hæc postquam sævum requierunt spicula Martem
  Pulcher Palladia servat in æde tholus,
Quæ prius, adversæ cum certavere phalanges,
  Sæpe suo tinxit sanguine Medus eques.

Grotius.

Rastend von Thränenerregender Schlacht, in dem Tempel Athenens,
  Unter dem hohen Gewölb lieget der Pfeile Geschoß.
Vormals haben sie sich in dem stöhnenden Drange der Feldschlacht,
  Oft mit dem purpurnen Blut Persischer Reiter gefärbt.

Jacobs

No longer bent in deadly fight, these bows
Beneath Minerva's sacred vaults repose:
Wielded in many a battle-rout, they lie
Bathed in the blood of Persian cavalry.

W.

CCX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ναυτίλε, μὴ πεύθου τίνος ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὅδ' εἰμὶ,
'Αλλ' αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστοτέρου.

INCERTI.

Nauta, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro;
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Sam. Johnson.

Non cercar, navigante,
Di chi la tomba io sia,
Ma aver più mite il mar sorte ti dia.

M.

Frag', o Schiffender, nicht, wess Grab du so eben vorbeyfährst.
Mögest du selber dich nur milderer Fluthen erfreun.

Jacobs.

Seek not, o mariner, to learn whose tomb it is you see;
But to yourself may ocean prove more gentle than to me.

W.

CCXI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Τὸν πτανὸν 'Ερμᾶν, τὸν θεῶν ὑπηρέταν,
Τὸν 'Αρκάδων ἄνακτα, τὸν βοηλάταν,
'Εστῶτα τῶνδε γυμνασίων ἐπίσκοπον,
'Ο νυκτικλέπτας Αὖλος εἶπε βαστάσας·
Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων.

LUCILLII.

Cœli ministrum, nuncium alatum Jovis,
Regem Arcadum, dolosum abactorem boum,
Certaminum ipsum præsidem, et furum Deum,
De nocte suffuratus Aulus sic ait:
Superant magistrum sæpe discipuli suum.

T. Farnaby.

Hermem Deorum nuncium pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palæstræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait:
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Sam. Johnson

La nuit, ce Dieu subtil, ce Dieu larron, Mercure,
Qui préside aux larrons, qui des larrons a cure,
Dans les mains d' un larron lui-même alla tombant,
Lequel, plus fin que lui, voulant lors apparoitre,
L' emporta sur son dos, et dit, en se gabant:
Maint disciple voit-on, qui surpasse son maitre.

Pierre le Loyer.

When Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,
And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster;
Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

W. Cowper.

Hermes the volatile, Arcady's president,
Lacquey of deities, robber of herds,
In this gymnasium constantly resident,
Light-fingered Aulus bore off with these words:
"Many a scholar, by travelling faster
On learning's high-road, runs away with his master."

G. C. S.

CCXII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Μέχρι τίνος, Προδίκη, παρακλαύσομαι; ἄχρι τίνος σε
Γουνάσομαι, στερεή, μηδὲν ἀκουόμενος;
Ἤδη καὶ λευκαί σοι ἐπισκιρτῶσιν ἔθειραι,
Καὶ τάχα μοι δώσεις, ὡς Ἑκάβη Πριάμῳ.

RUFINUS.

Quo vis usque fleam, Prodice, genubusque residens
Fundam, quas surda rejicis aure preces?
Jam circumsiliunt albi tua tempora crines;
Sic Hecuba ut Priamo, jam mihi credo, dabis.

Grotius.

How long, stern Prodice, shall tears
Not reach thine heart, or prayers thine ears?—
Gray hairs peep forth! Think'st thou I'd have
What Hecuba to Priam gave?

W.

CCXIII.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, τινὲς δὲ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Εἰμὶ Μέθη τὸ γλύμμα σοφῆς χερός, ἐν δ' ἀμεθύστῳ
Γέγλυμμαι· τέχνης δ' ἡ λίθος ἀλλοτρίη.
'Αλλὰ Κλεοπάτρης ἱερὸν κτέαρ· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάσσης
Χειρὶ θεὸν νήφειν καὶ μεθύουσαν ἔδει.

ASCLEPIADIS, VEL ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Ebrietas ego sum, qui fert lapis est amethystus:
Ingenio gemmæ dessidet artis opus.
Sed quia me Cleopatra tenet, Dea concita vino
Est in reginæ sobria facta manu.

Grotius.

The face that sculptur'd here you see
Is of the nymph Ebriety.
The cunning artist his design
Imbedded in no kindred shrine,
A pure and lucid amethyst.
Yet think not so his aim he miss'd:
Pure to the pure are things divine:
In Cleopatra's royal hands,
Unconscious of the power of wine,
Sober'd the tipsy goddess stands.

Merivale.

CCXIV.

ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ.

'Ιχθύσι καὶ ποταμῷ Κλειτώνυμον ἐχθρὸς ὅμιλος
'Ωσεν, ὅτ' εἰς ἄκρην ἦλθε τυραννοφόνος,
'Αλλὰ Δίκα μιν ἔθαψεν· ἀποσπασθεῖσα γὰρ ὄχθη
Πᾶν δέμας ἐς κορυφὴν ἐκ ποδὸς ἐκτέρισεν·
Κεῖται δ' οὐχ ὑδάτεσσι διάβροχος· αἰδομένα δὲ
Γᾶ κεύθει τὸν ἑᾶς ὅρμον ἐλευθερίας.

BIANORIS.

Te captum in media, Clitonyme, cæde tyranni
Piscibus, et fluvio gens inimica dabat:
Non tulit invidiam tantam Deus arbiter æqui,
Ripaque te totum lapsa repente tegit.
Non igitur vir fortis aquis agitabere: justa
Pro libertatis vindice fecit humus.

Grotius.

Lo, to the fishes and the stream a murd'rous band hath roll'd
Clitonymus, who came to slay the tyrant in his hold.
But Justice found him burial; for the crumbling bank gave way,
Duly to shroud from head to foot the hero as he lay.
And now the waters drench him not: the land envelopes there
The refuge of her liberties with reverential care.

W.

CCXV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τὸν βίον, Ἡράκλειτε, πολὺ πλέον ἤπερ ὅτ' ἔζης,
Δάκρυε· νῦν ὁ βίος ἐστ' ἐλεεινότερος.
Τὸν βίον ἄρτι γέλα, Δημόκριτε, τὸ πλέον ἢ πρίν·
Νῦν ὁ βίος πάντων ἐστὶ γελοιότερος.
Εἰς ὑμέας δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὁρῶν, τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ,
Πῶς ἅμα σοὶ κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοὶ γελάσω.

INCERTI.

Democrite, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum sæcula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lachrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lachrymare jubet.

Sam. Johnson.

Heraclit, wie würdest du jetzt das Leben beweinen,
Kämst du wieder zurück in die geplagtere Welt!
Und Democritus du, wie würdest jetzo du lachen,
Kämst du wieder zurück in die bethörtere Welt!
Ich steh' vor euch beyden und sinne, wie ich mit Weisheit
Jetzt bedauren und jetzt könne belachen die Welt.

Herder.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth!
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn!
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

Prior.

CCXVI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Οὐκ ἐμέ, τὴν πενίην δὲ καθύβρισας· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς
Ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχὸς, καὐτὸς ἔπασχεν ὕβριν.

PALLADÆ.

Pauperiem feriunt, non me, tua probra: Jovique,
Si foret in terris pauper, idem faceres.

Grotius.

Vous outragez, qui? moi? Non, mais la pauvreté.
Pauvre sur terre, un dieu se verrait insulté.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Mich verachtest du nicht; die Armuth schmähest du in mir;
Wäre Jupiter arm, wär' er geachtet wie ich.

Herder.

'Tis on Poverty only, but not upon me
That your insolence leaves any trace:
If Jove were a beggar on earth, even he
Would share in a beggar's disgrace.

W.

CCXVII.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρείοντος ἀνδριάντα.

Θᾶσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον, ὦ ξένε,
Σπουδᾷ, καὶ λέγ', ἐπὰν ἐς οἶκον ἔνθῃς·
Ἀνακρέοντος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τέῳ,
Τῶν πρόσθ' εἴ τι περισσὸν ᾠδοποιῶν.
Προσθεὶς δὲ χὤτι τοῖς νέοισιν ἅδετο,
Ἐρεῖς ἀτρεκέως ὅλον τὸν ἄνδρα.

THEOCRITI.

Attentis oculis imaginem, hospes,
Hanc, quæso, inspicias, domum ut reversus
Dicas: Effigiem ipse Anacreontis
Vidi, cui, veterum quod arte vatum
Cunque illustrius exstitit, secundum est.
Quod si dixeris insuper, juventâ
Gaudebat, reliquum est nihil quod addas.

G. S.

Deh fisa in questo simulacro i rai,
  Ospite, e dì quando a tua casa torni:
  D' Anacreonte il volto in Teo mirai,
  Buon vate s' altri v' ebbe a' prischi giorni;
  E se aggiugni che ancor prendea diletto
  De' garzoni, di lui tutto avrai detto.

Francesco Negri.

Stranger who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
And you may say, returning to your home,
  "I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
  Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then if you add, "That striplings loved him well,"
You tell them all he was and aptly tell.

Moore.

With eye attentive, traveller, survey
This effigy, and home returning say,
"Anacreon's form at Teos I beheld,
Most glorious he of all the bards of eld;"
If thou dost add to this, "he joyed in youth,"
The whole truth shalt thou tell, and nought but truth.

G. S.

CCXVIII.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ἡσιόδου ποτὲ βίβλον ἐμαῖς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἑλίσσων,
  Πύῤῥην ἐξαπίνης εἶδον ἐπερχομένην.
Βίβλον δὲ ῥίψας ἐπὶ γῆν χερί, ταῦτ' ἐβόησα,
  Ἔργα τί μοι παρέχεις, ὦ γέρον Ἡσίοδε;

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Cum legerem libros, quos scripsit pastor ab Ascra,
  Spectandam subito se mihi Pyrrha dedit.
Excidit e digitis Operum pater atque Dierum:
  Hoc te, clamo, Die nil Opus Hesiodo est.

Grotius.

Of late, perusing Hesiod's *Works and Days*,
Advancing Pyrrha met my raptur'd gaze.
I dropp'd the book, and cried for all to hear:
'Hence with thy *works*, on *days* when Pyrrha's near!'

J. W. B.

CCXIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτεις, τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔποτε βάψεις,
Οὐδὲ παρειάων ἐκτανύσεις ῥυτίδας.
Μὴ τοίνυν τὸ πρόσωπον ἅπαν ψιμύθῳ κατάπλαττε,
Ὥστε προσωπεῖον, κοὐχὶ πρόσωπον ἔχειν.
Οὐδὲν γὰρ πλέον ἐστί. τί μαίνεαι; οὔποτε φῦκος
Καὶ ψίμυθος τεύξει τὴν Ἑκάβην Ἑλένην.

LUCIANI.

Sæpe caput tingis, nunquam tinctura senectam,
Nunquam rugosas explicitura genas.
Desine jam faciem stibio depingere totam,
Persona est etenim tunc tibi, non facies.
Nil habes hinc lucri; quæ est hæc dementia? Fucus
Et color haud Hecubam fecerit unquam Helenam.

Agesilaus Mariscottus.

Lisciati quanto vuoi; le chiome tingi;
Le gote, il labbro, il sen pingi e ripingi;
D' un' Ecuba non mai
Un' Elena farai.

Roncalli.

Färbe nur immer das Haupt, doch färbest du nimmer des Alter,
Noch auch glättest du je Runzeln den Wangen hinweg.
Lass doch also, das ganze Gesicht dir zu Kalchen mit Bleyweiss,
Wass kein neues Gesicht, sondern nur Maske dir gibt.
Warlich es frommet dir nicht. Was mühst du dich? Nimmer geschieht es,
Dass durch Weiss und Roth Hekabe Helena wird.

Jacobs.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair;
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil;
No labour will efface 'em;
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
  Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
  Old Hecuba young Helen.

W. Cowper.

CCXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Μένανδρον.

Αὐταί σοι στομάτεσσιν ἀνηρείψαντο μέλισσαι
  Ποικίλα Μουσάων ἄνθεα δρεψάμεναι·
Αὐταὶ καὶ Χάριτές σοι ἐδωρήσαντο, Μένανδρε,
  Στωμύλον εὐτυχίην, δράμασιν ἐνθέμεναι.
Ζώεις εἰς αἰῶνα· τὸ δὲ κλέος ἐστὶν Ἀθήναις
  Ἐκ σέθεν, οὐρανίων ἁπτόμενον νεφέων.

INCERTI.

Infudere tibi nectar de floribus ortum,
  Pieridum campos quæ populantur apes:
Sermonis facilem, qualem vult fabula, ductum
  Gratia donavit trina, Menandre, tibi.
Perpetuum vives. Quæ de te surgit Athenis
  Gloria, cœlestes venit ad usque domos.

Grotius.

Viel buntfarbiger Blumen Gewächs aus dem Garten der Musen
  Brachten, Menandros, dir Bienen zur lieblichen Kost:
Reizende Gaben verliehn dir die Chariten; Fülle des Witzes,
  Anmuth, süsses Geschwätz, schenkten sie deinem Gedicht.
Dauerndes Leben ist dein dir dafür; und es wächst der Athener
  Strahlender Ruhm durch dich bis zu den Wolken empor.

Jacobs.

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung
To taste the Muses spring upon thy tongue;
The very Graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit.
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,
And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

Anon. Spectator.

CCXXI.

ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΥ.

'Ιξῷ καὶ καλάμοισιν ἀπ' ἠέρος αὐτὸν ἔφερβεν
Εὔμηλος, λιτῶς, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐλευθερίῃ.
Οὔποτε δ' ὀθνείην ἔκυσεν χέρα γαστρὸς ἕκητι·
Τοῦτο τρυφὴν κείνῳ, τοῦτ' ἔφερ' εὐφροσύνην.
Τρὶς δὲ τριηκοστὸν ζήσας ἔτος ἐνθάδ' ἰαύει,
Παισὶ λιπὼν ἰξόν, καὶ πτερά, καὶ καλάμους.

ISIDORI, ÆGEATÆ.

Qui calamo et visco quærebat ab aëre victum
Eumelus, cui res parca, sed ingenua,
Ventris ut imperio nulli daret oscula dextræ,
Vivere sic illi luxus, opesque fuit;
Post bis lustra novem jacet hic, natosque reliquit
Hæredes plumæ, glutinis et calami.

Grotius.

Con vischio il buon Eumelo e con verghette
Il parco vitto suo dall' aere trasse,
Parco invero, ma libero vivette;
Nè mai pel ventre empir, la mano altrui
Inchinossi a baciar: ed in tal vita
Trovò sua gioia ed i diletti sui.
Ei campò novant' anni, e chiuse i cigli,
Vischio, verghe e zimbel lasciando ai figli.

M.

Imitazione.

Da un navicel, dall' amo e dalle nasse
Scarsi alimenti, ma sicuri e queti
Per novant' anni Egïaleo ritrasse.
Libertà fu sua gioia: or qui si giace;
E a' figli suoi lasciò l' amo e le reti,
L' onde amiche e la sua libera pace.

Ugo Foscolo.

Lebend erhielt mit der Beute der Luft, mit dem Rohr und dem Leim sich
Eulochos; spärlich fürwahr, aber mit freyem Gemüth;
Niemals küssend dem Reichen die Hand, um den Magen zu füllen;
Diess war Freude für ihn, dieses ein heitrer Genuss.
Dreymal dreyssig Sommer verlebt' er so. Nun er im Grab ruht,
Lässt er den Kindern den Leim, Ruthen und Vögel zurück.

Jacobs.

With reeds and bird-lime, from the desert air
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His reeds bequeath'd, his bird-lime, and his snares.

W. Cowper.

CCXXII.

ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ.

Ἔρωτα παύει λιμός· εἰ δὲ μή, χρόνος.
Ἐὰν δὲ μηδὲ ταῦτα τὴν φλόγα σβέσῃ,
Θεραπεία σοι τὸ λοιπὸν ἠρτήσθω βρόχος.

CRATETIS.

Fames amorem sedat, aut sedat dies:
Quod si nec istis flamma cedat contumax,
Medicina restat laqueus extrema loco.

Grotius.

Posson d' amore alla follía por modo
  O la fame od il tempo,
  E se questi non vagliono, c' è il nodo.

M.

Qui peut guérir l' amour?—La faim, le temps.
— Mais si l' amour résiste à ces calmants?
— Reste un remède, ami, qui n' est pas tendre,
Mais il est sûr.—Quel est-il?—De te pendre.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

A catholick medicine to cure the passion of love.

Hard fare will famish love; if that not doe,
Time and long absence will impaire thy woe:
View others beauties; if that will not speed,
Then take a halter; that will do the deed.

S. Sheppard.

Fasting or length of time love's fires will chill;
If that won't do the work, a halter will.

W Baxter.

Hunger perhaps may cure your love,
  Or time your passion greatly alter;
If both should unsuccessful prove,
  I strongly recommend a halter.

Sayers.

CCXXIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Πλάτωνα.

A. Αἰετέ, τίπτε βέβηκας ὑπὲρ τάφον, ἢ τίνος, εἰπέ,
Ἀστερόεντα Θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπέεις ;
B. Ψυχῆς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὄλυμπον
Εἰκών, σῶμα δὲ γῆ γηγενὲς Ἀτθὶς ἔχει.

INCERTI.

Quid monumenta super, volucrum regina, volasti?
Tu mihi dic superûm quam tueare domum?
Diva ego sublati in cœlum feror umbra Platonis,
At corpus terrenum Attica servat humus.

Ambrosius Camald.

Viandante e Aquila.

V. Perchè su questa tomba, aquila, stai,
E all' eterna magione
Tieni rivolti immobilmente i rai?
A. Dell' alma di Platone
L' immago io son, che al ciel disciolse il volo:
Suo terren manto ha sol l' Attico suolo.

Pagnini.

Göttlicher Adler, warum stehst du, dem Himmel entflogen
Hier auf dem Grab und schaust kühn zu den Sternen hinauf?
"Plato's Seele bild' ich dir vor: sie flog zu den Sternen;
Nur den heiligen Leib decket das Attische Grab."

Herder.

Adler, weshalb zum bestirnten Pallast der Unsterblichen schauend,
Sitzest du hier? und wen, sage, bedecket das Grab?

Adler.

Platon's Seele bezeichnet der Aar, die hier zum Olympos
Aufflog; aber der Leib blieb in dem Attischen Land.

Jacobs.

Spirit of Plato.

Eagle! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-y-paven home
Floatest thou?
I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven: Athens does inherit
His corpse below.

Shelley.

Why, eagle, o'er the tomb thus hovering fly?
Or on what starry dwelling in the sky
Is thy far vision stayed?
The imaged soul of Plato to Jove's throne
I soar aloft: his earth-born limbs alone
In Attic earth are laid.

T. P. R.

CCXXIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Πλουτεῖν φασί σε πάντες, ἐγὼ δέ σε φημὶ πένεσθαι·
Χρῆσις γὰρ πλούτου μάρτυς, Ἀπολλόφανες.
Ἂν μετέχῃς αὐτῶν σύ, σὰ γίγνεται· ἂν δὲ φυλάττῃς
Κληρονόμοις, ἀπὸ νῦν γίγνεται ἀλλότρια.

INCERTI.

Sis aliis dives: certe mihi pauper haberis:
Divitias usus monstrat, Apollophanes.
Uteris ipse bonis? tua sunt: hæredibus autem
Quæ servas jam nunc hæc aliena puto.

Grotius.

A Luc.

Chacun estime pour ton bien
Que tu es riche à l' avantage:
Mais tu es pauvre, et le soustien.
Qu' ainsi soit, de ton bien l' usage
M' en est suffisant témoignage.
Qui a des biens en sa puissance,
S' il s' en donne la jouïssance,
Vraiment, Luc, les biens sont à luy:
Mais à toy n' est pas la chevance,
Que tu épargnes pour autruy.

Baif.

They call thee rich; I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

W. Cowper.

Men say that you are rich, but I refuse
That name for wealth which you do never use.
What you enjoy is your's, but what for heirs
You hoard, no longer can be your's, but their's.

E. S.

CCXXV.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ.

Γηράσκει καὶ χαλκὸς ὑπὸ χρόνου· ἀλλὰ σὸν οὔτι
Κῦδος ὁ πᾶς αἰών, Διόγενες, καθελεῖ·
Μοῦνος γὰρ βιοτῆς αὐτάρκεα δόξαν ἔδειξας
Θνητοῖς, καὶ ζωῆς οἶμον ἐλαφροτάτην.

ANTIPHILI.

Tempore fit vetus æs, sed et ære perennior ipso
Laus tua, Diogenes, tempus in omne manet.
Tranquillum vitæ cursum modicoque beatum
Quod nos callemus, consilii omne tui est.

T. F.

Copper decays with time, but thy renown,
Diogenes, no age shall e'er take down:
For thou alone hast taught us not to need,
By thinking that we don't: and hast us freed
From cares; and shew'd the easy way to life.

W. Baxter.

E'en brass, Diogenes, to time gives place;
But with thy praise time shall out-run its race.
'Twas thine frugality's best wealth to shew,
And man instruct life's easier ways to know.

T. F.

CCXXVI.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εὐβοίης γένος ἐσμὲν Ἐρετρικόν, ἄγχι δὲ Σούσων
Κείμεθα· φεῦ, γαίης ὅσσον ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.

PLATONIS.

Euboici sumus hic prope Susa: at Eretria nostris
Ossibus heu procul, heu dulcis abest patria!

G. F. D. T.

Sanguine Eretriaco creti, prope Susa jacemus,
Euboici, heu nostra quam procul a patria!

W.

Kinder Euböas sind wir Eretrier; nahe bey Susa
Liegen wir; ach, wie so fern, heimische Fluren von euch!

Jacobs.

Eretrians of Eubœa we are laid in Susa's earth;
Alas! at what a distance from the land that gave us birth!

W.

CCXXVII.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

Πρὸς σοφίᾳ μὲν ἔχειν τόλμαν μάλα σύμφορόν ἐστι·
Χωρὶς δὲ βλάβερὴ καὶ κακότητα φέρει.

EVENI.

Audendum est: multum, si sit sapientia, prodest;
Hac sine, causa mali plurima, causa probri.

W.

Ardir con senno, giovamento e frutto,
Ma senza senno, reca ambascia e lutto.

Pagnini.

È ardir giunto a saggezza utile assai:
Egli reca altramente e danno e guai.

M.

Kühnheit, wenn sie sich eint mit der Weisheit, bringet dir Segen;
Wandelt sie aber allein, folget Verderben ihr nach.

Jacobs.

With wisdom, daring is great gain:
Without, it brings disgrace and bane.

G. S.

CCXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Μήτηρ υἷα λιπόντα μάχην μετὰ πότμον ἑταίρων
Ἔκτανεν, ὠδίνων μνῆστιν ἀνηναμένη.
Καὶ γὰρ γνήσιον αἷμα διακρίνει Λακεδαίμων
Ἀλκῇ μαρναμένων, οὐ γενεῇ βρέφεων.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Occidit profugum sociorum ex funere natum
Mater; et hos partus abnuit esse suos.
Sic placuit Spartæ, veram dignoscere prolem:
Virtus ingenuos, non genus, esse docet.

G. F. D. T.

A Spartan, his companion slain,
Alone from battle fled;
His mother, kindling with disdain
That she had borne him, struck him dead;
For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta, testifies a son!

W. Cowper.

CCXXIX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Ὥριος εἷλε σε παστάς, ἀώριος εἷλέ σε τύμβος,
Εὐθαλέων Χαρίτων ἄνθος, Ἀναστασίη.
Σοὶ γενέτης, σοὶ πικρὰ πόσις κατὰ δάκρυα λείβει,
Σοὶ τάχα καὶ πορθμεὺς δακρυχέει νεκύων.
Οὐ γὰρ ὅλον λυκάβαντα διήνυσας ἄγχι συνεύνου,
Ἀλλ' ἑκκαιδεκέτιν, φεῦ, κατέχει σε τάφος.

JULIANI.

Nacta torum matura, sed immatura sepulcrum,
Gratia mortales inter Anastasie;
Heu tibi dat lachrymas pater, infelixque maritus,
Credo dat et Stygii portitor ipse lacus.
Unus conjugii nondum transiverat annus;
Hic tu sex annos nata decemque jaces.

Grotius.

Thine, Laura, thou, of every grace the bloom!
Were timely spousal, and untimely tomb.
Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband shed;
In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.
Scarce one short year to marriage-joys allow'd,
Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in thy shroud.

Wrangham.

CCXXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τὸν παχὺν εὖ ἔγραψεν ὁ ζωγράφος· ἀλλ' ἀπόλοιτο,
Εἰ δύο μισητοὺς ἀνθ' ἑνὸς ὀψόμεθα.

INCERTI.

Hunc pinguem pictor posuit bene: sed male vortat;
Cernere erit pestes, quæ fuit una, duas.

Grotius.

Tam bene qui Rufum pinxit, pereat male pictor:
Olim unum, lædunt nunc duo monstra oculos.

Cunichius.

Pera il pittore infesto
Che sì ben pinse le fattezze tue:
Eraci un mostro al mondo; eccone due.

Roncalli.

Celui qui peignit ton visage,
A si bien fait que ton image
Lui ressemble admirablement.
Iris, c' est ton désavantage :
Te voila laide doublement.

De Cailly.

The likeness, hang the artist, is so true!
Instead of one fat brute, we now see two.

W.

CCXXXI.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ.

Ἀρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, τὰν ἐκ Κολοφῶνος ἑταῖραν,
Ἇς καὶ ἐπὶ ῥυτίδων ὁ γλυκὺς ἕζετ' Ἔρως.
Ἀ νέον ἥβης ἄνθος ἀποδρέψαντες, ἐρασταί,
Πρωτοβόλου, δι' ὅσης ἤλθετε πυρκαΐῆς.

ASCLEPIADIS.

Archeanassa mihi civis Colophonos amica est,
Cujus et in rugis dulce resedit amor.
Qui juvenis florem, juvenes, carpsistis amantes,
Per quem transistis, quantus is ignis erat?

Grotius.

Archeanassa, quell' amica or io
Tengo da Colofon, sulle cui rughe
Ancor sta crudo il pargoletto Dio.
Amanti, che n' avete il novel fiore
Dell' età colto che mettea le prime
Bocce, per quanto mai passaste ardore!

Pompei.

L' aimable Arquéanasse a mérité ma foi.
Elle a des rides, mais je voi
Une troupe d' amours se jouer dans ses rides.
Vous qui pûtes la voir avant que ses appas
Eussent du cours des ans reçu ces petits vuides,
Ah! que ne souffrites vous pas?

Fontenelle.

Archeanassa's my ówn one, the sweet courtesan Colophónian,
E'en from her wrinkles I feel Love's irresistible steel!
O ye wretches, whose húnger was raised for her when she was yoúnger!
Through what flames, alás! must she have forced you to páss!

Benj. Dann Walsh.

CCXXXII.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Αὐτόμαται δειλαὶ ποτὶ ταὔλιον αἱ βόες ἦλθον
Ἐξ ὄρεος, πολλῇ νιφόμεναι χιόνι.
Αἴ, αἴ, Θηρίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυΐ τὸν μακρὸν εὕδει
Ὕπνον· ἐκοιμήθη δ' ἐκ πυρὸς οὐρανίου.

DIOTIMI VEL LEONIDÆ.

Ad stabulum, sed sponte sua, de monte redibant
Hiberno gelidæ de nivis imbre boves.
Eheu, Therimachus sub quercu nocte quiescit
Perpetua, sacro tactus ab igne Jovis.

Grotius.

Sparso di neve e pavido l'armento
Riede soletto or che sul monte steso
Giace, qual uom da cupo sonno preso,
Terimaco da strale etereo spento.

Pagnini.

Furchtsam eilte die Heerde mit kalter Flocke beschneiet !
Von den Bergen ; der Hirt folgte der Heerde nicht mehr.
Ach Therimachus schläft hier seinen ewigen Schlummer,
Unter der Eiche, wo ihn Feuer des Himmels traf.

Herder.

Covered with snow, the herd (with none to guide)
Came to the stall adown the mountain's side :
But ah, Therimachus beneath the oak
Slept the long sleep from which he ne'er awoke,
Lull'd to his slumber by the lightning's stroke !

J. W. B.

CCXXXIII.

ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ.

Οὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμιον μέλος ἀγχόθι ταύτας
Ἁρμόζῃ βλωθρᾶς, Θηρίμαχε, πλατάνου·
Οὐδέ σευ ἐκ καλάμων κεραοὶ βόες ἁδὺ μέλισμα
Δέξονται, σκιερᾷ πὰρ δρυῒ κεκλιμένου.
Ὤλεσε γὰρ πρηστήρ σε κεραύνιος· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μάνδραν
Ὀψὲ βόες νιφετῷ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.

ERYCII.

Non posthac silvestre canet tibi fistula, fuso
  Hujus sub platani tegmine Therimacho;
Nec tua mulcebunt quercus sub fronde jacentis
  Carmina cornigeras corpora fessa boves.
Tu cadis igne Jovis: sero rediere juvencæ
  Ad stabula, et multa permaduere nive.

Grotius.

Hanc prope proceram platanum tua, Tityre, posthac
  Non dabit agrestes fistula nota modos;
Nec capient, quercu te sub pendente repôsto,
  Suave tuum placida nunc melos aure boves.
Fulmine tactus eras: rediit, sed vespere sero,
  Et nivis impulsu, te sine, triste pecus.

G. B.

Ahi misero Terimacho!
  Non più di mele aspersi,
  Sotto un eccelso platano
  Andrai cantando versi;
Nè sotto quercia ombrifera
  Ad ascoltarti intenti
  Verran, lasciando i pascoli,
  I vagabondi armenti.
Ah! tu se' morto. Un fulmine,
  Che scagliò Giove, t' arse:
  Le vacche a notte riedono
  Di neve il tergo sparse.

Felici.

Nicht mehr stimmst du hinfort, Therimachos, unter des hohen
  Platanos Laubdach hier ländliche Flöten zum Lied.
Nicht mehr lauschet dem lieblichen Ton von den Rohren das Hornvieh
  Weidend umher; nicht mehr ruhst an der Eiche du selbst.
Denn dich traf aus den Wolken der Blitz; und es kehrten die Kinder
  Eilend im stöbernden Schnee spät zu den Ställen zurück.

Jacobs.

O never more, beside this lofty plane,
Therimachus, thou'lt pipe thy pastoral strain:
The herd no more will drink thy soft sweet song,
Stretch'd in the oak-tree's shadow all along.
Thou wert by lightning stricken! 'Mid a fall
Of snow, thy herd benighted gain'd the stall.

J. W. B.

CCXXXIV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ.

Αἶαν ὅλην νήσους τε διΐπταμένη σὺ χελιδὼν,
Μηδείης γραπτῇ πυκτίδι νοσσοτροφεῖς.
Ἔλπῃ δ' ὀρταλίχων πίστιν σέο τήνδε φυλάξειν
Κολχίδα, μηδ' ἰδίων φεισαμένην τεκέων ;

LEONIDÆ ALEXANDRINI.

Medeæ statua est, misella hirundo,
Sub qua nidificas. Tuosne credas
Huic natos, rogo, quæ suos necavit?

Politianus.

Colchidos in gremio nidum quid congeris? eheu!
Nescia cui pullos tam malè credis, avis.
Dira parens Medæa suos sævissima natos
Perdidit; et speras parcat ut illa tuis?

Andr. Alciatus.

Rondinella, che scorso hai tanti lidi,
Perchè a Medea, perchè, tuo nido affidi?
Come puoi tu sperar che a' figli tuoi
Tenga fede costei che ancise i suoi?

Pagnini.

In questo quadro infido
Ov' è Medea, tu vuoi
Far, rondinella, il nido?
Salverà dunque i tuoi
Chi uccise i figli suoi?

Roncalli.

Gute Schwalbe, du flogst durch weite Länder und Inseln;
Und nun nistest du hier auf der Medea Gebild?
Traust ihr deine Kinder noch unbefiedert, und hoffest,
Dass sie den Fremdlingen sey, was sie den Ihren nicht war?

Herder.

Länder und Inseln und Meer durchschweiftest du zwitchernde Schwalbe,
Und nun haust du das Nest über der Kolcherin Bild!
Hoffest du, jene bewahre dir Treu, und beschüze die fremden
Kinder, die mitleidlos selbst nicht die eignen verschont?

Jacobs.

Thou sielie foule, what meanes this foolish paine,
To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there?
A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,
Medæa will destroy thy broode I feare:
For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,
Will she stand friend to foules that are unknowne?

Turbervile.

CCXXXV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἡρόδοτος Μούσας ὑπεδέξατο· τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἑκάστη
Ἀντὶ φιλοξενίης βίβλον ἔδωκε μίαν.

INCERTI.

Hospes ut Herodotus Musas exceperat, illi
Hospitii pretium quæque dedere librum.

Grotius.

Exceptæ hospitio Musæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

Sam Johnson.

Erodoto alle Muse ospizio diede,
E un libro da ciascuna ebbe in mercede.

Pagnini.

Als Herodotus einst die Musen freundlich bewirthet,
Schenkten zum Danke sie ihm, jede derselben ein Buch.

Herder.

The Muses to Herodotus one day
Came, nine of them, and dined;
And in return, their host to pay,
Each left a book behind.

G. F. D. T.

CCXXXVI.

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Οὔ μοι τὰ Γύγεω τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει.
Οὐδ' εἷλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδ' ἀγαίομαι
Θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τυραννίδος.
Ἀπόπροθεν γάρ ἐστιν ὀφθαλμῶν ἐμῶν.

ARCHILOCHI.

Me Gygis aurum divitis nihil movet;
Nec inquieta cepit æmulatio,
Nec facta divûm mente miror invida,
Magnive regis ambio potentiam:
Remota nam sunt ista conspectu meo.

G. B.

I do not wish the wealth of Gyges mine;
Never did emulate, nor e'er repine
At Heaven's decrees; nor covet I to be
A mighty Prince: these things are far from me.

Stanley.

CCXXXVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εὖ πράττων, φίλος εἶ θνητοῖς, φίλος εἶ μακάρεσσι,
Καί σευ ῥηϊδιώς ἔκλυον εὐξαμένου.
Ἢν πταίσῃς, οὐδεὶς ἔτι σοι φίλος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντα
Ἐχθρά, Τύχης ῥιπαῖς συμμεταβαλλόμενα.

LUCIANI.

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos:
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.
Diligitur nemo nisi cui fortuna secunda est:
Quæ simul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.

Ovidius.

Dum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici;
Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fuga.

Petronius.

Donec eris felix, homines tibi semper amicos,
Et precibus faciles experiere Deos.
Si secus acciderit, jam nullus amicus, et hostes
Undique: Fortunæ motus et ista trahit.

Grotius.

Sin che dura fortuna, o amici, voi
Bella cera tenete,
E con vil fuga poi
Altrove il volto, al suo cessar, volgete.

Lancetti.

A Don Rodrigo.

Miéntras fueres feliz serás amigo
De los hombres y Dioses, Don Rodrigo;
Mas si á ser infeliz acaso vienes,
Ni hombres, ni Dioses por amigos tienes.

Arroyal.

Lacht dir das Glück, so bist du geliebt von den Göttern und Menschen,
Und sie erfüllen dir gern, was du auch immer begehrst.
Strauchelst du aber und fällst, wer liebt dich noch? Alles ist feindlich;
Und mit dem Hauche des Glücks wandelt sich plötzlich die Welt.

Jacobs.

Whilst fortune favour'd, friends, you smil'd on me;
But when she fled, a friend I could not see.

Burton.

While all goes smooth with thee, men hold thee dear;
And Gods, whene'er thou prayest, lend an ear.
Slip once; the friends are foes, foes far and near:
With fortune's lightest puffs they shift and veer.

G. C. S.

CCXXXVIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ ἢ ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ.

Οὔτ' ἔκλυσεν Φείδων μ', οὔθ' ἥψατο· ἀλλὰ πυρέξας
Ἐμνήσθην αὐτοῦ τοὔνομα, κἀπέθανον.

NICARCHI, VEL CALLICTERIS.

Me non attigerat Phidon, neque laverat alvum:
In febre sed memini nomen, et hinc perii.

Grotius.

Fidon non m' applicò mano, o clistero;
Ma mentr' io era un dì febbricitante,
Solo il suo nome mi tornò al pensiero,
E mi fe' cader morto in un istante.

Pagnini.

Phædon, dans un accès de fièvre assez légère,
Ne m' a rien ordonné, ni boisson, ni clystère;
Ne m' a même pas vu. Mais qui peut fuir son sort?
Le seul nom de Phædon m' a frappé: je suis mort.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Auf einem Arzt.

Wandrer, mich tödtete nicht der Medicus! Eh' ich sein Pulver
Einnahm, fragt' ich: Von wem? hörte den Namen und starb.

Voss.

Celsus nor gave me purge, nor clyster,
Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister:
But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear
The doctor's name, and died for fear.

Graves.

No, blame not the doctor; no clyster he gave me,
He ne'er felt my pulse, never reach'd my bed-side;
But, as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to save me,
In my hearing just mentioned his name, and I died.

Merivale.

The physician who kill'd me,
Neither bled, purg'd, or pill'd me,
Nor counted my pulse, but, it comes to the same,
In the height of my fever I thought of his name.

W.

CCXXXIX.

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εἴ σε φιλῶν ἀδικῶ, καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὕβριν εἶναι,
Τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σὺ φίλει με λαβών.

STRATONIS.

Basia surripui : Sæva est injuria, clamas :
Basia mî referas ; pœna sit ista reo.

W.

Se il mio baciarti ingiuria
Estimi, e te ne offendi,
A te dunque ; puniscimi,
E 'l bacio mio mi rendi.

M.

Ne me reproche point, Philis,
Les baisers que je t' ai ravis ;
Je suis fier, et pret à les rendre,
Philis, si tu veux les reprendre.

Le Brun.

Lorsque pour satisfaire à mon brûlant désir
Je te baisai, jeune merveille,
Si ce trait te causa le moindre déplaisir,
Venge-toi, rends-moi la pareille.

De Cailly.

Whilst thus a few kisses I steal,
Dear Chloris, you gravely complain :
If resentment you really do feel,
Pray give me your kisses again.

Ph. Smyth.

If of my kisses you complain,
Then take and kiss me back again.

G. S.

CCXL.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τοῦτο τὸ Βουλεύειν εἶχες πάλαι. ἀλλὰ τὸ Βῆτα
Οὐκ ἐπιγιγνώσκω· Δέλτα γὰρ ἐγράφετο.

INCERTI.

Pastorem populi scribi te præcipis : illud
A non agnosco : sed fac *I* quod fuerat.

Grotius.

Observant wert thou always, yet that '*Ob*'
Seems new ; the rest thou wert for any job.

E. S.

CCXLI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς τὸ τοῦ Ὀλυμπίου Διὸς ἄγαλμα.

Ἡ θεὸς ἦλθ' ἐπὶ γῆν ἐξ οὐρανοῦ, εἰκόνα δείξων,
 Φειδία, ἢ σύ γ' ἔβης τὸν θεὸν ὀψόμενος.

PHILIPPI.

Juppiter ad terras, an ad æthera Phidia venit,
 Ut viso fieret talis imago Deo?

Grotius.

O il nume è in terra giù dal ciel disceso
 A mostrarti sua forma, o sei lo stesso
 Nume tu, Fidia, a rimirarne asceso.

Pompei

O discese quaggiù da' regni sui
 Giove a mostrarti la sua immago, o Fidia,
 O tu salisti al cielo a veder lui.

M.

Il faut que Jupiter soit descendu des cieux,
Et que visible il soit apparu à Phidie;
Ou que luy soit monté jusqu' aux célestes lieux,
Pour y veoir Jupiter, et prendre l' effigie.

Tamisier.

À Phidias.

Ou ce dieu, pour offrir un modèle à tes yeux,
 Ici bas descendit lui-même;
 Ou c' est toi qui montas aux cieux,
Phidias, pour y voir sa majesté suprême.

Cocquard.

Dir entweder ist Zeus vom Himmel hernieder gestiegen;
 Oder du stiegest hinauf, Künstler, und sahest den Gott.

Herder.

Zeus kam selbst vom Olympos herab, dir zu zeigen sein Antlitz,
 Phidias; oder Du stiegst ihn zu beschauen hinauf.

Jacobs.

On the statue of Jupiter, by Phidias.

Did Jove descend, and thus unveil
 His form before the sculptor's eyes?
Or Phidias self Olympus scale
 To view the monarch of the skies?

Graves.

Say, Phidias, did the God appear to thee?
Or didst thou mount to heav'n his form to see?

W.

CCXLII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰς δηΐων πέμψασα λόχους Δημαινέτη ὀκτὼ
Παῖδας, ὑπὸ στήλῃ πάντας ἔθαπτε μιᾷ.
Δάκρυα δ' οὐκ ἔῤῥηξ' ἐπὶ πένθεσιν· ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἶπεν
Μοῦνον· ἰὼ Σπάρτα, σοὶ τέκνα ταῦτ' ἔτεκον.

DIOSCORIDIS.

In bellum natos Demæneta miserat octo,
Uno quos tumulo condidit octo simul.
Nec lacrymis sua damna fuit testata, sed unum:
Euge tibi, Sparte, dixit, ego hos peperi.

Grotius.

Demenète perdit ses huit fils à la guerre:
Elle scella leur tombe avec la même pierre,
Et dit, mais les yeux secs, de gloire triomphants:
Sparte, j'avais pour vous élevé ces enfants.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Achte der Söhn' entsandte Demäneta gegen der Feinde
Heerschaar. Aller Gebein deckt ein einziges Grab.
Thränen entfielen der Trauernden nicht. Dieß einzige Wort nur
Sagte sie: Sparta, für dich bracht' ich die Sohne zur Welt.

Jacobs.

Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call
Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all.
No tear she shed, but shouted, "Victory!
Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee."

G. S.

CCXLIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ, καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἀθήναις Ἀθηνᾶν.

Ἀφρογενοῦς Παφίης ζάθεον περιδέρκεο κάλλος,
Καὶ λέξεις· Αἰνῶ τὸν Φρύγα τῆς κρίσεως.
Ἀτθίδα δερκόμενος πάλι Παλλάδα, τοῦτο βοήσεις·
Ὡς βούτης ὁ Πάρις τήνδε παρετρόχασεν.

INCERTI.

Ætherium Paphiæ decus aspice, jam puto dices:
Subscribo Phrygii judicis arbitrio.
Atthida sed videas idem si Pallada, dices:
Hanc qui præteriit, rusticus ille fuit.

Grotius.

Die Statue der Kypris und Pallas.

Schaue die himmlische Schönheit der Wellenentstiegenen Kypris,
Und du wirst sprechen, gerecht preis ich des Phrygiers Spruch.
Wiederum schauend sodann die Kekropische Pallas, rufst du:
Paris: des Hirten Blick eilte vorüber an ihr.

Erichson.

On the statues of Venus Anadyomene at Cnidos, and of Minerva at Athens.

When foam-sprung Venus' charms divine you view,
You'll own the Phrygian herdsman's verdict true.
But when th' Athenian Pallas you survey,
"Oh, what a clown to pass her by," you'll say.

W.

CCXLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

*Τοῖσι μὲν εὖ πράττουσιν ἅπας ὁ βίος βραχύς ἐστιν·
Τοῖς δὲ κακῶς, μία νὺξ ἄπλετός ἐστι χρόνος.*

LUCIANI.

Quantum vita patet, brevis est felicibus: una
Nox miseris ingens temporis est spatium.

Grotius.

Cui sorte arride, è assai breve ogni vita;
Ma all' infelice una notte è infinita.

M.

Ay de mi! un año felice
Parece un soplo ligero;
Però sin dicha, un instante
Es un siglo de tormento.

Le Sage, Gil Blas.

Un siècle n' est qu' un jour, quand le bonheur nous luit:
Pour un infortuné, quel siècle qu' une nuit!

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Kurz scheint Glücklichen zwar ein langes Leben, doch Kranken
Dünkt eine einzige Nacht eine unendliche Zeit.

Göckingk.

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly,
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

Merivale.

Short to the happy life's whole span appears,
But to the wretch one night is endless years.

G. B.

CCXLV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Οὔτε σε Πραξιτέλης τεχνάσατο, οὐθ' ὁ σίδαρος·
Ἀλλ' οὕτως ἔστης, ὥς ποτε κρινομένη.

PLATONIS.

Nil tu Praxiteli, nil debes, Cypria, ferro;
Sed stas qualis eras judice sub Paride.

Henr. Stephanus.

Nec te Praxiteles, nec ferrum, Cypria, finxit:
Tu coram Phrygio judice talis eras.

Paulus Stephanus.

Weder Praxiteles hat dich geformt, noch die Spitze des Eisens;
Sondern du zeigest dich hier, wie du dem Richter erschienst.

Jacobs.

No chisel of Praxiteles
Hath sculptur'd limbs so fair as these:
But thou wert standing thus divine
When Paris cried: The prize is thine!

J. W B.

CCXLVI.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Ὁ Ζεὺς τὴν Δανάην χρυσοῦ· κἀγὼ δὲ σὲ χρυσοῦ.
Πλείονα γὰρ δοῦναι τοῦ Διὸς οὐ δύναμαι.

PARMENIONIS.

Ut Danaën auro quæsivit Jupiter, auro
Sic ego te. Possem qui dare plura Jove?

Grotius.

Oro diè Giove a Danae,
Ed oro io pur do a te:
Dar più che Giove in poter mio non è.

M.

Zeus gab Danaen Gold; so biet' auch dir ich ein Goldstück.
Denn mehr geben als Zeus kann ich, o Liebliche, nicht.

Jacobs.

Be mine for gold:
Thus Jove of old
Won Danae's love.
I cannot give thee more than Jove.

W.

CCXLVII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ὦ ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τὸν Ἀνακρείοντος ἀμείβων,
Σπεῖσόν μοι παριών· εἰμὶ γὰρ οἰνοπότης.

INCERTI.

Anacreontis busta, forte qui transis,
Affunde vini paululum; nam amo vinum.

Joachim. Camerarius.

Hospes, Anacreiontis ut hoc tueare sepulcrum
Funde merum: cujus vivus amator eram.

Joshua Barnes.

Toy qui veux honnorer l' urne d' Anacréon
Arrose-la de vin, car il le trouvoit bon.

Tamisier.

Fremdling, schreitest du hier an Anakreons Grabe vorüber,
Spende mir! Trinker des Weins bin ich im Aides noch.

Jacobs.

Anacreon's tomb is this! make a libation,
Good passenger, of wine, my lov'd potation.

W.

CCXLVIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνεύκτοις
Ἄμμι δίδου· τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.

INCERTI.

Summe parens, nobis, sileamus sive precemur,
Da bona; quæ mala sunt, quamvis orantibus, arce.

Grotius.

Sive petam, seu non, quæ sunt bona, Jupiter o Rex,
Da mihi; quæ mala sunt mihi nec largire petenti.

Leximos Uthalmus.

Chiesto o no il ben ci dona, o Dio che il puoi;
E tien lungi, anche chiesto, il mal da noi.

M.

Jupiter, Gutes gieb mir, und wenn ich auch nicht darum bäte;
Böses wende von mir, fleht' ich auch sehnlich darum.

Herder.

Vater Zeus das Gute, wir flehen dir, oder wir flehn nicht,
Gib uns stets: doch Böses, obgleich wir flehen, versag' uns.

Voss.

Pray we or not, great God! do Thou supply
All good; all harm, e'en to our pray'rs, deny.

W.

CCXLIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Σοὶ μορφῆς ἀνέθηκα τεῆς περικαλλὲς ἄγαλμα,
Κύπρι, τεῆς μορφῆς φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων.

LUCIANI.

Te tibi, sancta, fero nudam; formosius ipsa
Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

Th. Gray.

Effigies tibi danda tuæ pulcerrima formæ;
Quum melius forma nil mihi, Cypri, tua.

G. B.

Pour te faire un présent beau comme ton visage,
Le monde n' en a point si ce n' est ton image.

G. Colletet.

Holde Götten, ich weih' dir aller schönen Gestalten
Schönste, dein eigenes Bild. Fänd' ich ein schöner Geschenk?

Herder.

Venus, thine own sweet image take!
The fairest offering I can make.

W.

Thine own fair form's sweet image, Venus, take:
Than this no choicer offering could I make.

G. B.

CCL.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Εἰ δυσὶν οὐκ ἴσχυσας ἴσην φλόγα, πυρφόρε, καῦσαι,
Τὴν ἐνὶ καιομένην ἢ σβέσον, ἢ μετάθες.

RUFINI.

Ne sis nunc injusta, Venus, sed serviat æque
Vinctus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.

Tibullus

Aut restingue ignem, quo torreor, alma Dione;
Aut transire jube; vel face utrimque parem.

Ausonius.

Ó haz, Cupido, non ame á Luisa,
Ó haz Luisa me ame, Cupido,
Para que ó me aparte de ella,
Ó ella se junte conmigo.

Arroyal.

Die einseitige Liebe.

Konntest mit Einer Flamme du nicht zwey Herzen entzünden,
Liebe, so nimm sie auch mir, oder verbrenne mich ganz.

Herder.

O quench, or rid me of this cruel flame;
Or kindle, Love! in both our hearts the same.

J. W. B.

CCLI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Ποιήσας δαπάνην ἐν ὕπνοις ὁ φιλάργυρος Ἕρμων,
Ἐκ περιωδυνίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν.

LUCILLII.

In somnis sumptum semel Hermon fecit avarus,
Æger et in laqueum colla dolore dedit.

G. F. D. T.

D' aver fatto una spesa
L' avaro Ermon sognò,
E n' ebbe tanto duol che s' appiccò.

M.

Hermus crut en dormant dépenser en effet:
L' avare, à son réveil, s' en pendit de regret.

G. Colletet.

Grossen Aufwand machte der geizige Hermon in Traum einst;
Ängstlich sprang er empor, lief und erhenkte sich selbst.

Herder.

Hermon träumte der Knicker, er gäb' ein köstliches Gastmahl;
Und aus Kummer deshalb hing er am Morgen sich auf.

Jacobs.

The miser Hermon dreamt one night
He'd spent some cash. The painful fright
Caused him to hang himself outright.

G. F. D. T.

CCLII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς λουτρόν.

Κύπρις, Ἔρως, Χάριτες, Νύμφαι, Διόνυσος, Ἀπόλλων
Ὤμοσαν ἀλλήλοις ἐνθάδε ναιετάειν.

INCERTI.

Phœbus, Amor, Nymphæ, Venus, Evan, Gratia trina
Jurarunt hoc se degere velle loco.

Grotius.

Ciprigna, Amor, le Grazie, Apollo ancora,
Le Ninfe e Bacco, insieme
Giuraro di far qui la lor dimora.

M.

Das Bad der Götter.

Nymphen, Apoll und Bacchus, die Grazien, Amor und Cypris
Schwuren einander: diess Bad sey uns auf immer gemein.

Herder

Venus, and Love, the Nymphs, and Graces three,
And Bacchus, and Apollo, did agree,
(Yea swore) that this their dwelling-place should be!

J. W B.

CCLIII.

ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ὦ μύες εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἄρτον ἐληλύθατ', ἐς μυχὸν ἄλλον
Στείχετ', ἐπεὶ λιτὴν οἰκέομεν καλύβην,
Οὗ καὶ πίονα τυρὸν ἀποδρέψεσθε, καὶ αὔην
Ἰσχάδα, καὶ δεῖπνον συχνὸν ἀπὸ σκυβάλων.
Εἰ δ' ἐν ἐμαῖς βίβλοισι πάλιν καταθήξετ' ὀδόντα,
Κλαύσεσθ', οὐκ ἀγαθὸν κῶμον ἐπερχόμενοι.

ARISTONIS.

Si petitis victum, mures, absistite parco
Limine. Sunt quæ vos aurea tecta vocent,
Ficus ubi vobis, et copia multa coacti
Lactis, et e cœnis altera cœna datur.
At nostras iterum petitis si dente papyros,
Flebitis; expletos mœsta chorea manet.

Grotius.

O Mouse, if rich and luscious cheese,
Or the dried fig your palate please,
Go, and some statelier mansion seek,
With dainty tooth and skin so sleek.
But if, less nice by hunger made,
Those dusty volumes you invade,
Disgusted soon by morsels crude,
You'll scorn the scholar's tasteless food.

Ph Smyth.

Hence, hence, away! I'm much mistaken
If here you'll smell or cheese or bacon.
Mark my spare form, my pallid looks,
And pry about: I've nought but books.
If, my good friends, you wish to dine,
You'll seek some richer house than mine;
For sure you're mice of more discerning
Than here to live, like me, on learning.

F. Sayers.

CCLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Εἰς τοὺς ἀεὶ νοσοῦντας.

Τοὺς καταλείψαντας γλυκερὸν φάος οὐκέτι θρηνῶ·
Τοὺς δ' ἐπὶ προσδοκίῃ ζῶντας ἀεὶ θανάτου.

LUCILLII.

Non fleo vitalem qui carpere desiit auram,
Sed si quis mortis carpitur usque metu.

Henr. Stephanus.

Non di chi trapassò, piango la sorte
  Di chi vive aspettando ognor la morte.

M.

Nicht die bedaur' ich, die den holden Schimmer
  Der Morgenröthe nicht mehr sehn.
Wohl aber alte, die noch immer,
  In Furcht vor nahem Tode stehn.

Göckingk.

For those, whom Death's unerring dart
Has reach'd, no more my tears shall flow;
But he with sorrow wrings my heart,
Who waits each hour the menac'd blow.

Ph Smyth.

On Invalids.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

W Cowper.

CCLV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τρεῖς εἰσὶν Χάριτες· σὺ δὲ δὴ μία ταῖς τρισὶ ταύταις
  Γεννήθης, ἵν' ἔχωσ' αἱ Χάριτες Χάριτα.

INCERTI.

Tres fuerant olim Charites; tu nasceris illis
  E tribus una, habeant ut Charites Charita.

Hardecoperus.

Gratia trina; tribus tu nata sed adderis illis
  Una, sit ut vere Gratia grata, comes.

G. B.

Tre son le Grazie; e tu se' nata ad esse,
  Perchè lor Grazia abbian le Grazie stesse.

Pompei.

An ein Mädchen.

Drei nur waren bisher der Grazien. Siehe da schuf dich
  Jupiter, dass du den drei Grazien Grazie wärst.

Voss.

Drei sind der Anmuth Schwestern; doch dass auch die Grazien eine
  Grazie hätten, erschuf, Daphne, dem Chore dich Zeus.

Erichson.

Three are the Graces. Thou wert born to be
The Grace that serves to grace the other three.

W.

CCLVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἐνθάδε Πυθώνακτα κασίγνητόν τε κέκευθε
Γαῖ, ἐρατῆς ἥβης πρὶν τέλος ἄκρον ἰδεῖν.
Μνῆμα δ' ἀποφθιμένοισι πατὴρ Μεγάριστος ἔθηκεν
Ἀθάνατον, θνητοῖς παισὶ χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Puberibus prius hîc quam grata adoleverat ætas,
Pythonacta solum, non sine fratre, tegit.
His tumulum posuit genitor Megaristus, ut esset
Immortale decus mortis honor pueris.

G. F. D. T.

Below Pythonax and his brother lie,
Before they saw their blooming youth pass by.
Their father, Megaristus, raised the tomb
That here for ever shall record their doom.

Sterling.

CCLVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἦν νέος, ἀλλὰ πένης· νῦν γηρῶν πλούσιός εἰμι·
Ὢ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις·
Ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδὲ ἓν εἶχον·
Νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δύναμαι, τότ' ἔχω.

INCERTI.

Me miserum sors omnis habet! Florentibus annis
Pauper eram; nummis diffluit arca senis:
Queis uti poteram quondam, Fortuna negavit;
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Sam. Johnson.

Pauper eram juvenis, senior sum dives, utraque
Scilicet in vitæ conditione miser.
Queis uti poteram, cunctis tunc rebus egebam;
Queis nequeo, cunctas nunc ego res habeo.

Lord Grenville.

Pauper qui primis, sum extremis dives in annis;
Quam mea sors vitæ tristis utraque vice!
Olim ætas risit, sed res angusta negabat,
Cumque habeam, prohibent invida fata, frui.

T. F.

Povero giovin fui, ricco in vecchiezza,
  Misero in ogni età più d' altro assai.
Mentre usar la potei, non l' ebbi mai,
  Or che usar non la posso, ho gran ricchezza.

L. Alamanni.

A Luis.

Mendigo jóven, viejo rico, has sido
  Infeliz, Luis, en uno y otro estado:
  Quando gastar podias, no has tenido,
  Ahora que no puedes, te ha sobrado.

Arrcyal.

Tandis que j' estois en jeunesse,
Je fus pauvre, et je n' avoy rien;
Et maintenant, sur ma vieillesse,
Je suis riche, et j' ay trop de bien.
O vray Dieu! en tous deux combien
Suis malheureux! Quand je pouvoy
Jouir des biens, je n' en avoy:
Et quand je n' ay plus la puissance,
Ni l' age pour la jouïssance,
Riche, mais en vain, je me voy.

Baif.

In youth by cheerless poverty oppress'd,
By fortune's flatt'ring smiles in age caress'd;
I sure was doom'd, of all mankind alone,
To live, to all the joys of life unknown:
Without the means, when young and bless'd with health;
When past enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth!

Graves.

On late acquired wealth.

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
  Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means;
  And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power.

W. Cowper.

Young, I was poor; when old, I wealthy grew;
Unblest, alas! in want and plenty too!
When I could all enjoy, fate nothing gave;
Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have.

G. S.

CCLVIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Αἰεί μοι δύνει μὲν ἐν οὔασιν ἦχος Ἔρωτος,
Ὄμμα δὲ σῖγα πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει.
Οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
Ἤδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.
Ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μέν, Ἔρωτες,
Οἴδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε ;

MELEAGRI.

Semper in aure mea resonat tinnitus Amoris,
Et confessa Deum lumina nostra madent.
Nec tenebris, nec luce quies. Jam nota puellæ
Effigies cordi vivit inusta meo.
Penniger Veneris pueri, mihi dicite, num vos;
Quæ tulit huc, vires perdidit ala suas?

G. S.

Erinnerung.

Immer ertönen im Ohr mir des Ero's süsseste Töne,
Und still füllt sich mein Aug wonnig mit zärtlichen Thau.
Nicht mit der Nacht, mit dem Tag nicht letzet mich Ruhe; der Liebe
Ach, kennbar schon trägt inner die Wunde das Herz.
O ihr beschwingten Eroten, herbey wohl misst ihr zu flattern,
Aber zurück, das nein! findet ihr nimmer den Weg.

Erichson.

Immer verweilt und tönt in den Ohren mir Flüstern des Eros;
Thränen der Sehnsucht auch gleiten vom Aug mir herab.
Rastlos wacht er am Tag, und rastlos wacht er die Nacht auch;
Kenntliche Male vom Brand zeiget das liebende Herz.
Habt ihr, beschwingte Eroten, vielleicht wohl Flügel zum Kommen,
Aber von hinnen zu fliehn fehlet den Schwingen die Kraft?

Jacobs.

The voice of love still tingles in my ears;
Still from my eyes in silence flow my tears;
By night, by day, no respite do I find;
One dear idea fills my anxious mind.
Say, winged lovelings! round my aching heart
Still will ye flutter, never to depart?

W. Shepherd.

Ever sinks the chime of love
  Ringing deep within mine ear;
Ever in my longing eye
  Fondly stands the silent tear.

Never night, nor morning light
  Brings my heart its wonted rest:
Charms have stamp'd an image there
  Long familiar to my breast.

Winged Cupids, well, I ween,
  Ye can light upon the heart;
But from off that heart again
  Never, never, can depart.

G. F. D. T.

CCLIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Ναὶ λίτομαι, παροδῖτα, φίλῳ κατάλεξον ἀκοίτῃ,
Εὖτ' ἂν ἐμὴν λεύσῃς πατρίδα Θεσσαλίην·
Κάτθανε σὴ παράκοιτις, ἔχει δέ μιν ἐν χθονὶ τύμβος,
Αἶ αἶ, Βοσπορίης ἐγγύθεν ἠϊόνος·
Ἀλλά μοι αὐτόθι τεῦχε κενήριον ἐγγύθι σεῖο,
Ὄφρ' ἀναμιμνήσκῃ τῆς ποτὲ κουριδίης.

AGATHIÆ.

Thessaliam si forte meam, bone, viseris, hospes,
  Dignere hæc nostro verba referre viro:
Mortua sum, patriaque eheu! tellure carentem
  Extera Threicii littoris ora tegit.
At prope te tumulus saltem mihi surgat inanis,
  Quæ doceat sponsæ te memorem esse tuæ.

G. S.

Stranger, should'st thou to Thessaly repair,
To my loved lord, I pray, this message bear.
Thy wife is dead, far from her native land
Laid in the grave, that grave the Thracian strand.
Build me a cenotaph by thy dear side,
That thou may'st think on me, thy virgin bride.

G. S.

CCLX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Εὔφορτοι νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἳ πόρον Ἕλλας
Πλεῖτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι βορέην,
Ἤν που ἐπ' ἠϊόνων Κῴαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε
Φανίον εἰς χαροπὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος,
Τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγεῖλαι· καλὴ νυέ, σός με κομίζει
Ἵμερος οὐ ναύταν, ποσσὶ δὲ πεζοπόρον.
Εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἴποιτ', εὖ τέλοι αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς
Οὔριος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

MELEAGRI.

Velivolæ pinus, quæcunque Aquilonis egentes
Hellespontiacum finditis ære salum,
Si mea se vobis in Coo Phanion offert
Littore, venturas prospicit unde rates,
Hæc illi pro me vos pauca: Quid anxia nautam
Expectas? peditem dux tibi sistet Amor.
Nulla mora, his dictis, Boreas a puppe secundus
Flabit, et ad portum lintea vestra feret.

Bernardus Moneta.

Ye light-wing'd barks, that o'er the tide
Of Helle's waters go,
Speed with your swelling sails of pride,
While northern breezes blow.

And if, along the lonely shore,
That fronts the Coan isle,
My love may gaze the ocean o'er,
And sigh for me the while;

Then tell her thus: Sweet lovely maid,
All fickle is the sea;
My deep love may not be delayed:
I come by land to thee.

This message to my loved one bring,
And fair your path shall be;
For Boreas with his favoring wing
Shall waft you o'er the sea.

T. P. R.

CCLXI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εὐθυμάχων ἀνδρῶν μνησώμεθα, τῶν ὅδε τύμβος,
Οἳ θάνον εὔμηλον ῥυόμενοι Τεγέαν,
Αἰχμηταὶ πρὸ πόληος, ἵνα σφίσι μὴ καθέληται
Ἑλλὰς ἀποφθιμένου κρατὸς ἐλευθερίαν.

SIMONIDIS.

De Atheniensium potissimis ad Tegeam mortuis.

Vivat et in tumulo virtus his strenua, vivat,
Pascua quæ Tegeæ tuta habitare dedit:
Prælia pro patria mortemque obiere: nec ipsis
Libertatis honor manibus intereat.

G. F. D. T.

Inscription for the Athenians who unsuccessfully defended Tegea.

The men of fearless heart, whose tomb is here,
Who died to rescue Tegea's pastoral town,
Remember we, that Hellas' voice may ne'er
Deny their vanquished heads fair freedom's crown.

Sterling.

CCLXII.

ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ.

Ἄκλαυστοι καὶ ἄθαπτοι, ὁδοιπόρε, τῷδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Θεσσαλίας τρισσαὶ κείμεθα μυριάδες,
Ἠμαθίῃ μέγα πῆμα· τὸ δὲ θρασὺ κεῖνο Φιλίππου
Πνεῦμα θοῶν ἐλάφων ᾤχετ' ἐλαφρότερον.

ALCÆI.

Hoc tumulo indefleta, atque intumulata jacemus
Triginta Emathiæ millia militiæ;
Non levis Emathiæ hæc jactura; sed illa Philippi
Vel levior cervis gloria tanta fugit.

Q. Septimii Florentis Christiani.

Unwept, unhonoured with a grave,
Full thrice ten thousand warriors brave,
Sons of Thessalia, here lie sleeping,
Well worthy they Thessalia's weeping.
Yet Philip too, tho' proud and bold,
Full soon his fleeting days were told,
Gone swift as stags that scour along the wold.

T. P. R.

CCLXIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Εἰς Ῥόδον εἰ πλεύσει τις Ὀλυμπικὸν ἦλθεν ἐρωτῶν
Τὸν μάντιν, καὶ πῶς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλέως.
Χὠ μάντις, πρῶτον μέν, ἔφη, καινὴν ἔχε τὴν ναῦν,
Καὶ μὴ χειμῶνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγου·
Τοῦτο γὰρ ἂν ποιῇς, ἥξεις κἀκεῖσε καὶ ὧδε,
Ἂν μὴ πειρατὴς ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ.

NICARCHI.

Præscius a nauta consultus Olympicus, iret
Anne Rhodum, quanam tutus, et iret ope;
Esto, inquit, primum navis nova: tu neque brumæ,
Si sapis, at veris tempore vela dato.
Hoc etenim facto, peregreque domumque meabis;
Injiciat prædo ni maris ante manus.

G. B.

Die Astrologen.

Einstmals kam zu dem Seher Olympikos einer und fragt ihn,
Ob er wol ohne Gefahr führe nach Rhodos, und wie?
Weise versetzt der Prophet: Nimm erstlich ein tüchtiges, neues
Fahrzeng; halt' auch nie während des Sturmes die See.
Folgest du mir, so kömmst du, es kann nicht fehlen, nach Rhodos,
Und auch wieder zurück, raubt ein Pirate dich nicht.

Jacobs.

Tom prudently thinking his labour ill spared,
If e'er unadvised for his plans he prepared,
Consulted a witch on his passage to Dover,
If the wind would be fair, and the passage well over.
The seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard:
"If the vessel be new, and well rigg'd, and well steer'd;
"If you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore
"'Till spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er,
"You may sail there and back, without danger or fear,
"Unless you are caught by a French privateer."

Merivale.

CCLXIV.

ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ.

Παρμενὶς οὐκ ἔργῳ· τὸ μὲν οὔνομα καλὸν ἀκούσας
Ὠϊσάμην· σὺ δέ μοι πικροτέρη θανάτου.
Καὶ φεύγεις φιλέοντα, καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκεις,
Ὄφρα πάλιν κεῖνον καὶ φιλέοντα φύγῃς.

MACEDONII CONSULIS.

Parmenis es non re: verum te nomen habere
Credideram; sed tu plus nece dura mihi.
Si quis amat, fugis hunc, et amas qui te fugit, ut si
Hic te rursus amet, rursus et hunc fugias.

Grotius.

Ruthless to me as death! in sound how fair,
Inconstant Constance, is the name you bear!
Belov'd, you fly; not courted, you pursue;
That you may fly again, when loved anew.

W.

CCLXV.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Ὀρθῶσαι τὸν κυρτὸν ὑποσχόμενος Διόδωρον
Σωκλῆς, τετραπέδους τρεῖς ἐπέθηκε λίθους
Τοῦ κυρτοῦ στιβαροὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ῥάχιν· ἀλλὰ πιεσθεὶς
Τέθνηκεν, γέγονεν δ' ὀρθότερος κανόνος.

NICARCHI.

Corrigat ut Socles Diodori in corpore gibbum,
Trina simul dorso saxa quadrata locat.
Ille gravi pressus posuit sub pondere vitam,
Rectus ita, ut non sit regula recta magis.

Grotius.

Diodorus the hunch-back in sorrowful plight
Went to Socles, who promis'd to set him all right.
So on crooky's back-bone
He piled three tons of stone,
Which crushed him to death with the weight:
But when he came out
It appear'd beyond doubt,
That no ruler was ever so straight.

W.

CCLXVI.

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Θυμὲ, θύμ' ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσιν κυκώμενε,
Ἄνεχε, δυσμενέων δ' ἀλέξευ προσβαλὼν ἐναντίον
Στέρνον, ἐν δοκοῖσιν ἐχθρῶν πλησίον κατασταθεὶς
Ἀσφαλέως· καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφάδην ἀγάλλεο,
Μηδὲ νικηθεὶς ἐν οἴκῳ καταπεσὼν ὀδύρεο.
Ἀλλὰ χαρτοῖσίν τε χαῖρε, καὶ κακοῖσιν ἀσχάλα
Μὴ λίην· γίγνωσκε δ' οἷος ῥυθμὸς ἀνθρώπους ἔχει.

ARCHILOCHI.

Anime noster, anime jam nunc æstuans cura gravi,
Fortis obdura, atque in hostes obvium pectus ferens
Imminentes inter hastas pone securum pedem;
Nec data nimium feroci, si datur, victoria;
Nec, secus si quid ceciderit, stratus in luctum jace,
Cum modo lætare felix, cum modo infelix dole,
Qui, videns, quantique casus res agant mortalium.

Grotius.

Mens mea! mens incompositis exercita curis!
Surge age! et adversum infensis vigil objice pectus,
Arma inter media, atque hastis hostilibus instans
Incolumis. Ne tu, victrix, ostende triumphos;
Victa, domi neu procumbas labefacta dolore;
At neque læta nimis lætis, neque mœsta sinistris
Cognoscas, quô sit revolubilis ordine vita.

Wellesley, archio.

Sei getrost, mein Herz, in deinen rettungslosen
Leiden! auf! ermanne dich, und bringe vorwärts
In die Speere deiner Feinde, die den Tod dir
Dräuen. Nur der Muth giebt Sicherheit! doch siegst du,
O, so hemme deiner Freude wildes Jauchzen!
Siegen deine Feinde, lass du dann von deinem
Jammer dich nicht kraftlos winselnd niederschlagen!
Nur dich dessen stets zu freuen, was der Freude
Werth ist, strebe du, und dich im Unglück durch der
Menschen immer wandelbares Loos zu trösten!

Christian von Stolberg.

My Soul, my Soul, care-worn, bereft of rest,
Arise! and front the Foe with dauntless breast;
Take thy firm stand amidst his fierce alarms;
Secure, with inborn valour meet his arms.
Nor, conquering, mount vain-glory's glitt'ring steep;
Nor, conquered, yield, fall down at home, and weep.
Await the turns of life with duteous awe;
Know, Revolution is great Nature's law.

Marquis Wellesley.

CCLXVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκίνδυνος ἤθελε νήφειν,
Τούνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

LUCIANI.

Sobrius in potis dum quærit Acindynus esse,
Solus ab his potus cur habeatur, habet.

Grotius.

Vuol fra gli ebbri Acindin sobrio restare;
Cosi egli solo esser briaco appare.

M.

Entre todos los borrachos
Luis quiere parecer sobrio;
Y aun por esto me parece
Que es mas borracho que todos.

Arroyal.

An den Paul.

Es scheinet, daß du Paul, der einz' ge Trunkne bist:
Denn du willst nüchtern seyn, wo keiner nüchtern ist.

Lessing.

Unter den Trunk'nen begehrte Akindynos nüchtern zu scheinen,
Darum schien er allein unter den Trunknen berauscht.

Jacobs.

Akindynus kept sober, when all were drunk but he;
So that he seemed the only one beside himself to be.

W

Imitation.

Enough! old Sober cried, and pass'd the wine:
My head's all right, you're all as drunk as swine.
Drunk! with one shout respond the jovial crew;
That's capital! there's no one drunk but you.

W.

CCLXVIII.

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Χρημάτων ἄελπτον οὐδέν ἐστιν, οὐδ᾽ ἀπώμοτον,
Οὐδὲ θαυμάσιον· ἐπειδὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ Ὀλυμπίων
Ἐκ μεσημβρίας ἔθηκε νύκτ᾽ ἀποκρύψας φάος
Ἡλίου λάμποντος· λυγρὸν δ᾽ ἦλθ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀνθρώπους δέος.
Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ οὐκ ἄπιστα πάντα κἀπίελπτα γίνεται
Ἀνδράσιν· μηδεὶς ἔθ᾽ ὑμῶν εἰσορῶν θαυμαζέτω,
Μηδ᾽ ἵνα δελφῖσι θῆρες ἀνταμείψονται νομὸν
Εἰνάλιον, καί σφι θαλάσσης ἠχήεντα κύματα
Φίλτερ᾽ ἠπείρου γένηται, τοῖσι δ᾽ ἡδὺ ἦν ὄρος.

ARCHILOCHI.

Nil supra spem collocatum est, nil futurum quod neges,
Nil quod admirere: quippe cœlitum summus pater
Noctis excivit tenebras in mero meridie,
Sole se condente magno cum metu mortalium.
Inde nil sperare vetitum, nil quod exsuperet fidem.
Nulla jam miranda nobis amplius spectacula;
Nec suas si forte delphin horrido migrans mari
Cum feris mutet latebras, hisque telluris solo
Carius sit æquor, illum celsa delectent juga.

Grotius.

Der gesetzte Muth.

An nichts verzweifle. Alles ist moglich; nichts
Ist ohne Hoffnung; aber auch nichts der Bewundrung werth.
Der Vater der Götter macht aus Mittag' oft
Die Nacht; das Licht verschwand bey der Sonne Glanz,
Und traurige Furcht befallt der Menschen Herz.
Nichts ist unglaublich; nichts ohne Hoffnung ganz
Für Männer; aber auch nichts der Bewundrung werth.
Und sähst du mit Delphinen des Waldes Wild
Im Meere weiden und sähst, daß jenem dort
Der tobenden Wellen Sturm erfreulicher sey
Als festes Land und jenem ein nackter Fels.

Herder.

The Eclipse.

Never man again may swear, things shall be as erst they were;
Never more in wonder stare, since the Olympian thunderer
Bad the sun's meridian splendour hide in shade of murky night;
While affrighted nations started, trembling at the sudden sight.

Who shall dare to doubt hereafter whatsoever man may say?
Who refuse with stupid laughter credence to the wildest lay?
Though for pasture dolphins ranging, leap the hills, and scour the wood,
And fierce wolves, their nature changing, dive beneath the astonish'd flood.

Merivale.

CCLXIX.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Νάξιος οὐκ ἐπὶ γῆς ἔθανεν Λύκος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Ναῦν ἅμα καὶ ψυχὴν εἶδεν ἀπολλυμένην,
Ἔμπορος Αἰγίνηθεν ὅτ' ἔπλεε· χὼ μὲν ἐν ὑγρῇ
Νεκρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἄλλως οὔνομα τύμβος ἔχων,
Κηρύσσω πανάληθες ἔπος τόδε· φεῦγε θαλάσσῃ
Συμμίσγειν, ἐρίφων, ναυτίλε, δυομένων.

CALLIMACHI.

Naxius haud tumulum subiit Lycus, æquore in alto
Perdidit elisa cum rate dulcem animam,
Solvit ab Egina dum vela; furentibus undis
Obruitur, tumulus nomen inane refert,
Et monet: Æquoreas, hœdis obeuntibus, iras,
. Navita, ab exemplo disce timere meo.

Averardus Medices

In terra no, ma in mar con la sdruscita
Barca perdè la vita
Lico di Nasso nel partir da Egina.
S' aggira or l' infelice
In grembo alla marina.
Quest' urna sol ne serba il nome, e dice:
De' Capri al tramontare
Bada, nocchier, di non fidarti al mare.

Pagnini.

Lycus the Naxian perished not on shore:
Both bark and life he lost amid the roar
Of the rough billows, from Ægina sailing.
His corse floats there! and I, his unavailing
Tenantless tomb, proclaim: O never be,
What time the kids are setting, far at sea!

J. W. B

CCLXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Γαῖα φίλη, τὸν πρέσβυν Ἀμύντιχον ἔνθεο κόλποις,
Πολλῶν μνησαμένη τῶν ἐπὶ σοὶ καμάτων.
Καὶ γὰρ ἀεὶ πρέμνον σοι ἀνεστήριξεν ἐλαίης,
Πολλάκι καὶ Βρομίου κλήμασιν ἠγλάϊσεν,
Καὶ Δηοῦς ἔπλησε, καὶ ὕδατος αὔλακας ἕλκων,
Θῆκε μὲν εὐλάχανον, θῆκε δ' ὀπωροφόρον.
Ἀνθ' ὧν σὺ πρηεῖα κατὰ κροτάφου πολιοῖο
Κεῖσο, καὶ εἰαρινὰς ἀνθοκόμει βοτάνας.

INCERTI.

Alma sinu vetulum Tellus amplectere Thyrsin,
Hunc memor assidua te coluisse manu.
Namque tibi semper stirpem defixit olivæ,
Addidit et Bacchi palmite sæpe decus;
Et Cerere implevit; ductisque per arida rivis,
Edere te fructus, edere jussit olus.
Pro quibus officiis cani senis, ipsa jacenti
Sis levis, et verna floreat herba coma.

G B.

Das Grab eines Landmannes.

Gütige Mutter, Erde, nimm leicht und freundlich den alten,
Guten Amyntichus auf, der dich im Leben geliebt;
Denn er schmückte dich unverdrossen mit emsigen Händen;
Fluren von Öhl und Wein kranzten sein friedliches Haus;
Reiche Saaten der Ceres und milde Gewächse belebten
Seinen Boden, den er tränkte, mit frohem Genuss.
Darum decke nun sanft den grauen Scheitel, und lass ihm
Dankbar über dem Haupt Kräuter und Blumen blüh'n.

Herder.

Freundlich empfange den Greis Amyntichos, gütige Erde,
Der sein Leben hindurch deine Gefilde verschönt;
Denn er reihete dir bald Sprösslinge fetter Oliven,
Bald der bromischen Traub' edle Gesenke zum Schmuck;
Reichlich lohnt' ihm auch Deo, und froh der wässernden Quellen
Prangte das Gartengewächs, prangte balsamisches Obst.
Darum decke du sanft die silberhaarige Scheitel,
Und mit blühendem Kraut schwelle der Rasen empor.

Voss.

Verses left on a seat, at the Leasowes; the hand unknown.

O Earth! to his remains indulgent be,
Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

Anon. Shenstone's Poems.

Take to thy bosom, gentle Earth! a swain
  With much hard labour in thy service worn.
He set the vines that clothe yon ample plain,
  And he these olives that the vale adorn.
He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led
  Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers.
Thou, therefore, Earth! lie lightly on his head,
  His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

W. Cowper.

Take to thy bosom, Earth! the dear remains
Of sage Amynticus, whose kindly pains
Raised the green olives, train'd the cluster'd vines,
And led the irriguous rill in lengthen'd lines;
Nurtured of herbs and plants the tender shoots,
And fill'd the gardens with autumnal fruits.
Lie lightly on the old man's hoary brow,
And on his grave let thy first flow'rets blow.

W. Shepherd.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,
And for his toils not thankless give him rest.
On thee the olive's stem 'twas his to rear;
His, with the mantling vine to grace thy year.
Through him thy furrows teem'd with plenty; he
Fed with rich streams each herb and fruit for thee.
For this lie lightly on his hoary head,
And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.

Wrangham.

CCLXXI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Τίς σε πάγος δυσέρημος, ἀνήλιος, ἐξέθρεψεν
Βορραίου Σκυθίης, ἄμπελον ἀγριάδα,
Ἢ Κελτῶν νιφοβλῆτες ἀεὶ κρυμώδεες Ἄλπεις,
Τῆς τε σιδηροτόκου βῶλος Ἰβηριάδος;
Ἣ τοὺς ὀμφακοραγας ἐγείναο, τοὺς ἀπεπάντους
Βότρυας, οἳ στυφελὴν ἐξέχεον σταγόνα.
Δίζημαι, Λυκόεργε, τεὰς χέρας, ὡς ἀπὸ ῥίζης
Κλήματος ὠμοτόκου βλαστὸν ὅλον θερίσῃς.

PHILIPPI.

Nutriit agrestem te solis nescia vitem
Quæ Scythicæ rupis non habitanda silex;
Usque vel horrentes Gallûm nivis imbribus Alpes,
Et gravidus ferri durus Iberus ager?
Tam tuus immitis sit et asper ut ille racemus,
Unde mihi pressus contrahit ora liquor.
Digna, Lycurge, tuis manibus de stirpe recidi,
Quæ peperit crudum palmitis arbor onus.

G. B.

Welcher verödete Fels von Skythien, Boreas Heimath,
Hat dich, wildes Gewächs, fern von der Sonne, genährt?
Oder der Kelten beschneites Gebirg, eisstarrende Alpen,
Und der Iberischen Flur Eisengebärender Schoos?
Dich, die bewilderte Mutter der Herlinge, nimmer erweichter
Beeren—ein herbes Getränk presset die Kelter dir ab.
Hätten wir jetzt dein Beil, o Lykurgos! Oder wer sonst mäht
Uns diess wilde Gerank bis zu der Wurzel hinweg?

Jacobs.

What cheerless, sunless crag, ill-favoured tree,
Mid northern Scythia's wilds gave birth to thee?
Or didst thou mid the Alps' perpetual snow,
Or in Spain's soil, parent of iron, grow?
Thy harsh tart grapes ne'er felt the sunny south;
Like verjuice are they to the puckered mouth.
O! for thy hand, Lycurgus, to uproot
The graceless plant that bears such bitter fruit!

G. S.

CCLXXII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Μή με θοῶς κύδιστε παρέρχεο τύμβον ὁδῖτα,
Σοῖσιν ἀκοιμήτοις ποσσὶ κελευθοπόρε·
Δερκόμενος δ' ἐρέεινε, τίς, ἢ πόθεν; Ἁρμονίαν γὰρ
Γνώσεαι, ἧς γενεὴ λάμπεται ἐν Μεγάροις·
Πάντα γὰρ, ὅσσα βροτοῖσι φέρει κλέος, ἦεν ἰδέσθαι,
Εὐγενίην ἐρατήν, ἤθεα, σωφροσύνην·
Τοίης τύμβον ἄθρησον· ἐς οὐρανίας γὰρ ἀταρποὺς
Ψυχὴ παπταίνει σῶμ' ἀποδυσαμένη.

INCERTI.

Ne me prætereas gressu properante, viator,
Perpetuum insomni dum pede tendis iter:
Respice! Posce simul quæ sim, et quo sanguine? Nosces
Harmoniam: Megaris est mihi clara domus.
Quicquid enim in terris pulchrum est, convenit in unam;
Nobilitas, virtus, et sine labe pudor.
Quod superest, cineres age contemplare, soluta
Corpore cœlestes prospicit Ipsa vias.

G. S.

O traveller, pass not here with steps
That rest may ne'er beguile:
Speed not so swiftly by the grave,
But stay and gaze awhile.

Ask, who and whence, within this tomb
Is laid, and thou shalt know,
That one in Megara dear to fame,
Harmonia, sleeps below.

Each virtue, that may honour bring
To man, in her was seen;
Of noble birth, of modest ways,
Of wise and prudent mien.

Mark well her tomb; and let the while
This thought thy spirit raise;
Her soul has doff'd its mortal frame
To seek Heaven's happy ways.

T. P. R.

CCLXXIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἀνθοδίαιτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἡλιοδώρας
  Ψαύεις, ἐκπρολιποῦσ' εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας;
Ἢ σύ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύποιστον
  Πικρὸν ἀεὶ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἔχει;
Ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας· ἰώ, φιλέραστε, παλίμπους
  Στεῖχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἴδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

MELEAGRI.

Flores nata sequi, quid corpus ad Heliodoræ
  Nunc, apis, oblitis floribus advolitas?
Hoc an significas, pariter quod corde sub illo
  Dulcia, quæque ferat nullus, amara latent?
Hoc erat, ut credo: satis est, nec abire vetaris:
  Jamdudum venit nuntius iste mihi.

Grotius.

Ape che pasci i fior, perchè le belle
  Bocce lasciando tu di primavera,
  D' Eliodora mia tocchi la pelle?
Mi vuoi forse accennar ch' essa al mio core
  Un dolce e acerbo sempre, e tal che male
  Soffrir si puote, ha pungolo d' Amore?
Si, credo, il dici. O degli amanti amica,
  Vanne; tornati in dietro; il so ben io:
  Quella che or tu m' annunzi, è cosa antica.

Pompei.

Abejita, que vagas
Buscando florecillas,
Por qué de mi Eliodora
Los bellos labios picas?
Y por qué del ameno
Florido valle olvidas
Las coloradas rosas
Y varias clavellinas?
Qué buscas temeraria?
Dónde vas semplecilla?
No sabes tú que tiene
En su labio escondida
La punta dulce amarga
Que Amor el crudo vibra?
Pareceme que dices:
Lo sé; y si quieres vida,
Huye del dulce beso
Que amoroso suspiras.

Conde.

Blumenkostende Biene, warum verlässest du deine
  Süssen Blumen und störst sumsend der Liebenden Kuss?
Oder willst du mir sagen: o Freund, die Biene der Liebe,
  Auch im süssesten Kuss, drücket den Stachel in's Herz.
Ja, das willst du mir sagen: geh' hin zu deinem Geschäfte,
  Gute Biene, das sprach lange die Liebe mir selbst.

Herder.

Die Deutung der Biene.

Biene, von Blumen genährt, was berührst du mir Heliodora's
  Reizende Glieder, der Au würzigen Kelchen entschwebt?
Willst du mir etwa deuten, sie trag' im Herzen den Stachel
  Ero's, bitter und süss, ach den gefährlichen ihn?
Ja, diess wolltest du künden; so kehre denn jetzt, o geliebte,
  Fleug nur! was du gewollt wusst' ich, wie lange ja schon.

Erichson.

Blumengenährte, warum o berührest du Heliodora's
  Wangen, o Bien'? und verlässt alle die Blüthen der Au?
Willst du mich lehren vielleicht, dass die Liebliche Pfeile des Eros,
  Süss und bitter zugleich, stets in dem Herzen verbirgt?
Ja, das hast du gemeint. Doch kehre nur, freundliche Botin,
  Kehre zurück. Schon längst wussten wir, was du mich lehrst.

Jacobs.

Little bee, on blossoms faring,
  Why neglect the spring to seek?
Why to settle art thou daring
  On my Heliodora's cheek?

Is it that thou'rt me assuring,
  Love has something sweet to bring,
But withal past hearts' enduring
  Leaves a bitter in his sting?

Yes: I ween, this was your presage:
  Get thee hence, thou lover's friend:
Long ago I've known your message:
  Hence, begone; I cannot mend.

G. F. D. T.

CCLXXIV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ἀνδροφόνῳ σαθρὸν παρὰ τειχίον ὑπνώοντι
  Νυκτὸς ἐπιστῆναι φασὶ Σάραπιν ὄναρ,
Καὶ χρησμῳδῆσαι· κατακείμενος οὗτος, ἀνίστω,
  Καὶ κοιμῶ μεταβάς, ὦ τάλας, ἀλλαχόθι.
Ὃς δὲ διϋπνισθεὶς μετέβη. τὸ δὲ σαθρὸν ἐκεῖνο
  Τειχίον ἐξαίφνης εὐθὺς ἔκειτο χαμαί.
Σῶστρα δ' ἕωθεν ἔθυε θεοῖς χαίρων ὁ κακοῦργος,
  Ἥδεσθαι νομίσας τὸν θεὸν ἀνδροφόνοις.
Ἀλλ' ὁ Σάραπις ἔχρησε πάλιν, διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπιστάς·
  Κήδεσθαί με δοκεῖς, ἄθλιε, τῶν ἀδίκων;
Εἰ μὴ νῦν σε μεθῆκα θανεῖν, θάνατον μὲν ἄλυπον
  Νῦν ἔφυγες, σταυρῷ δ' ἴσθι φυλαττόμενος.

PALLADÆ.

Sub muro dormit dum putri homicida, Serapis
  Huic fuit in somnis visus adesse deus.
Surge, inquit, miser; inque alio citò carpere somnos
  Festina, tutus si cupis esse, loco.
Hic surgens migrat: murusque repentè ruinam,
  Sub quo decubuit, dat resupinus humi.
Diis ratus acceptos homicidas improbus esse,
  Manè orto, fecit diis sacra multa pius.
Dixit at huic adstans iterum sub nocte Serapis:
  Me curare malos, furcifer, anne putas?
Te morti eripui leni expertique doloris,
  Ut subeas, quam scis te meruisse, crucem.

Maittaire.

Au pied d' un méchant mur dormait un meurtrier.
Sérapis d' accourir, Sérapis de crier:
Lève-toi, lève-toi. Quel danger te menace!
Malheureux! pour dormir choisis une autre place.
Notre homme éveillé fuit. Il était à deux pas;
Soudain le mur éclate, et tombe avec fracas.
Dès l' aurore, ex voto, sacrifice splendide.
Les dieux apparemment protégeaient l' homicide.

Sérapis reparaît. Monstre, as-tu pu penser
Qu' aux jours d' un scélérat j' irais n' intéresser?
D' une mort sans douleur sauvé par providence,
Une autre mort t' attend. On dresse ta potence.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Ein Räuber schlief an einer alten Wand
Da stand der Gott Serapis ihm im Traum
Vor Augen, und weisfagend sprach der Gott:
"Elender, schläfst du hier? erwach' und flieh'
Von dieser Mauer." Er erwacht' und floh;
Die Mauer stürzt' herab mit schnellem Sturz.
Wie dankte der Errettete dem Gott!
Frühmorgens bringt er schon sein Opfer dar,
Und wähnt—der Bube wähnt, den Göttern sey
Sein Leben lieb. Doch kaum entschlief er wieder,
Als abermahls Serapis vor ihm stand
Weisfagend: "Wie? Elender, glaubest du,
Dass ich der Mörder pflege? Wenn ich dich
Von diesem Tod errettete, der schnell
Und schmerzenlos auch den Unschuld' gen trifft,
So wiss: ich that es, dass ich dich damit
Aufsparete für deinen Tod—das Kreuz.

Herder.

A murderer, sleeping by a tottering wall,
Saw in a dream Serapis' awful face;
And, "Ho! thou sleeper, rise!" he heard him call;
"Go, take thy slumber in some other place."
The murderer woke; departed: and behold,
Straight to the earth the tottering fabric rolled.

The wretch, next morning, offerings brought, as fain
To think himself to great Serapis dear;
But the god came by night and spoke again:
"Wretch! dost thou think the like of *thee* my care?
To avert a painless death I bade thee wake:
But learn that Heaven reserves thee for the stake!"

J. W. B.

CCLXXV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τίπτε με τὸν φιλέρημον ἀναιδέϊ, ποιμένες, ἄγρῃ
Τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἕλκετ' ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
Τὴν Νυμφέων παροδῖτιν ἀηδόνα, κήματι μέσσῳ
Οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξουθὰ λαλεῦντα νάπαις;
Ἠνίδε καὶ κίχλην καὶ κόσσυφον, ἠνίδε τόσσους
Ψᾶρας ἀρουραίης ἅρπαγας εὐπορίης.
Καρπῶν δηλητῆρας ἑλεῖν θέμις· ὄλλυτ' ἐκείνους.
Φύλλων καὶ χλοερῆς τίς φθόνος ἐστὶ δρόσου;

INCERTI.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,
Me quam delectant roscida rura vagam?
Me quæ Nympharum sum Musa? atque æthere sudo
Hinc recino umbrosis saltibus, inde jugis.
En! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,
Quæ late sulcos deripuere satos,
Quæ vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est:
Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

T. Warton.

Warum verfolget ihr mich, ihr Ungerechten, und gönnet
Eurer Cicada nicht Einen bethaueten Zweig?
Ihr, der Einsamen, Ihr, der Sängerinn, die euch am Wege
Unter des Mittags Gluth, euch an der Quelle vergnügt.
Fanget andere Feinde, die euch der Saaten berauben,
Mir, der Unschädlichen, gönnt grünende Blätter und Thau.

Herder.

Warum reisst ihr die einsame nur, die Cicade, der Wildniss
Freundin, schonungslos, Hirten, vom thauigen Zweig?
Mich Philomele der Nymphen am Weg, die unter des Mittags
Gluth auf den Berghöhn zirpt, oder im Schatten des Hains?
Seht die geschwätzigen Staaren umher, und die Drosseln und Amseln,
All' die gefrässige Schaar, Räuber der fröhlichen Saat.
Diese Verheerer zu fahn, ist Recht; sie mögt ihr vertilgen;
Aber was neidet ihr mir Blätter und Blumen und Thau?

Jacobs.

Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue
Content with solitude, and rosy dew?
Me, whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs prevail?
I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,
And me they call their summer-nightingale.

See, on your fruits the thrush and black-bird prey!
See, the bold starlings steal your grain away!
Destroy your foes: why should you me pursue
Content with verdant leaves, and rosy dew?

Fawkes.

Why, ruthless shepherds, from my dewy spray
In my lone haunt, why tear me thus away?
Me, the Nymphs' wayside minstrel, whose sweet note
O'er sultry hill is heard, and shady grove to float?
Lo! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host
Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost!
With just revenge those ravagers pursue:
But grudge not my poor leaf, and sip of grassy dew.

Wrangham.

CCLXXVI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Αἴλιος ὁ θρασύχειρ, Ἄργους πρόμος, ὁ ψελιώσας
Αὐχένα χρυσοδέτοις ἐκ πολέμου στεφάνοις,
Τηξιμελεῖ νούσῳ κεκολουμένος, ἔδραμε θυμῷ
Ἐς προτέρην ἔργων ἄρσενα μαρτυρίην,
Ὦσε δ' ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοις πλατὺ φάσγανον, ἓν μόνον εἰπών·
Ἄνδρας Ἄρης κτείνει, δειλοτέρους δὲ νόσος.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICI.

Ælius, in bellis nulli virtute secundus,
Cinxerat et cujus laurea sæpe caput,
Tabifico implicitus morbo, memorique revolvens
Mente manûs olim fortia facta suæ;
Intrepidus ferro trajecit viscera, et inquit;
Mars fortes perimit, morbus iners timidos.

Maittaire.

When Ælius of the iron hand (the Argive chief, whose neck
Full many a victor's golden chain, in battle won, did deck),
Was wasting with a slow disease, one savage deed expressed
How brooded he on by-gone deeds within his gloomy breast:
Pierced by his own broad sword, 'twas thus his parting accents ran:
"Let the coward die by sickness; 'tis a *sword* should slay the *man!*"

J. W. B.

CCLXXVII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Μάγνος, ὅτ' εἰς 'Αΐδην κατέβην, τρομέων 'Αϊδωνεὺς
Εἶπεν· ἀναστήσων ἤλυθε καὶ νέκυας.

PALLADÆ.

Magnus ut in nigrum Styga venerat, intremuit Dis:
Reddat ut et vitam manibus, inquit, adest.

Grotius.

Quando Magno discese
Alle infernali arene,
Palpitante gridar Pluto s' intese:
Ah costui l' ombre a ravvivar sen viene!

Pagnini.

Hippokrates.

Zitternd sah Gott Pluto den Koër kommen im Orkus;
"Daſſ er mir nur nicht gar, rief er, die Todten erweckt!"

Herder.

Auf den Tod des D. Mead.

Als Mead am Styx erschien, rief Pluto voller Schrecken:
Weh mir! nun kommt er gar, die Todten zu erwecken!

Lessing.

On Dr. Mead.

When Mead reach'd the Styx, Pluto started and said:
Confound him! he's come to recover the dead.

Anon. Translations from Lessing. 1825.

CCLXXVIII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Κύπριδος οὗτος ὁ χῶρος, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἔπλετο τήνᾳ
Αἰὲν ἀπ' ἠπείρου λαμπρὸν ὁρῆν πέλαγος,
Ὄφρα φίλον ναύτῃσι τελῇ πλόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος
Δειμαίνει, λιπαρὸν δερκόμενος ξόανον.

ANYTES.

Ista decet Venerem sedes, quæ lucida gaudet
Æquora de specula littoris adspicere;
Ut placidum præstet nautis iter, et tremat ipsam,
Effigiem pulchram dum videt, unda maris.

Grotius.

Cypris wohnet allhier. Vom hohen Gestade gefällt ihrs,
Auf die Wellen zu schaun, auf das beglänzete Meer
Schiffern euch zur glücklichen Fahrt. Das stürmende Meer schweigt
Ringsum, wenn es ihr Bild, wenn es ihr Antlitz schaut.

Herder.

Kypris am Meer.

Dieser Ort ist der Kypris geheiliget; denn es gefiel ihr,
Stets zu schaun vom Gestad' über das schimmernde Meer:
Daß erwünscht sei die Fahrt den Schiffenden, und das Gewässer
Ehrfurchtsvoll anstaun' ihre verklärte Gestalt.

Voss.

On a Statue of Venus.

Cythera from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail;
While Ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.

Wrangham.

CCLXXIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι Φύσις χαλεπώτερον εὗρεν
Ἀνθρώπου καθαρὰν ψευδομένου φιλίην·
Οὐ γὰρ ἔθ' ὡς ἐχθρὸν φυλασσόμεθ', ἀλλ' ἀγαπῶντες
Ὡς φίλον, ἐν τούτῳ πλείονα βλαπτόμεθα.

LUCIANI.

Non aliud usquam gignitur molestius
Sacram homine mentito fidem:
Hunc non cavemus hostem, amico hôc utimur
In nostra fecundo mala!

G F. D. T.

Tra gli uomini non v' ha d' un alma infida,
Che simuli amistà, mostro peggiore.
Tant' ella recar suol danno maggiore,
Quanto più credulo altri in lei s' affida.

Pagnini.

No mischief worthier of our fear
In nature can be found
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound;
For lull'd into a dangerous dream
We close infold a foe,
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow.

W. Cowper.

CCLXXX.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἐστὶ γεωργοῦ·
Ὡς ἁλὶ καὶ γαίῃ ξυνὸς ὕπεστ' Ἀΐδης.

PLATONIS.

Naufragus hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus:
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Sam. Johnson

D' un naufrago son io la tomba, e quella
Che sta dicontro un campagnuol rinserra:
Morte ha balía del pari e in mare e in terra.

M.

Der gleiche Tod.

Ein Schiffbrüchiger ruht hier neben dem emsigen Landmann:
Ach! auf Erden und Meer findet uns alle der Tod.

Herder.

Ein Schiffbrüchiger ruht in dem Mahl hier, drüben ein Landmann.
Ach, auf der Erd', auf dem Meer gehts in den Hades hinab.

Erichson.

This is a sailor's, that a peasant's tomb:
'Neath sea and land there lurks one common doom.

R. C C.

CCLXXXI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Φεῦγε Λάκων ποτὲ δῆριν· ὑπαντιάσασα δὲ μήτηρ
Εἶπε, κατὰ στέρνων ἄορ ἀνασχομένη·
Ζώων μὲν σέο μητρὶ διαμπερὲς αἶσχος ἀνάπτεις,
Καὶ κρατερῆς Σπάρτης πάτρια θεσμὰ λύεις·
Ἢν δὲ θάνῃς παλάμῃσιν ἐμαῖς, μήτηρ μὲν ἀκούσω
Δύσμορος, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ πατρίδι σωζομένη.

PALLADÆ.

Hosti terga dedit Spartanus, at obvia mater
Dixit, in adverso pectore ferrum adigens:
Dedecus æternum matri fers vivus, et urbis
Antiquum evertis fas Lacedæmoniæ:
Sin nostra moriere manu, misera ipsa vocabor
Mater, servata sed misera in patria.

Grenville, Barp.

A Spartan 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive address'd:
Thou canst but live to blot with shame
Indelible thy mother's name,
While every breath that thou shalt draw
Offends against thy country's law;
But if thou perish by this hand,
Myself indeed, throughout the land,
To my dishonour, shall be known
The mother still of such a son;
But Sparta will be safe and free,
And that shall serve to comfort me.

W. Cowper.

CCLXXXII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νίκυλλα, τινὲς βάπτειν σε λέγουσιν,
Ἃς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγορᾶς ἐπρίω.

LUCILLII.

Tingere te falso memorant, Nicylla, capillos,
Emta foro medio nam tibi nigra coma est.

Grotius.

Che Chloe si tinga il crin, no non è vero:
Io la vidi comprarlo, ed era nero.

Roncalli.

Auf die Galathee.

Die gute Galathee! Man sagt, sie schwärz' ihr Haar;
Da doch ihr Haar schon schwarz, als sie es kaufte, war.

Lessing.

Manche behaupten, du pflegtest dein Haar, O Nikylla, zu schwärzen,
Das du doch schwarz, wie es ist, schon von dem Markte gekauft.

Jacobs.

Nycilla dyes her locks, 'tis said;
But 'tis a foul aspersion;
She buys them black; they therefore need
No subsequent immersion.

W. Cowper.

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair,
Those jet-black locks!—you bought them at the fair!

E. S.

CCLXXXIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Νίκης ἄπτερον ἐν Ῥώμῃ, ἧς τὰ πτερὰ κεραυνῷ κατεφλέχθη.

Ῥώμη παμβασίλεια, τὸ σὸν κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται·
Νίκη γάρ σε φυγεῖν ἄπτερος οὐ δύναται.

INCERTI.

De simulacro Victoriæ sine alis Romæ, quòd fulmine crematæ essent alæ.

Te nunquam amissis fugiet Victoria pennis,
Nec tua laus poterit, maxima Roma, mori.
Jos. J. Scaliger.

En ne te fugiat Victoria, perdidit alas:
Roma, tuæ semper laudis id omen erit.
Grotius.

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.
Sam. Johnson

Non est quod pereat victricis gloria Romæ:
Nempe sedet raptis custos Victoria pennis.
G. F. D. T.

Auf die Bildsäule der Göttinn Roma, als ein Blitzstrahl der Victoria, die sie in der Hand hält, die Flügel getroffen hatte.

Weltbeherrscherinn Rom! Die Siegesgöttin entfliegt dir
Nimmer; Jupiter selbst hat ihr die Flügel verbrannt.
Herder.

Niemals wird dein Nahme vergehn, allherrschendes Roma,
Denn nie flieht dich der Sieg, den du der Flügel beraubt.
Jacobs.

Queen of the world, how should thy glory die,
While Vict'ry stays, and hath no wings to fly.
G. F. D. T.

CCLXXXIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Πλοῦτον μὲν πλουτοῦντος ἔχεις, ψυχὴν δὲ πένητος,
Ὦ τοῖς κληρονόμοις πλούσιε, σοὶ δὲ πένης.

LUCILLII.

Divitias locupletis habes, inopis tibi mens est:
O miser, hæredi dives, inopsque tibi.
T. Morus.

Ditis opes tibi sunt, animus sed pauperis: ergo
Hæredi locuples, at tibi pauper eris.
Dan. Heinsius.

Gran ricchezza tu possiedi;
Ma il tuo cor ricco non è.
Tu se' ricco per gli eredi,
E se' povero per te.

Pagnini.

Der arme Reiche.

Schätze des Reichen hast du von aussen, von innen des Armen
Kleinmuth; bist du dir selbst oder den Erben nur reich?

Herder.

Auf einen Geizigen.

Reichthum hast du des Reichen, doch ganz die Seele des Armen,
Du den Erben allein Reicher, und Armer ihr selbst.

Voss

Of a ritch miser.

A misers minde thou hast,
Thou hast a prince's pelfe:
Which makes thee welthy to thine heire,
A beggar to thy selfe.

Turbervile

With narrow soul thou swim'st in glorious wealth;
Rich to thy heir, but wretched to thyself.

Cotton

CCLXXXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Κύζικον ἢν ἔλθῃς, ὀλίγος πόνος, Ἱππακὸν εὑρεῖν
Καὶ Διδύμην· ἀφανὴς οὔτι γὰρ ἡ γενεή·
Καί σφιν ἀνιηρὸν μὲν ἐρεῖς ἔπος, ἔμπα δὲ λέξαι
Τοῦθ', ὅτι τὸν κείνων ὧδ' ἐπέχω Κριτίην.

CALLIMACHI.

Critiæ epitaphium.

Çyzicon ingresso, facili est reperire labore
Hippacon et Didumen; nobile quippe genus.
His tu mœsta quidem referes jam nuntia, natum
Dic tamen illorum quòd teneo Critiam.

N. Frischlinus.

If thou should'st go to Cyzicus, pray seek
For Hippacus and Didyme!
(Their name is known there: 'twill no trouble be)
And tell them . . . (well I wot the words thou'lt speak
Will cut them to the heart!) . . . yet tell them, Here
I hold the ashes of their Critias dear.

J. W. B.

CCLXXXVI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Τροίαν.

Ὦ πόλι, πῆ σέο κεῖνα τὰ τείχεα; πῆ πολύολβοι
Νηοί; πῆ δὲ βοῶν κράατα τεμνομένων;
Πῆ Παφίης ἀλάβαστρα, καὶ ἡ πάγχρυσος ἐφεστρίς;
Πῆ δὲ Τριτογενοῦς δείκελον ἐνδαπίης;
Πάντα μόθος, χρονίη τε χύσις, καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιὴ
Ἥρπασεν, ἀλλοίην ἀμφιβαλοῦσα τύχην·
Καί σε τόσον νίκησε βαρὺς φθόνος. ἀλλ' ἄρα μοῦνον
Οὔνομα σὸν κρύψαι καὶ κλέος οὐ δύναται.

AGATHIAS.

De Troja.

Nunc ubi, Troja, precor, tua mœnia, templaque Divum
Splendida, et aurati, victima pulchra, boves?
Et Veneris fulgens alabaster, et aurea vestis,
Inclitaque indigenæ Palladis effigies?
Cuncta ferus Mavors, et vis fatalis, et ætas
Abstulit, in varias sæpe voluta vices.
Hactenus invidiæ licuit te vincere: verum
Hac nolente tibi fama decusque manent.

Grotius.

Oh! City, where are those walls of thine?
And thy temples rich with slaughter'd kine?
And where are the perfumes, the vest all gold,
That the Paphian queen adorn?
And where the image thou hadst of old
Of thy native Triton-born?
The toils of war, and the ruins of time, and the might of Destiny
Have seiz'd on all, and brought in their stead far different hap to thee.
Thus far bitter Envy hath conquered thee,
But alone survives thy name;
And Envy itself shall conquered be,
For it cannot hide thy fame.

E. S.

CCLXXXVII.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

Ἠρνήσαντο καὶ ἄλλαι ἑὸν πάρος οὔνομα νῆσοι
Ἀκλεές, ἐς δ' ἀνδρῶν ἦλθον ὁμωνυμίην.
Κληθείητε καὶ ὕμμες Ἐρωτίδες· οὐ νέμεσίς τοι
Ἥξει δὴ ταύτην κλῆσιν ἀμειψαμέναις.
Παιδὶ γάρ, ὃν τύμβῳ Δίης ὑπεθήκατε βώλου,
Οὔνομα καὶ μορφὴν αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν Ἔρως.
Ὦ χθὼν σηματόεσσα, καὶ ἡ παρὰ θινὶ θάλασσα,
Παιδὶ σὺ μὲν κούφη κεῖσο, σὺ δ' ἡσυχίη.

CRINAGORÆ.

De puero formoso, cui nomen Ἔρως, in insula Dia sepulto.

Mutavit non una suum prius insula nomen
Ex hominum dici nomine læta magis.
Istud ad exemplum vos jam quoque Erotides este:
Non erit hic vobis invidiosus honor;
Nam puero præbet Diæ cui gleba sepulchrum,
Ut dederat formam, sic quoque nomen Amor.
Ossa tegens tellus, et proxima littoris unda,
Esto levis puero tu, rogo, tuque sile.

Grotius.

Manche der Inseln nahm, statt ihres, den Namen der Menschen
An, und pflanzte damit sich in des Ruhmes Gerücht.
Insel, nenne du dich fortan die Insel der Liebe.
Nemesis zürnt dir nicht, dass du den Namen erwählst;
Denn den du verbirgst, an deinem heiligen Ufer,
Ihm gab die Liebe Gestalt, wie sie den Namen ihm gab.
Deck' ihn sanft o Erde, den holden Knaben der Liebe,
Und ihr Wellen, berührt leise sein ruhiges Grab.

Herder.

Full oft, of old, the islands changed their name,
And took new titles from some heir of fame:
Then dread not ye the wrath of gods above,
But change your own, and be the Isles of Love;
For 'Love's' own name and shape the infant bore
Whom late we buried on your sandy shore . . .
Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,
And earth, lie light upon his little grave!

J. W. B.

CCLXXXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Παλλὰς ἐσαθρήσασα καὶ Ἥρη χρυσοπέδιλος
Μαιονίδ', ἐκ κραδίης ἴαχον ἀμφότεραι·
Οὐκέτι γυμνούμεσθα· κρίσις μία ποιμένος ἀρκεῖ·
Οὐ καλὸν ἡττᾶσθαι δὶς περὶ καλλοσύνης.

RUFINI.

Mæonida aspexit cum Pallas et aurea Juno,
Hos simul ex imo corde dedere sonos.
Stabimus haud iterum nudæ: satis illud in Ida;
In formæ vinci lite bis est nimium.

Grotius.

Come Palla e Giunon dai calzar d' oro
Veduto ebber Meonide, amendue
Dall' interno gridaron del cor loro:
Non mostriamci no più dai veli sciolte:
Del pastor basta un sol giudizio: bello
Non è vinte in bellezza esser due volte.

Pompei.

Pallas with golden-sandall'd Juno gazed
On Mæonis, till both cried out amazed:
Once to the shepherd-judge our charms we bared:
Twice 'tis not well to be 'less fair' declared.

W.

Imitation.

When Minerva, and Juno with gold-sandall'd feet
Saw Matilda, they cried from their heart: We are beat.
The case was made plain
By the Judgment of Paris; we'll not strip again;
For it never looks well
To be twice disappointed of being the 'Belle.'

W.

CCLXXXIX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Παμμῆτορ γῆ, χαῖρε, σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σὲ
Αἰσιγένην καὐτὴ νῦν ἐπέχοις ἀβαρής.

MELEAGRI.

Salve progenitrix cunctorum terra, gravisque
Ausigeni ne sis; non fuit ille tibi.

Grotius.

Cunctiparens Tellus, salve, levis esto pusillo
  Lysigeni; fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Sam. Johnson.

Sii leggiero, o terreno,
All' ossa di Bireno:
Uomo di minor pondo
Giammai non ebbe il mondo.

Cesare Montalti.

Terra, madre comune, a te fu lieve
  Peso Esigèn; non gli esser or tu greve!

M.

Gütige Mutter Erde, wer dir im Leben nicht Last war,
  O den birgest du sanft: birg' den Ausigenes so.

Herder.

Erde, sey mir gegrüsst, Allmutter, und welcher im Leben
  Dir nicht Last war, leicht sey dem Aisigenes auch.

Erichson.

Sey, Allmutter, gegrüsst! Wie Aisigenes nie dich gedrückt hat,
  Also belaste du jetzt auch den Aisigenes nicht.

Jacobs.

Earth, lightly press Ausigenes, for he,
Mother, ne'er set a heavy foot on thee.

I B

CCXC.

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ.

Ἧσο κατ' ἠγάθεον τόδ' ἀνάκτορον, ἀσπὶ φαεννά,
  Ἄνθεμα Λατῴᾳ δήϊον Ἀρτέμιδι.
Πολλάκι γὰρ κατὰ δῆριν Ἀλεξάνδρου μετὰ χερσὶν
  Μαρναμένα, χρυσέαν οὐκ ἐκόνισσας ἴτυν.

MNASALCÆ.

Pensilis in sancta Latoidis æde Dianæ,
  Parma nitens, bello functa, quieta mane:
Nam tibi Alexandri pugnanti sæpe lacertis,
  Aurea pulvereum nesciit ora solum.

G. B.

Rast' itzt, glänzendes Schild, in der Artemis heiligem Tempel,
  Letos Tochter, des Kriegs würdiges Zeichen, geweiht.
Oftmals strahlend im Kampf in der Kräftigen Hand Alexanders,
  Hast du den goldenen Rand nimmer mit staube bedeckt.

Jacobs.

A holy offering at Diana's shrine,
See Alexander's glorious shield recline;
Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day
Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay.

Merivale.

CCXCI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝ.

Μούναν σὺν τέκνοις νεκυοστόλε δέξο με πορθμεῦ
Τὰν λάλον· ἀρκεῖ σοι φόρτος ὁ Ταντάλιδος·
Πληρώσει γαστὴρ μία σὸν σκάφος, εἴσιδε κούρους
Καὶ κούρας, Φοίβου σκῦλα καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS.

Portitor umbrarum, solam cum prole loquacem
Me cape: fert oneris Tantalis una satis.
En natos spolium Phœbi, natasque Dianæ:
Ex utero nostro plena carina tua est.

Grotius.

Charon! receive a family on board,
Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl.
Apollo and Diana, for a word
By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

W. Cowper.

Me with my children only, Charon, take
Across thy lake:
Lading enough is rash-tongued Niobe.
That single womb shall fill thy bark; for see
Her victim train!
Youths by Apollo, maids by Dian slain!

W.

CCXCII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Εἰς δελφῖνα ἐκβρασθέντα ἐκ θαλάσσης ἐν τῇ χέρσῳ.

Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῖσιν ἀγαλλόμενος πελάγεσσιν
Αὐχέν' ἀναρρίψω βυσσόθεν ὀρνύμενος,
Οὐδὲ περὶ σκαλμοῖσι νεὼς περικαλλέα χεῖλη
Ποιφύσσω, τἀμᾷ τερπόμενος προτομᾷ.
Ἀλλά με πορφυρέα πόντου νοτὶς ὦσ' ἐπὶ χερσόν,
Κεῖμαι δὲ ῥαδινὰν τάνδε παρ' ἠϊόνα.

ANYTES.

Non iterum lætus pelagi exultantibus undis
Jactabo e mediis edita colla fretis;
Nec ratis ad scalmos pulchris proflans mare labris
Mirabor faciem rostra imitata meam.
Huc me cæruleis egit ferus imbribus Auster,
Et dedit ejecto mollis arena torum.

G. S.

On a Dolphin cast ashore.

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea
High shall I raise my head in gambols free;
Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air,
Pleas'd with my own bright image figur'd there.
The storm's black mist has forc'd me to the land,
And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand.

F. H.

CCXCIII.

ΣΕΚΟΥΝΔΟΥ.

Ὁλκὰς ἀμετρήτου πελάγευς ἀνύσασα κέλευθον,
Καὶ τοσάκις χαροποῖς κύμασι νηξαμένη,
Ἣν ὁ μέλας οὔτ' Εὗρος ἐπόντισεν, οὔτ' ἐπὶ χέρσον
Ἤλασε χειμερίων ἄγριον οἶδμα Νότων,
Ἐν πυρὶ νῦν ναυηγὸς ἐγὼ χθονὶ μέμφομ' ἀπίστῳ,
Νῦν ἁλὸς ἡμετέρης ὕδατα διζομένη.

SECUNDI.

Quæ toties puppis cursu felice natavi,
Per maris immensas velificata vias;
Quam neque Corus aquis mersit, nec in horrida saxa
Impulit hyberni sæva procella Noti;
De tellure queror, flammis ubi naufraga fio:
Hei mihi! quod nostræ tam procul estis aquæ.

Grotius.

La nave incendiata nel lido.

Io, che tra il flutto e la tempesta avversa
Mille rischi sostenni e mille stenti,
Che salda e integra ognor, nè mai sommersa
D' Euro e Noto sprezzai l' ire frementi,
Or naufraga nel foco in questa sponda,
Cerco e domando invan soccorso all' onda.

Roncalli.

Framed as a ship long voyages o'er ocean's paths to brave,
And often floating jauntily upon the merry wave,
I, whom black Eurus could not sink, nor ever on the sand
The billowy strength of stormy waves had might enough to strand,
A wreck amid the fire at last I curse the faithless shore,
And fain would ask some quenching aid from mine own ocean's store.

R. C. C.

CCXCIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Αὐτά τοι, τρέσσαντι παρὰ χρέος, ὤπασεν ᾆδαν,
Βαψαμένα κοίλων ἐντὸς ἄρη λαγόνων,
Μάτηρ, ἅ σ' ἔτεκεν, Δαμάτριε· φᾶ δὲ σίδαρον
Παιδὸς ἑοῦ φύρδαν μεστὸν ἔχουσα φόνου,
'Αφριόεν κοναβηδὸν ἐπιπρίουσα γένειον,
Δερκομένα λοξαῖς, οἷα Λάκαινα, κόραις·
Λεῖπε τὸν Εὐρώταν, ἴθι Τάρταρον· ἀνίκα δειλὰν
Οἶσθα φυγάν, τελέθεις οὔτ' ἐμός, οὔτε Λάκων.

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Te verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox,
Te tua quæ peperit mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,
Dentibus et graviter stridens, qualisque Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,
Linque, ait, Eurotam; et si mors est dura, sub Orcum
Effuge; non meus es; non Lacedæmonius.

T. Warton.

Thy mother gave the death thou'dst basely fled;
Through thy deep flank the sword thy mother sped,
Demetrius, she that bare thee, and she cried,
Her hand upon the steel thy life-blood dyed,
Champing her foamy lip in furious wise,
And Sparta's daughter glaring in her eyes:
Eurotas spurns; Hell calls thee. Thou could'st flee!
Craven! thou'rt nought to Sparta, nought to me!

G. S.

CCXCV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνὸς θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἄπειμι·
Καὶ τί μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὁρῶν τὸ τέλος;

PALLADÆ.

Nudus in hanc terram matris sum lapsus ab alvo:
Quo terra excedam tempore nudus ero.
Quid gravibus curis, studiis quid inanibus angor?
Dum loquor, à tergo mors quoque nuda venit.

Ph. Melancthon.

Terram adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
  Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Sam. Johnson.

Ignudo venni in terra,
  E ignudo andrò sotterra.
  A che mi affanno e sudo
  Se finir debbo ignudo?

Pagnini.

Nacket kam ich und nackt geh' ich einst unter die Erde;
  Nackt von hinnen zu gehn, braucht es wohl Kummer und Leid?

Herder.

Nackt einst kam ich zur Welt; nackt wandel' ich unter die Erde.
  Solch ein nacktes Geschick ist es der Mühen wohl werth?

Jacobs.

Naked I came upon earth, and naked beneath it I'm going;
  Why then labour in vain, seeing that naked's the end?

W.

Naked, I entered at my birth;
Naked, I hie me back to earth:
Why then should I so anxious be,
Since naked still the end I see?

J. W B.

CCXCVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἄνθρωπ', οὐ Κροίσου λεύσσεις τάφον, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς
  Χερνήτεω· μικρὸς τύμβος, ἐμοὶ δ' ἱκανός.
Οὐκ ἐπιδὼν νύμφεια λέχη κατέβην τὸν ἄφυκτον
  Γόργιππος ξανθῆς Φερσεφόνης θάλαμον.

SIMONIDIS.

Non Crœsi hic tumulus; privata condor in urna:
  Ut tenui, tenuis sufficit iste lapis.
Nomine Gorgippus, vixi sine conjuge: nunc me
  Persephone thalamo non fugienda tenet.

W.

Kroisos Grab nicht siehst du, o Wanderer; sondern des armen
  Söldlings. Klein nur ist's, aber genügend für mich.
Folgsam stieg Gorgippos hinab zu Persephonens dunkler
  Wohnung, ohne sich je bräutlichen Lagers zu freun.

Jacobs.

A poor man, not a Crœsus, here lies dead,
  And small the sepulchre befitting me:
Gorgippus I, who knew no marriage-bed,
  Before I wedded pale Persephone.

Sterling.

CCXCVII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἀποθνήσκειν δεῖ με; τί μοι μέλει, ἤν τε ποδαγρός,
Ἤν τε δρομεὺς γεγονὼς εἰς Ἀΐδην ὑπάγω;
Πολλοὶ γάρ μ' αἴρουσιν· ἔα χωλόν με γενέσθαι.
Τῶνδ' ἕνεκεν γὰρ ἴσως οὔποτ' ἐῶ θιάσους.

NICARCHI.

Quidquid agam, mors certa manet. Refertne podager,
An cursor Ditis limina nigra petam?
Multi me tollent. Fiam sine claudus: ob illud
Ne dulces thiasos sit mihi deserere.

Grotius.

Muss ich nicht sterben dareinst? Was kummert's mich, ob ich podagrisch,
Oder als Läufer behend steige zum Hades hinab?
Viele ja tragen mich dann; drum lasst mich hinken, o Freunde;
Deshalb bleib 'ich fürwahr nicht von dem Schmause zurück.

Jacobs.

Must I not die at all events, and go,
Nimble or gouty, to the shades below?
Then what if I grow lame? There will be found
Bearers enough, to lift me off the ground:
Is it to ease them that you'd now perchance
Bid me leave off the revels and the dance?

W.

CCXCVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τᾷδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Dic, hospes, Spartæ, nos te hic vidisse jacentes,
Dum sanctis patriæ legibus obsequimur.

Cicero.

Nos Lacedæmoniis refer hic, peregrine, jacentes,
Exhibito illorum vocibus obsequio.

Laur Valla.

Nos hic esse sitos Spartæ dic, quæsumus, hospes,
Dum facimus promto corde quod ipsa jubet.

Grotius

Annunzia a Sparta, o passeggier, che noi
Qui giacciam, fidi a quanto impone a' suoi.

M.

Wandrer, sag' es in Sparta: Wir sind im Streite gefallen,
  Haben gehorsam erfüllt unsers Landes Gesetz.

Christian von Stolberg.

Wanderer, bringe von uns Lakedämons Bürgern die Botschaft:
  Folgsam ihrem Gesetz liegen im Grabe wir hier.

Jacobs.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

W. L. Bowles.

Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band
Here lie in death, remembering her command.

F. H.

To those of Lacedæmon, stranger, tell,
That, as their laws commanded, here we fell.

Sterling.

Tell the Spartans, passer-by,
At their bidding here we lie.

J. R.

CCXCIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ.

Τῇ Παφίῃ στεφάνους, τῇ Παλλάδι τὴν πλοκαμῖδα,
  Ἀρτέμιδι ζώνην ἄνθετο Καλλιρόη·
Εὕρετο γὰρ μνηστῆρα τὸν ἤθελε, καὶ λάχεν ἥβην
  Σώφρονα, καὶ τεκέων ἄρσεν ἔτικτε γένος.

AGATHIÆ.

Has Paphiæ sertas, crinem hunc tibi, maxima Pallas,
  Dictynnæ hanc zonam Calliroë posuit;
Quod placito jam juncta viro est, casteque juventam
  Transiit, et prolem masculeam peperit.

Dan. Heinsius.

Mutter der Liebe, Dir weiht Kallirhoe den Kranz hier
  Pallas, die Locke dir; Dir o Diana den Gurt;
Denn ihr gabet ihr, Gute, den Mann, den sie wünschte, die Jahre
  Kluger Vernunft und dann Kinder, ein männlich Geschlecht.

Herder.

Venus, this chaplet take! (Callirrhoe pray'd)
  The youth I loved, thy power hath made him mine.
These locks to thee I vow, Athenian maid!
  By thee I holy kept my virgin shrine:
To Artemis my zone; a mother's joy
She gave me to possess; my beauteous boy.

Merivale.

CCC.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Πολλὰ πιὼν καὶ πολλὰ φαγὼν καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' εἰπὼν
Ἀνθρώπους, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

SIMONIDIS.

Edi multa, bibi multa, et probra plurima dixi,
Qui situs hic nunc sum, Timocreon Rhodius.

Grotius.

Epitaphium Joannis Eccii sophistæ et parasiti Pontificii.

Πολλὰ πιὼν, καὶ πολλὰ φάγὼν καὶ πολλὰ κακ' εἰπὼν
Ἐν δὲ τάφῳ Ἔκιος γαστέρ' ἔθηκε ἑὴν.

Multa vorans, et multa bibens, mala plurima dicens
Eccius, hac posuit putre cadaver humo.

Ph. Melancthon.

Timocreon da Rodi è qui sepolto,
Ghiotton, beone e maldicente molto.

M.

Timocréon de Rhodes est mort, et git icy,
Grand mangeur, grand beuveur, et grand moqueur aussi.

Tamisier.

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,
Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.

Merivale.

Timocreon of Rhodes, who much devoured,
Much drank, much slandered, lies by death o'erpowered.

Sterling.

Timocreon of Rhodes lies here, and freely does confess,
He eat and drank, and slander'd folks, to a very great excess.

W.

CCCI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, *οἱ δὲ* ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ.

Πάντα Χάρων ἄπληστε, τί τὸν νέον ἥρπασας αὔτως
Ἄτταλον; οὐ σὸς ἔην, κεἰ θάνε γηραλέος;

INCERTI, VEL BIANORIS.

Insatiate Charon, juvenem cur Attalon aufers?
Non tuus ille, senex si moreretur, erat?

Grotius.

O tu, Caron, insazïabil fera,
A che sì giovin Attalo rapisti?
S' ei moría vecchio, forse tuo non era?

M.

Nimmergesättigter Tod, was raubst du den blühenden Knaben,
  Attalos? War er nicht dein, wenn er im Alter erblich?

Jacobs.

Why, greedy Charon, haste to take
  Young Attalus away?
If in old age he cross'd thy lake,
  Were he not still thy prey?

W.

CCCII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Πῖνε καὶ εὐφραίνου· τί γὰρ αὔριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον;
  Οὐδεὶς γιγνώσκει. μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία.
Ὡς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετάδος, φάγε, θνητὰ λογίζου.
  Τὸ ζῆν τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀπέχει.
Πᾶς ὁ βίος τοιόσδε, ῥοπὴ μόνον· ἂν προλάβῃς, σοῦ·
  Ἂν δὲ θάνῃς, ἑτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

INCERTI.

Pelle mero curas! Sudare et currere frustra
  Mitte. Latet multa postera nocte dies.
Ut potes, indulge genio; mortalia cura:
  Inter se distant vitaque morsque nihil.
Momentum est ætas omnis breve; cunctaque tu si
  Præripias, alter, si moriaris, habet.

G. S.

Trinke, geniesse der Zeit! was bringt du der Morgen? die Zukunft?
  Niemand weiss es. Wohlan, laufe nicht, mühe dich nicht!
Freue dich, liebe, geniesse, du kannst es noch, denke des Todes;
  Zwischen Leben und Tod liegt ein unmerklicher Punkt.
Leben ist nur ein Moment. Ergriefst du ihn, ist er der Deine;
  Stirbst du, so nehmen dein Gut Andre, nichts bleibet dir selbst.

Jacobs.

Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings
No mortal knoweth: wherefore toil or run?
Spend while thou mayst, eat, fix on present things
Thy hopes and wishes: life and death are one.
One moment: grasp life's goods; to thee they fall.
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.

G. S.

CCCIII.

ΑΚΗΡΑΤΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ.

Ἕκτορ Ὁμηρείῃσιν ἀεὶ βεβοημένε βίβλοις,
Θειοδόμου τείχευς ἕρκος ἐρυμνότατον,
Ἐν σοὶ Μαιονίδης ἀνεπαύσατο· σοῦ δὲ θανόντος,
Ἕκτορ, ἐσιγήθη καὶ σελὶς Ἰλιάδος.

ACERATI.

Hector Homeriacis semper celeberrime libris,
Grande decus patriæ præsidiumque tuæ,
Mæonidi finis tu carminis: Hectore cæso,
Protinus Iliados pagina clausa tacet.

G. S.

Hektor, o du, der Held in allen Gesängen Homerus;
Der seinem Vaterland Mauer und Stütze verlieh.
Auf dir ruhte der Mäonide; denn als du gefallen
Warest, o Hektor, da schwieg mit dir die Ilias auch.

Herder.

Hektor, immer und laut im homerischen Liede gepriesen,
Göttergegründeter Burg Schützer und kräftiger Hort,
Bey dir endet der Sänger der Ilias; als du gestorben,
Hektor, schweiget sogleich auch das mäonische Lied.

Jacobs.

Name ever rife in Homer's lore!
Hector, of God-built walls the stay!
With thine the poet's toils are o'er,
And with thy death dies Ilium's lay.

G. S.

CCCIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἀπλήρωτ' Ἀΐδα, τί με νήπιον ἥρπασας ἐχθρῶς;
Τί σπεύδεις; οὔ σοι πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα;

INCERTI.

Infantem quid me rapis, insatiabilis Orce?
Omnes debemur nos tibi: quid properas?

Grotius.

Mich unmündigen Knaben entrafftest du, gieriger Tod, schon?
Was so geeilt? Sind nicht alle dir sicher genug?

Voss.

Insatiate Grave! we all are due to thee.
Then why such haste? Why seize a babe like me?

W.

CCCV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ οἱ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Δεξιτερὴν Ἀΐδαο θεοῦ χέρα, καὶ τὰ κελαινὰ
Ὄμνυμεν ἀῤῥήτου δέμνια Περσεφόνης,
Παρθένοι ὡς ἔτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί· πολλὰ δ᾽ ὁ πικρὸς
Αἰσχρὰ καθ᾽ ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης
Ἀρχίλοχος· ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ
Ἔργα, γυναικεῖον δ᾽ ἔτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον.
Πιερίδες, τί κόρῃσιν ἐφ᾽ ὑβριστῆρας ἰάμβους
Ἐτράπετ᾽ οὐχ ὁσίῳ φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι;

INCERTI.

Juramus Ditis dextram, nigrumque nefandæ
Persephones, nos hæc dicere vera, torum:
Castæ migrantes et ad Orcum mansimus, in nos
Archilocho quamvis multa vomente probra.
At vero is pulchra fama male carminis usus
Virgineis movit barbara bella choris.
Cur in eos sævis faciles armastis iambis,
Musæ, haud curantem fasque nefasque virum?

Liebel.

Vertheidigung der Lykambiden gegen Archilochos.

Ja bei der Rechte des Hades beschwören es, bei dem geschwärzten
Lager Persephone's auch, jener Unnennbaren wir:
Jungfrau'n sind wir selbst in der tiefe noch; Schmähungen hast nur
Unserer Jungfrauschaft, bittrer Archilochos, du
Viele geschwatzt, und gewandt Beredtheit schöner Gesänge
Auf nicht schönen Gebrauch, weiber befehdenden Krieg.
Sagt, Pieriden, weswegen ihr höhnende Jamben auf Mädchen
Habet gewandt, dem nicht heiligen Manne geneigt?

W. Schlegel.

By his right hand that rules the dead we swear,
By Proserpine's dread name and darksome lair,
True maids are we; though on our maidenhood
Archilochus poured forth his venom's flood.
Each nobler theme that fills the poet's page,
He basely left, on women war to wage.
Shame on ye, Muses, that, poor maids to harm,
Could thus with ribald verse the miscreant arm.

G. S.

CCCVI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Σῆμα παρ' Αἰάντειον ἐπὶ Ῥοιτηΐσιν ἀκταῖς
Θυμοβαρὴς Ἀρετὰ μύρομαι ἑζομένα,
Ἀπλόκαμος, πινόεσσα, διὰ κρίσιν, ὅττι Πελασγῶν
Οὐκ ἀρετὰ νικᾶν ἔλλαχεν, ἀλλὰ δόλος.
Τεύχεα δ' ἂν λέξειεν Ἀχιλλέος· Ἄρσενος ἀκμᾶς,
Οὐ σκολιῶν μύθων ἄμμες ἐφιέμεθα.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Hic, ubi Rhœteïs Ajax tumulatur in actis,
Assideo Virtus icta dolore gravi,
Squalida, sparsa comas, quod iniqua lege Pelasgûm
Fraudibus heu victas sum dare jussa manus!
Arma hæc inclamant: Nos fortia pectora bello,
Non artem ambigui poscimus eloquii.

Averardus Medices.

Io qui sul Retèo margine,
Da doglia il core oppresso,
Virtù siedo mestissima
D' Ajace all' urna appresso.
Qui rasa e in veste sordida
Il Greco stuol condanno
Che sopra me vittoria
Diede a facondo inganno.
L' armi gridato avrebbero
Del Tessalo maggiore:
Non vogliam noi facondia;
Vogliam l' uomo e il valore.

Felici.

Bey dem Aiantischen Grab, am rhöteïschen Meeresgestade,
Sitzet die Tugend und klagt kummerbelasteten Sinns,
Sonder Gelock, und in Trauer gehüllt, weil nach der Pelasger
Urtheil, taüschende List, aber nicht Tugend gesiegt.
Fraget die Waffen Achills, und sie sagen euch: Mannlicher Muth nur,
Nicht ein betrüglich Geschwätz reget Verlangen in uns.

Jacobs.

By Ajax' tomb, on the Rhœtean strand,
Weigh'd down with grief see Virtue takes her stand
In mournful guise, because the Greeks confer
The meed of valour upon Fraud, not Her.
"Achilles' arms themselves would claim," she cries,
"Not cunning words, but manly enterprise."

W.

CCCVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Καλὰ Ποσειδάων δίκασεν πολὺ μᾶλλον Ἀθήνης·
Ἀσπὶς ἐν αἰγιαλοῖσι βοᾷ, καὶ σῆμα τινάσσει,
Αὐτόν σ' ἐκκαλέουσα, τὸν ἄξιον ἀσπιδιώτην.
Ἔγρεο, παῖ Τελαμῶνος, ἔχεις σάκος Αἰακίδαο.

INCERTI.

Æquius arbitrium Neptunus Pallade dixit:
Testis adest clypeus, tumulumque in littora pulsat,
Et velut inclamat dignum te talibus armis:
Surge, genus Telamonis, habes quod gessit Achilles.

Grotius.

Neptune has well reversed Minerva's doom!
Hurled by the breakers to its Lord, that shield
Rings out a righteous summons on thy tomb:
Wake, son of Telamon, Achilles' arms to wield!

W.

CCCVIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Καὐτὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἥλω,
Ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

MELEAGRI.

Quinetiam captus medio est Amor ipse volatu:
Timarion, oculis præda fit ille tuis!

G. F. D. T.

Ich selbst, schwebend im Äthergewölk, der geflügelte Eros,
Wurde gefangen, dein Blick fing, o Timarion, mich.

Erichson.

'Tis Love himself, entangled as he flies!
Timarion, you've caught him with those eyes.

W.

CCCIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Οὐκ ἔστι γήμας, ὅστις οὐ χειμάζεται.
Λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

INCERTI.

Ducis uxorem! pateris procellas:
Dicis hoc, et scis: tamen ipse ducis.

Paulus Stephanus.

Omnis maritus in procelloso est mari:
Dicunt id omnes: cum sciant, ducunt tamen.

Grotius.

Sta in burrascoso pelago chi ha moglie:
Ognun lo dice, e il sa, ma ognun la toglie.

M.

Wedlock is but a stormy kind of life.
So says each fool, and straightway takes a wife.

W. Shepherd.

The man that marries leads a stormy life,
Say all, and with eyes open take a wife.

G. B.

CCCX.

ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Χειμερίοις νιφάδεσσι παλυνομένα τιθὰς ὄρνις,
Τέκνοις εὐναίας ἀμφέχεε πτέρυγας,
Μέσφα μιν οὐράνιον κρύος ὤλεσεν· ἦ γὰρ ἔμεινεν
Αἰθέρος, οὐρανίων ἀντίπαλος νεφέων.
Πρόκνη καὶ Μήδεια, κατ' Ἄϊδος αἰδέσθητε,
Μητέρες, ὀρνίθων ἔργα διδασκόμεναι.

ALPHEI.

Sparsa licet nivibus, pennarum stragula pullis
Explicuit fida vernula cortis ope,
Frigore deriguit donec pia: namque caducis
Nubibus et gelido restitit usque polo.
Vos pudeat matres, Progne et Medea, sub Orco,
Quod faciunt teneræ cum scieritis aves.

G. B.

Gallina mansuetissima,
D' aspra neve brumale
Aspersa tutta, i teneri
Polli copría coll' ale.

Scudo costante ai miseri
  Fu contra il cielo algente,
  Fin che non cadde vittima
  Dell' etere inclemente.
Progne e Medea vergogninsi
  Laggiù nel cupo Averno,
  E dagli augelli imparino
  Ciò ch' opri amor materno.

Felici.

Liebe Henne, du triefest von Schnee und himmlischer Kälte,
  Indeß immer du noch mütterlich wärmest das Nest.
Seht, sie ist schon erstarrt und deckt mit schützenden Flügeln
  Auch im Tode die ihr zärtlich geliebete Brut.
O ihr Menschenmütter im Schattenreiche, Medea,
  Progne, erröthet ihr nicht, wenn euch der Vogel erscheint?

Herder.

Gegen den stürmischen Schnee umschirmete brütend die Henne,
  Ueber dem einsamen Nest sorglich der Kinder Geschlecht,
Bis sie dem Froste des Himmels erlag; denn über den Jungen
  Wehrend dem Sturm und Gewölk harrte sie mütterlich aus.
Prokne, schämst du dich nicht in dem Aïdes? bebst du, Medea,
  Nicht vor dir selber zurück, hörst du die Thaten des Huhns?

Jacobs.

When winter's snow in beating storms descends,
Her callow brood the mother bird defends:
Her fostering wings their tender limbs embrace:
Till froze to death, she still retains her place.
In Pluto's realm, amidst the illustrious dead
Blush, Procne, blush; Medea, hide your head,
Whilst a poor bird, by nature taught alone,
To save her younglings' lives could sacrifice her own.

Sir A. Croke.

'Twas winter; and the farm's domestic bird
Shed her soft pinions round her nestling brood,
Sprinkled the while with snows: nor yet she stirr'd
Though 'neath heav'n's frost to perish, as she stood
Their champion still 'gainst storm and cruel sky!
Hear, Procne, and Medea, hear, for you
Were mothers: and, from where in death ye lie,
Know your full shame by what the fowls can do.

G. F. D. T.

CCCXI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Λεωνίδην.

Πολλὸν ἀπ' Ἰταλίης κεῖμαι χθονός, ἔκ τε Τάραντος
Πάτρης· τοῦτο δέ μοι πικρότερον θανάτου.
Τοιοῦτος πλανίων ἄβιος βίος· ἀλλά με Μοῦσαι
Ἔστερξαν, λυγρῶν δ' ἀντὶ μελιχρὸν ἔχω.
Οὔνομα δ' οὐκ ἤμυσε Λεωνίδου· αὐτά με δῶρα
Κηρύσσει Μουσέων πάντας ἐπ' ἠελίους.

INCERTI.

Italia longe jaceo, patriaque Tarento,
Et magis hæc res est aspera morte mihi.
Invita usque adeo vita est peregrina: sed ipsis
A Musis melior nunc mihi vita data est.
Quippe per Aonidum sacra munera tempus in omne
Concelebrat nomen fama Leonideum.

Grotius.

Fern Hesperiens Lande, der glücklichen Heimath Tarantos
Deckt mich das Grab; schmerzvoll mehr als der Tod ist mir das.
Ein Unleben, ach, lebt der Verbannete. Aber die Musen
Waren mir hold; und entwölkt lächelt mir heiter mein Tag.
Nimmer vergehet Leonida's Ruhm; die Geschenke der Musen
Selber erhöh'n mich, wie lang Helios strahlend erwacht.

Erichson.

Fern von Italiens Land und den heimischen Fluren Tarentums
Lieg' ich im Grab; und dieß dünket mir herber als Tod.
Freudlos schwindet das Leben dem Irrenden; aber der Musen
Liebende Huld hat mir Süßes für Bittres verliehn.
Nimmer verwelket der Ruhm des Leonidas; sondern der Musen
Gaben verkunden ihn stets bis zu dem Ende der Zeit.

Jacobs.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the dear land of my infancy.
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death!
Call it not life, to pass a fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage.
But me the Muse has ever lov'd, and giv'n
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of Heav'n,
Nor lets my memory decay, but long
To distant times preserves my deathless song.

Merivale.

A long way from the land of Italy,
And, bitterer to me than death! I lie
Not in my native Táranto: so fares
The needy wand'rer! But the tuneful Níne
Gave me their love, and sweets in lieu of cares.
And now can no oblivion sink my name;
For to all time the Muses' gifts proclaim
Leonidas, where'er the orb of day doth shine.

W.

CCCXII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ.

Λυσίππης ὁ νεογνὸς ἀπὸ κρημνοῦ παῖς ἕρπων
Ἀστυανακτείης ἤρχετο δυσμορίης·
Ἡ δὲ μεθωδήγησεν ἀπὸ στέρνων προφέρουσα
Μαζόν, τὸν λιμοῦ ῥύτορα καὶ θανάτου.

LEONIDÆ ALEXANDRINI.

Serpserat in scopulum Lysippæ parvulus infans,
Nec procul a fatis Astyanactos erat.
Sed retrahit genitrix ostensa a pectore mamma,
Quæ mortem pepulit, pellere sueta famem.

Grotius.

On an Infant playing on the edge of a precipice.

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,
When but an instant's space had been too late,
And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath,
The mother saw; she laid her bosom bare;
Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share;
And that which nourish'd life now saved from death.

Merivale.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recal,
See, to the last last verge her infant steals!
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

Sam. Rogers.

CCCXIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

A. Εἰπέ, τί σοὶ ξυνὸν καὶ Παλλάδι; τῇ γὰρ ἄκοντες
Καὶ πόλεμοι πάρα· σοὶ δ' εὔαδον εἰλαπίναι.
B. Μὴ προπετῶς, ὦ ξεῖνε, θεῶν πέρι τοῖα μετάλλα·
Ἴσθι δ' ὅσοις ἴκελος δαίμονι τῇδε πέλω.
Καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ πολέμων φίλιον κλέος· οἶδεν ἅπας μοι
Ἠῴου δμηθεὶς Ἰνδὸς ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῦ.
Καὶ μερόπων δὲ φυὴν ἐγερήραμεν, ἡ μέν, ἐλαίῃ,
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γλυκεροῖς βότρυσιν ἡμερίδος.
Καὶ μὴν οὐδ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μήτηρ ὠδῖνας ὑπέτλη·
Λῦσα δ' ἐγὼ μηρὸν πάτριον, ἡ δέ, κάρη.

INCERTI.

De Bacchi imagine juxta Minervam stante.

Quid tibi, Bacche, gravi cum Pallade? sanguis et arma
Illi sæva placent: at tibi cura dapes.
De Dis ne nimium propera cum disseris, hospes:
Huic ego sum similis plurima namque Deæ.
Est mihi bellatrix etiam manus; India novit
Edomita Eoi littus ad Oceani.
Munera mortali generi donavimus ambo,
Illa oleam, placidæ gaudia vitis ego.
Præterea neque me matris peperere dolores;
Ipse Jovis solvi sed femur, illa caput.

Grotius.

Bacco, alla Dea Tritonia
Come ti stai vicino?
L' armi dilettan Pallade,
Te la crapola e il vino.
L' opre de' Numi a svolgere,
Rispose, è gran follia;
Pur odi quanto simile
A Palla Bacco sia.
Me pur l' armi dilettano;
Me gl' Indi e i climi Eoi
Vider fin all' oceano
Fra i vincitori eroi.
Ambi rendiamo agli uomini
Gli spiriti smarriti,
Col pingue ulivo Pallade,
Io coll' amate viti.
Non io discesi a vivere
Dal sen d' alcuna madre:
Nacque dal capo Pallade;
Io dal fianco del Padre.

Felici.

A. Sprich, was hast du gemein mit Tritonien? Jener gefallen
  Lanzen und Waffengeraüsch, dir das erfreuliche Mahl.
B. Forsch', o Fremdling, nicht nach den göttlichen Dingen mit Vorwiss.
  Aber doch wisse, mir ist Vieles mit dieser gemein.
Denn auch mich freut Ruhm in dem Kampf; ich besiegte der Inder
  Weithinwohnend Geschlecht an des Okeanos Rand.
Beyde begabten das Leben der Sterblichen; sie, mit dem Oelbaum,
  Ich, mit dem süssen Gewächs, welches die Trauben erzeugt.
Ohne den Schmerz der Geburt erblickten wir beyde das Leben.
  Denn sie trennte das Haupt, Bacchos die Lenden des Zeus.

Jacobs.

A. What hath Bacchus to do with Minerva? the spear
And the battle please her, thee the feast and good cheer.
B. Not so fast, my good friend, when you question the Gods:
'Twixt that Goddess and me there are no such great odds.
As a proof that war's glories me also can please,
Take all India subdued to the easternmost seas.
To enliven man's race both our blessings combine,
Her's the olive, my gift is the sweet clust'ring vine.
Nor of me was a mother in pangs brought to bed:
I slipt out of Jove's thigh, and she sprang from his head.

W.

CCCXIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς λουτρὸν μικρόν.

Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι· χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ.
  Βαιὸς καὶ Παφίης ἔπλετο κοῦρος Ἔρως.

INCERTI.

Parvula ne temnas, parvis nam gratia juncta est:
  Parvulus et Paphiæ filius ales Amor.

Janus Lascaris.

Why should little things be blamed?
Little things for grace are famed;
Love, the winged and the wild,
Love is but a little child.

T. P. R.

CCCXV.

ΜΟΥΣΙΚΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἁ Κύπρις Μούσαισι· κοράσια, τὰν Ἀφροδίταν
Τιμᾶτ', ἢ τὸν Ἔρων ὔμμιν ἐφοπλίσομαι.
Χαἰ Μοῦσαι ποτὶ Κύπριν· Ἄρει τὰ στωμύλα ταῦτα·
Ἁμῖν δ' οὐ πέταται τοῦτο τὸ παιδάριον.

MUSICII, VEL PLATONIS.

Cypris ait Musis: Agnoscite nostra, puellæ,
Numina, vel jussus vos male perdet Amor.
Has, Dea, respondent Musæ, Marti occine nugas.
Ad nos lascivus non volat ille puer.

Commirius.

Ad Musas Venus hæc: Veneri parete, puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat Amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem: Sic Marti, Diva, mineris;
Huc nusquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Sam. Johnson.

Vener disse alle Muse: O m' onorate,
Ovver l' arme d' Amor tosto aspettate.
Ed elle: Non dir più; che 'l tuo figliuolo
Così alto ove siam, non drizza il volo.

L. Alamanni.

Disse alle Muse un dì la Cipria Dea:
Fate a Dïone, o verginelle, onore,
O v' armo contro Amore.
E le Muse alla vaga Citerea:
Queste belle parole
Serba al tuo Marte amato;
Chè intorno a noi mai non avvien che vole
Quel garzoncello alato.

Fr. Forzoni Accolti.

Alle Muse Ciprigna: Fate onore,
O giovincelle, a Venere; od armato
Farò che contra voi ne venga Amore.
E a Ciprigna le Muse: Questi tuoi
Ciarlari a Marte. Non ispiega il volo
Cotesto fanciulluzzo inverso noi.

Pompei.

Venus und die Musen.

Paphia sprach zu den Musen: "verehrt, o Mädchen, die hohe
Paphia, oder ich . . . rüste den Amor auf euch!"
Schwäzerinn, sprachen die Musen, dem ungesitteten Mavors
Drohe; den Musen bringt nimmer dein Knabe Gefahr.

Herder.

Eros und die Musen.

Kypria sprach zu den Musen: ihr Mädchen, verehrt Aphroditens
Gottheit, oder ich rüft' Eros zum Kampfe mit euch.
Aber der Göttin erwiederten jen', Enyalios sage
Die Prahlworte; bedroht Uns das geflügelte Kind?

Erichson.

Musen und Aphrodite.

Kypria sprach zu den Musen: Ihr Mägdlein, ehrt Aphroditen,
Oder mit Waffen bewehrt send' ich den Eros zu euch.
Aber die Musen erwiederten ihr: Dieß drohe dem Ares;
Gegen uns, Kypria, kehrt nimmer der Knabe den Flug.

Jacobs

Yee Nymphs, quoth Venus, stand of mee in awe,
Or armed Love shall all your hearts invade.
Goddesse, sayd they, wee reckon not a straw
That winged boy; these threats to Mars upbraid.

Leximos Uthalmus.

Imitation.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
Adore my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts:
Twang goes the bow: my girls, have at your hearts!

The Muses answer'd Venus: We deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade.

Our thoughts are settled, and intent we look
On the instructive verse and moral book:
On female idleness his power relies,
But when he finds us studying hard, he flies.

Prior.

CCCXVI.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ.

Παλλὰς καὶ Κρονίδαο συνευνέτις εἶπον, ἰδοῦσαι
Τὴν Κνιδίην· ἀδίκως τὸν Φρύγα μεμφόμεθα.

EUENI.

Ut Cnidiam videre Jovis soror atque Minerva,
Dixerunt: Querimur non bene de Paride.

Grotius.

Palla e Giunon, allor che vedut' hanno
La Gnidia Citerea, dissero: A torto
Biasmi al Frigio pastor da noi si danno.

Pompei.

Schauend die Knidische Kypris, begannen Athen' und des Donn'rers
Gattinn: mit Unrecht doch strafen wir Priamos Sohn.

Erichson.

Here und Pallas, als sie die Knidische Göttin erblickten,
Riefen: Mit Unrecht, traun, schalten wir Paris Gericht.

Jacobs.

When Pallas and Jove's bedfellow
Survey'd the Cnidian dame,
We have no right, they cried, to throw
On Paris all the blame.

W.

CCCXVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μή σύ γ' ἐπ' οἰονόμοιο περίπλεον ἰλύος ὧδε
Τοῦτο χαραδραίης θερμόν, ὁδῖτα, πίῃς·
Ἀλλὰ μολὼν μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαμαλήβοτον ἄκραν,
Κεῖσέ γε πὰρ κείνᾳ ποιμενίᾳ πίτυϊ
Εὑρήσεις κελαρύζον ἐϋκρήνου διὰ πέτρης
Νᾶμα, Βορειαίης ψυχρότερον νιφάδος.

LEONIDÆ.

Hic, ubi pascit ovis, luteam torrentis ab alveo,
Si sapis, hanc tepidam sperne, viator, aquam.
Sed juga tu supera, brevis est via, tonsa juvencæ;
Grata ubi pastori pinus obumbrat humum:
Irrigua de rupe latex ibi murmurat; illic
Fonte leva nivibus frigidiore sitim.

G B

Nicht aus dem seichten Gesümpf, o Wanderer, das von den Anhöhn
  Niedergeschwemmt nachblieb, schöpfe den laulichen Trunk.
Weiter ein weniges nur um den kälberweidenden Hügel,
  Dort, wo Hirten zur Lust säuselnd die Fichte sich hebt,
Findest du voll ausströmend des quelligen Felsengeklüftes
  Klare Fluth, wie des Nords Flockengestöber, so kalt.

Voss.

Trinke nicht hier aus dem einsamen Sumpf und des wilden Gewässers
  Resten das laulige Nass, Wandrer, mit schlamme gemischt;
Sondern ein wenig entfernt an der Rinderernährenden Anhöh,
  Neben der Fichte, dem Sitz weidender Hirten zunächst,
Giesset sich dir ein silberner Bach aus der mosigen Felskluft,
  Kalt wie thrakischer Schnee, rieselnd zur Ebne herab.

Jacobs.

Too lonely is this place; nor cool nor clear
The torrent's water; wand'rer, drink not here.
Climb but yon knoll, the heifer's pasture sweet;
There, by yon pine, the shepherd's noonday seat,
Thou'lt see from out its rocky fountain flow
The gurgling wave, more cold than Scythian snow.

G. S.

CCCXVIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Πάντες, Μιλτιάδη, τὰ σ' ἀρήϊα ἔργα ἴσασιν
  Πέρσαι, καὶ Μαραθὼν σῆς ἀρετῆς τέμενος.

INCERTI.

Cognita, Miltiade, tua facta ingentia Persis:
  Virtuti Marathon est sacra terra tuæ.

Grotius.

Was du im Kriege gethan, o Miltiades, kennet der Perser
  Heerschaar. Marathons Feld ist dir ein Tempel des Ruhms.

Jacobs.

Miltiades! thy valour best
  (Although in every region known)
The men of Persia can attest,
  Taught by thyself at Marathon.

W. Cowper.

Miltiades, thy victories
  Must ev'ry Persian own;
And hallow'd by thy prowess lies
  The field of Marathon.

W.

CCCXIX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ.

Ἀσφαλέως οἴκησον ἐν ἄστεϊ, μή σε κολάψῃ
Αἵματι Πυγμαίων ἡδομένη γέρανος.

JULIANI ANTECESSORIS.

Obvia, Pygmæo quæ gaudet sanguine, ne te
Grus fodiat rostro, tutus in urbe mane.

G. B.

Statti in casa, o le grù ti assaliranno,
Chè de' pigmei ghiotte del sangue vanno.

M.

Don't venture out of town: a crane, may be,
Scenting out pigmy blood, will peck at thee.

W.

Keep safe in town; some rav'ning crane, mayhap,
In pigmy's blood delighting, thine may tap.

G. B.

Rondeau.

Stay in town, little wight,
Safe at home:
If you roam,
The cranes, who delight
Upon pigmies to sup,
Will gobble you up.
Stay at home.

W.

CCCXX.

ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰ βούλει τὸν παῖδα διδάξαι ῥήτορα, Παῦλε,
Ὡς οὗτοι πάντες, γράμματα μὴ μαθέτω.

AMMIANI.

Institui puerum si vis a rhetore, Paule,
Nil legat: illorum more disertus erit.

Grotius.

Vuoi che a' nostri orator divenga pari,
Paolo, tuo figlio? Fa che nulla impari.

Pagnini.

Would you breed your son a speaker, like the men who rule the nation,
Have a care you don't unfit him by a learned education.

W.

CCCXXI.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στᾶθι καὶ εἴσιδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητάν,
Τὸν τῶν ἰάμβων· οὗ τὸ μυρίον κλέος
Διῆλθε κἠπὶ νύκτα καὶ ποτ' ἀῶ.
Ἦ ῥά νιν αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἠγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,
Ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἔγεντο κἠπιδέξιος ,
Ἔπεά τε ποιεῖν, πρὸς λύραν τ' ἀείδειν.

LEONIDÆ, VEL THEOCRITI.

Consiste, Archilochumque hic aspice principem poetam
Antiquum iambi, cujus ingens gloria
Ad vesperum pervenit atque ad ortum.
Is sane a Musis, et Apolline Delio est amatus;
Tam suavis, et tam carminis solers fuit
Pangendi, et ad modos lyræ canendi.

Liebel.

Il piè sofferma, o passeggiero, e mira
Archiloco di iambi autore antico,
Il cui gran nome Occaso ed Orto ammira:
Fu al Delio Apollo ed alle Muse amico;
Sì egli era in compor versi abile e destro,
E in su la lira del cantar maestro.

Vicini.

Wanderer, steh' und schau den Archilochos, Paros alten Sprössling,
Des Jambus Sänger; endlos ist sein hoher Ruhm
Vom Morgen bis zum Niedergang gedrungen.
Denn ihn liebten die Musen, und Delios schützte huldreich ihn,
Dass vielgewandt er und der Liedergabe voll
Des Epos Weisen und den Lyra Ton fand.

Jacobs.

On Archilochus.

Archilochus, that antient bard, behold!
Arm'd with his own iambics keen and bold;
Whose living fame with rapid course has run
Forth from the rising to the setting sun.
The Muses much their darling son approv'd,
The Muses much, and much Apollo lov'd;
So terse his style, so regular his fire,
Composing verse to suit his sounding lyre.

Fawkes.

CCCXXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Πινδάρου.

Νεβρείων ὁπόσον σάλπιγξ ὑπερίαχεν αὐλῶν,
Τόσσον ὑπὲρ πάσας ἔκραγε σεῖο χέλυς·
Οὐδὲ μάτην ἁπαλοῖς ξουθὸς περὶ χείλεσιν ἑσμὸς
Ἔπλασε κηρόδετον, Πίνδαρε, σεῖο μέλι.
Μάρτυς ὁ Μαινάλιος κερόεις θεός, ὕμνον ἀείσας
Τὸν σέο, καὶ νομίων λησάμενος δονάκων.

ANTIPATRI.

Ut pastorales vincit tuba martia cantus,
Exsuperat cunctas sic tua voce chelys.
Nec frustra in teneris puero tibi mellea labris
Dona supervolitans, Pindare, finxit apis.
Mænalius Pan testis erit: tua carmina namque
Jam canit, et calamos abjicit ille suos.

G. S.

Wie die Tuba den Klang der kleinen ländlichen Flöte
Übertönet, so tönt, Pindar, dein hoher Gesang
Über alle Gesänge. Vergebens trugen die Bienen
Dir, dem Kinde, nicht schon Honig im Schlummer herbey;
Selbst der Mänalische Pan vergisset seine Gesänge,
Singt statt ihrer anjezt, Pindar, dein heiliges Lied.

Herder.

So wie die Tuba des Kriegs weit über die knöcherne Pfeife
Hinschallt, weichet dir auch jeglicher Laute Getön,
Pindaros. Nicht umsummten vergebens dich Schwärme der Bienen,
Dir süssduftenden Seim bildend auf lieblichem Mund.
Zeugte nicht Pan dir selbst, der Mänalische, welcher bey deinen
Liedern, den Hirtengesang ländlicher Flöten vergass.

Jacobs.

On Pindar.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,
So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing;
Since round thy lips, in infant fulness ripe,
Swarm'd honied bees, their golden stores amassing.

Thine, Pindar, be the palm, by him decreed
Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting;
Who for thy love forsook his simple reed,
And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

Merivale.

As the voice of the jubilant trumpet's swell
  Surpasses the goatherd's flute,
So, Pindar, whenever thou strik'st the loud shell,
  Overpower'd all others are mute.
T' was for this, on thy soft lips the bees in a throng
  Honied labours are said to have plied,
And Mænalian Pan, for the charm of thy song,
  Laid his pastoral ditty aside.

W.

CCCXXIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Δαίμονα τίς δ' εὖ οἶδε τὸν αὔριον, ἀνίκα καὶ σέ,
* Χάρμι, τὸν ὀφθαλμοῖς χθιζὸν ἐν ἀμετέροις,*
Τᾷ ἑτέρᾳ κλαύσαντες ἐθάπτομεν; οὐδὲν ἐκείνου
* Εἶδε πατὴρ Διοφῶν χρῆμ' ἀνιηρότερον.*

CALLIMACHI.

Fata, quis est hominum, novit qui crastina, Charmi,
  Si te, quem populus vidimus omnis heri,
Nunc flemus, terræque damus? Nil tempore tanto
  Aspexit Diophon tam sibi triste pater.

Grotius.

Crastina nescimus quæ lux mala proferat: et te
  Vidit heri in vivis deliciasque pater,
Charmi, novâ quem luce sepulcro tradimus: istâ
  Nil poterit, Diophon, tristius esse die.

T. F.

Chi puè il domane saper mai, se visto
  Te ieri, o Carmi, co' nostri occhi abbiamo,
  E sotterra piangendo or ti poniamo?
  Tuo padre non provò caso più tristo!

Pagnini.

Who shall pretend to read tomorrow's doom?
    O Charmis dear!
One day, our eyes beheld thee in thy bloom;
The next, we laid thee weeping in the tomb:
  Ne'er knew thy sire a sorrow so severe!

J. W. B

CCCXXIV.

ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

'Ανδρομάχης ἔτι θρῆνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην
Δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην,
Καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στεφάνῃ τε πόληος
Ἔκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἕκτορα συρόμενον,
Μαιονίδεω διὰ μοῦσαν, ὃν οὐ μία πατρὶς ἀοιδὸν
Κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

ALPHEI MITYLENÆI.

Nunc etiam Andromaches auditur planctus, et imis
Sedibus ante oculos Troja revulsa ruit.
Iliacis ciet arma furens sub mœnibus Ajax,
Raptus Achilleis et volat Hector equis,
Carmine Mæonidis, quem non sua patria vatem
Sola, sed Europæ vox Asiæque colit.

G. S.

D' Andromaca odo ancor gli alti lamenti,
E di Troja le mura desolate
Svelte rimiro ancor da' fondamenti,
E le prodi d' Ajace opre onorate,
E strascinato da' corsier frementi
Ettor, pe' carmi del Meonio vate,
Che cittadin non d' una patria sola,
Ricco d' onor per l' universo vola.

Pagnini.

Der unsterbliche Homer.

Immer noch tönen sie mir, der Andromache Klagen. In Flammen
Stehet Troja vor uns, stürzend in Trümmer und Graus.
Ajax kämpfet noch jetzt vor Ilions heiligen Mauern,
Hektorn sehen wir noch sinken in schmählichen Staub.
Einer, der Mäonide, gab Allem unsterbliches Leben,
Und sein Vaterland ist jede bewohnete Welt.

Herder.

Immer noch hör' ich den Schmerz Andromachens; immer noch sehn wir
Ilions heilige Burg tief aus den Wurzeln zerstört;
Und den Aiantischen Kampf, und von feurigen Rossen Achilleus
Hektors Leiche geschleift unter den Mauern der Stadt,
Durch die Gesänge Homers. Nicht bloss Ein Vaterland preisst ihn;
Beyde Klimaten der Welt feyern den Sänger zugleich.

Jacobs.

Still in our ears Andromache complains,
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragged along,
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

Anon. Spectator.

Troy from its base all tott'ring still we see,
  Still hear thy wail, Andromache,
See Ajax toil, and Hector dragg'd beneath
    The high embattled wreath
    That girds the city round,
      To war steeds bound;
Through Homer's muse: whom not one land alone
Boasts, for the world declares the bard her own.

E. S.

CCCXXV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Αἰνιγματώδη. Εἰς ἔσοπτρον.

Ἄν μ' ἐσίδῃς, καὶ ἐγὼ σέ· σὺ μὲν βλεφάροισι δέδορκας,
  Ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ βλεφάροις· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω βλέφαρα.
Ἄν δ' ἐθέλῃς, λαλέω φωνῆς δίχα· σοὶ γὰρ ὑπάρχει
  Φωνή, ἐμοὶ δὲ μάτην χείλε' ἀνοιγόμενα.

INCERTI.

Specto, si spectas: oculis tu, non ego vero
  Cerno oculis; nulli nam mihi sunt oculi.
Quod si vis, sine voce loquar; nam vox tibi; vano
  Sola labore mihi labra movere datum.

Grotius.

Allor che tu mi guardi, anch' io ti guardo,
  Bench' io non abbia come hai tu pupille:
  Se vuoi ch' io parli, a spalancar non tardo
  Mie labbra, ma parlar nessun udille.

Pagnini.

As we gaze on each other, your eyes look at me;
But eyes I have none; though I look, I don't see.
I'll converse if you please: you'll hear nothing it's true,
For I open my lips, but have no voice like you.

W.

CCCXXVI.

ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ.

Αὐτός, ἄναξ, ἔμβαινε θοῷ πηδήματι, ληνοῦ
Λακτιστής, ἔργου δ' ἡγέο νυκτερίου,
Λεύκωσαι πόδα γαῦρον, ἐπιῤῥῶσαι δὲ χορείην
Λάτριν, ὑπὲρ κούφων ζωσάμενος γονάτων·
Εὔγλωσσον δ' ὀχέτευε κενούς, μάκαρ, ἐς πιθεῶνας
Οἶνον, ἐπὶ ψαιστοῖς καὶ λασίῃ χιμάρῳ.

MACCII.

Ipse meum calca prelum pede, Liber, ovanti,
Et te nocturnum præside currat opus.
Crura, age, detractis nudes animosa cothurnis:
Turba volet celeri te duce serva choro,
Inque cados vacuos derives dulcia vina.
Digna tibi merces, liba, capella manent.

G. S.

Die Weinlese.

Komm und stürze dich, Bacchos, mit schnellem Sprung' in die Kelter,
Stampfe die Trauben, und sei König des nächtlichen Werks!
Schürze dich auf, und ermuntre den Keltertanz, von den leichten
Füssen triefe der Most und vom geschmeidigen Knie,
Dass der zungebelebende Wein, bei 'm Opfer der Fladen
Und der zottigen Geiss, ström' in die Fässer hinein!

Christian von Stolberg.

Steige nur selber herein mit dem flüchtigen Fusse, des Weinfests
Rüstiger Tänzer, o Herr! Leite das nächtliche Werk.
Nimm bis über das kräftige Knie dir das lange Gewand auf;
Treibend die Keltrer zum Tanz, färbe die Füsse mit Schaum.
Leit' auch endlich den Most in die reinlichen Fässer, und nimm dann
Freundlich die zottige Gais, freundlich die Kuchen zum Dank.

Jacobs.

Come, Lord of joy, with bound so light,
Thyself our wine-press deign to tread,
That merrily the livelong night
Our work may run, by Bacchus led.

Gird up thy kirtle, and lay bare
Thy lusty shank, thy li'some knee:
Our maidens all more feat and yare
The round will pace cheered on by thee.

Fill to the brim each empty cask
With rivulets of luscious wine;
And then, blest sprite, to quit thy task
Cakes and a shaggy kid are thine.

G. S.

CCCXXVII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλθάκτοισιν ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἥδὺν ἐν ἥβῃ
Οἰστροφόρου Παφίης θεσμὸν ἀπειπάμενος,
Γυιοβόροις βελέεσσιν ἀνέμβατος ὁ πρὶν Ἐρώτων,
Αὐχένα σοὶ κλίνω, Κύπρι, μεσαιπόλιος.
Δέξο με καγχαλόωσα, σοφὴν ὅτι Παλλάδα νικᾷς
Νῦν πλέον, ἢ τὸ πάρος μήλῳ ἐφ' Ἑσπερίδων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Ille ego qui quondam, dum ver mihi floruit ævi,
In Paphiæ leges corde rebellis eram;
Ille ego qui vixi telis intactus Amoris,
Submitto senior jam tibi colla, Venus.
Suscipe me rideque: magis jam Pallada vincis,
Quam cum de malo lis fuit Hesperidum.

Grotius.

Quell' io, che già degli anni miei sul fiore
Venere odiai, a Palla ognor costante,
A nuovo stral decrepito amatore
Offro oggi il cuor non mai piagato avante.
Lieta m' accogli, o madre alma d' Amore,
E insuperbisci pel canuto amante;
Per cui nuovo trionfo hai sulla Dea
Più bello assai della vittoria Idea.

Averardo de' Medici.

The youth who with unmitigated mind
Inciting Paphia's gentle sway declined,
Who proved so unassailable when blooming,
And set at nought Love's arrows limb-consuming;
Now, Cypris, with his wise head frosted over,
Bends low to thee his neck and turns a lover.
Take me and laugh. Thou thwartest Pallas wise,
E'en more than when she lost the Hesperid golden prize.

G. C. S.

CCCXXVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Πανὸς συρίζον.

Σιγάτω λάσιον δρυάδων λέπας, οἵ τ' ἀπὸ πέτρας
Κρουνοί, καὶ βληχὴ πουλυμιγὴς τοκάδων,
Αὐτὸς ἐπεὶ σύριγγι μελίσδεται εὐκελάδῳ Πάν,
Ὑγρὸν ἱεὶς ζευκτῶν χεῖλος ὑπὲρ καλάμων·
Αἱ δὲ πέριξ θαλεροῖσι χορὸν ποσὶν ἐστήσαντο
Ὑδριάδες Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι Ἁμαδρυάδες.

PLATONIS.

De effigie Panis fistula canente.

Balatus ovium sileant, Dryadumque recessus
Frondiferi, et murmur rupe cadentis aquæ:
Ipse canens silvis carmen resonabile Faunus
Labra super vinctis ponit arundinibus:
At circum in numeros perplexa ambage feruntur
Pulcher Amadryadum Naïadumque chorus.

Grotius.

Auf eine schöne Gegend, in der Pans Bildniss stand.

Schweige, du Eichenhain! Ihr Quellen unter den Felsen,
Murmelt leiser, und ihr, Hirten und Herden, schweigt
Vor der Säule des Pans, der hier aus künstlicher Flöte
Süsse Gesänge lockt, locket den Schlummer herbey.
Und rings um ihn schwebt der Nymphen und Hamadryaden
Und der Naiaden Chor in den frohlockenden Tanz.

Herder.

Schweiget, ihr Eichen des schroffen Gebings, du, rauschender Felsbach,
Raste; verworrnes Geblöck saugender Heerden, auch du.
Denn Pan selber erhebt den Gesang auf melodischer Syrinx,
Ueber der Röhre Verein gleitet der flötende Mund;
Und es verschlingen im zierlichen Chor schönblühende Nymphen,
Hamadryaden um ihn und Hydriaden den Arm.

Jacobs.

Hush'd be the Dryad band on wooded rock!
Hush'd be the water's dash, and bleating flock!
E'en now his moist lips o'er the reeds he ran,
Himself the reeds attuning, mighty Pan!
In frolic dance their many-twinkling feet
Nymphs of the grove and fount around him beat.

J. B.

CCCXXIX.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

Ἄχρι τεῦ, ἁ δείλαιε, κεναῖς ἐπὶ ἐλπίσι, θυμέ,
  Πωτηθεὶς ψυχρῶν ἀσσοτάτω νεφέων,
Ἄλλοις ἄλλ' ἐπ' ὄνειρα διαγράψεις ἀφένοιο;
  Κτητὸν γὰρ θνητοῖς οὐδὲ ἓν αὐτόματον.
Μουσέων ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δῶρα μετέρχεο· ταῦτα δ' ἀμυδρὰ
  Εἴδωλα ψυχῆς ἠλεμάτοισι μέθες.

CRINAGORÆ.

Quo precor usque citis, quas spes tibi subjicit, alis,
  O anime, ad cœli nubila summa volas,
Divitiasque tibi semper, nova somnia, pingis?
  Parce; parant homines absque labore nihil.
Pieridum placeant tibi munera: qui velit, amens
  Obscuris animum pascat imaginibus.

Grotius.

Die Wolken.

Arme Seele, wie lang', o wie lang willst du den leeren
  Hoffnungen fliegen nach, unter die Wolken hinauf?
Kalte Wolken und leere Träume jagen einander,
  Geben den Sterblichen nichts, nichts sie Beglückendes hier.
Komm' herunter, und suche der Weisheit Gaben. Der Eitle
  Hasche den leeren Wind, der nur die Leeren beglückt.

Herder.

Sprich, o thöriges Herz, wie lang noch wirst du von eitler
  Hoffnung trunken empor schweben zum kalten Gewölk;
Dieß Phantom mit jenem, und Träume mit Träumen vertauschend?
  Nichts wird Menschen zu Theil, ohne Bemühn und umsonst.
Aber der Musen Geschenk erstrebe dir! Jener verworrnen
  Bilder von Glück und Genuß mögen sich Thoren erfreun.

Jacobs.

How long upon vain hopes, oh wretched Soul,
  Still fluttering too near the cloud's cold chill,
Shall dream on dream of riches thee cajole?
  For nought accrues to mortals as they will.
Seek thou the Muses' gifts; and leave to fools
These visions dim, wrought by thy fancy's tools.

E. S.

CCCXXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Αἱ Νύμφαι τὸν Βάκχον, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἥλατο κοῦρος,
Νίψαν ὑπὲρ τέφρης ἄρτι κυλιόμενον.
Τοὔνεκα σὺν Νύμφαις Βρόμιος φίλος· ἢν δέ νιν εἴργῃς
Μίσγεσθαι, δέξῃ πῦρ ἔτι καιόμενον.

MELEAGRI.

Bacchus ut e flammis puer exiliisset, in undis
Tinxerunt Nymphæ sordidum adhuc cinere.
Hinc junctus Nymphis est Bacchus gratus: at ignem
Ardentem capies, hunc nisi miscueris.

Erasmus.

Bacchus fonti impositus.

Nondum natus eram, cum me prope perdidit ignis.
Ex illo fontes tempore Bacchus amo.

Idem, ex adverso respiciens Fontem Nympharum.

Qui colitis Bacchum, comites simul addite Nymphas;
Nam sine ope illarum munera nostra nocent.

Muretus.

Quando del rayo ardiente
Salío el festivo Baco
De pavesa y cenizas
Y de humo rodeado,
Las apacibles Ninfas
De las fuentes y lagos,
De puras dulces aguas
Le diéron frescos baños;
Y por eso las Ninfas
Son amadas de Baco,
Y sin ellas es fuego
Su licor soberano.

Conde.

De Bacchus et des Nymphes.

Quand Bacchus du paternel foudre
Fut par les Nymphes enlevé,
Elles de la soufreuse poudre
Dans leurs fonteines l' ont lavé:
Dès-lors il ayma tant les belles,
N' estant ingrat de leur bienfait,
Que celuy qui le prend sans elles
Prend un feu qui encor méfait.

Baif.

Wein und Wasser.

Als Dionysus einst aus Jupiters Flammen an's Licht sprang,
Wuschen die Nymphen ihn freundlich am Kühlenden Quell;
Und noch liebt er die Nymphen, und wird mit ihnen so milde;
Ohne der Kühlenden Bad ist er ein brennender Gott.

Herder.

Als Dionysos eben als Kind aus den Flammen hervorging,
Noch von der Asche bedeckt, wuschen die Nymphen ihn ab.
Darum bringt er Genuss mit den Nymphen nur. Störst du die alte
Eintracht, findest du nur flammendes Feuer in ihm.

Jacobs.

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the Nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says: Mix water with your wine.

Prior.

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph.
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the Nymph.

T. Moore.

CCCXXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Διόνυσον.

Ἐκ πυρός, ὦ Διόνυσε, τὸ δεύτερον, ἡνίκα χαλκοῦς,
Ἐξεφάνης· γενεὴν εὗρε Μύρων ἑτέρην.

INCERTI.

Dat tibi natales alios ex igne, Lyæe,
Efformat dum te rursus in ære Myron.

P. Francius.

Einmahl wardst du aus Feu'r, einmahl aus Erz, Dithyrambos;
Myrons Kunst, sie erfand dir eine andre Geburt.

Erichson.

Bacchus, the flames have brought thee twice to view:
From Myron's forge thou'rt born in bronze anew.

W.

CCCXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέα ἄνεμος
Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
Δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐδ' ἀδιάντοισι
Παρειαῖς, ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε
Φίλαν χέρα, εἶπέν τε· ὦ τέκος,
Οἷον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἀωτεῖς, γαλαθηνῷ τ'
Ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
Χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,
Κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ' αὐαλέαν
Ὕπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
Παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων, πορφυρέᾳ
Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,
Καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
Ὑπεῖχες οὖας, κέλομαι, εὗδε, βρέφος,
Εὑδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὑδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.
Μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅ τι δὴ θαρσαλέον
Ἔπος, εὔχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Nocte sub obscura verrentibus æquora ventis,
  Quum brevis immensa cymba nataret aqua,
Multa gemens Danaë subjecit brachia nato,
  Et teneræ lacrymis immaduere genæ.
Tu tamen ut dulci, dixit, pulcherrime, somno
  Obrutus, et metuens tristia nulla, jaces.
Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi concutit unda,
  Præbet et incertam pallida luna facem,
Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,
  Et prope, subsultans, irrigat ora liquor!
Nate, meam sentis vocem? Nil cernis, et audis,
  Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei,
Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæsa labellis
  Murmura, nec notos confugis usque sinus.

Care, quiesce, puer, sævique quiescite fluctus,
  Et mea qui pulsas corda, quiesce, dolor.
Cresce puer; matris cari atque ulciscere luctus,
  Tuque tuos saltem protege summe Tonans.

Jortin.

Ventus quum fremeret, superque cymbam
Horrentis furor immineret undæ,
Non siccis Danaë genis puellum
Circumfusa suum; "Miselle," dixit,
"O quæ sustineo! sopore dulci
"Dum tu solveris, insciâque dormis
"Securus requie; neque has per undas
"Illætabile, luce sub malignâ,
"Formidas iter, impetumque fluctûs
"Supra cæsariem tuam profusam
"Nil curas salientis, ipse molli
"Porrectus tunicâ, venustus infans;
"Nec venti fremitum. Sed, o miselle,
"Si mecum poteras dolere, saltem
"Junxisses lacrymas meis querelis.
"Dormi, care puer! gravesque fluctus,
"Dormite! O utinam mei dolores
"Dormirent simul! . . . O Pater Deorum,
"Cassum hoc consilium sit, et quod ultrà
"(Fortè audacius) oro, tu parentis
"Ultorem puerum, supreme, serves."

R. Smith.

Danae's Klage. Ein Fragment.

Akrisios zwang seine Tochter Danae, mit ihrem Sohne
Perseus in einem Nachen über das Meer zu flüchten.

Da der Sturm sich erhob mit wildem Brausen,
Und die empörten Wogen zu zerschellen
Drohten den Nachen; schlang die bange Mutter
Mit bethränten Wangen den Arm um ihren
Perseus, und rufte klagend: O, mein Kindlein!
Welchen Jammer erduld' ich? sorglos schlummerst
Du indess in der süssen Säuglingsunschuld
Deines Herzens! Eingeschlossen im grausen Kerker,

Von den Fluthen geschleudert, und in finstre
Mitternächtliche Schatten eingehüllet.
Ach, du liegest indeß bedeckt mit deinem
Purpurmantel, unweht von deinen krausen
Wallenden Locken; unbekümmert durch die
Stürzende Wog', und durch des Sturmes Sausen!
Ach du schönes Knäblein! wenn dir furchtbar,
Furchtbar dir wäre diese Noth, du würdest
Neigen dein zartes Ohr zu meiner Klage!
Ach, ich flehe dir, schlafe Kind! und schlafet
Wogen! und du, unendlicher Jammer, schlafe!

Christian von Stolberg.

When the wind, resounding high,
Bluster'd from the northern sky,
When the waves, in stronger tide,
Dash'd against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danae view'd;
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
"My child! what woes does Danae weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee;
The angry surges wake no care
That burst above thy long deep hair;
But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more!
Sleep on, sweet boy; still be the deep!
Oh could I lull my woes to sleep!
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child, in future years
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!"

D.

CCCXXXIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Θρήϊκας αἰνείτω τις, ὅτι στοναχεῦσι μὲν υἷας
Μητέρος ἐκ κόλπων πρὸς φάος ἐρχομένους·
Ἔμπαλι δ' ὀλβίζουσιν ὅσους αἰῶνα λιπόντας
Ἀπροϊδὴς Κηρῶν λάτρις ἔμαρψε Μόρος.
Οἵ μὲν γὰρ ζώοντες ἀεὶ παντοῖα περῶσιν
Ἐς κακά, τοὶ δὲ κακῶν εὗρον ἄκος φθίμενοι.

ARCHIÆ.

Thracum laudanda est sapientia; queis modo natus
Excipitur fletu tristitiaque puer;
Ast anima e vita discedens non sine plausu
Mittitur ad Stygias lætitiaque domos.
Principium luctus nasci est mortalibus ægris,
Perfugium luctus et medicina mori.

G. S.

Danno i Traci a ragion per chi vien fuore
Dal sen materno segni di dolore,
E stiman sovra tutti avventurato
Quel cui ratto involò di vita il fato;
Chè mille e mille mali a' vivi assedio
Fan: morte sola è d' ogni mal rimedio.

Pagnini.

The Thracians' custom I applaud, for they
Bewail the infant on his natal day;
But joy when death with unexpected blow
Consigns the spirit to the shades below.
Full well; for every ill besets man's life;
But death's the balm of all its varied strife.

T. F.

Wise Thracians! O'er the new-born boy
Just entering on the world they weep;
But speed, when life is o'er, with joy
The spirit to its last long sleep.
For misery comes to man with breath,
And misery's sovereign balm is death.

G. S.

CCCXXXIV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Σῶμα φέρων σκιοειδές, ἀδερκέϊ σύμπνοον αὔρῃ,
Μή ποτε θαρσήσῃς ἄγχι τινὸς πελάσαι.
Μή τις ἔσω μυκτῆρος ἀναπνείων σε κομίσσῃ,
Ἄσθματος ἠερίου πολλὸν ἀφαυρότερον.
Οὐ σὺ μόρον τρομέεις· τότε γὰρ πάλιν οὐδὲν ἀμείψας
Ἔσσεαι ὡσαύτως φάσμα, τόπερ τελέθεις.

AGATHIÆ.

Par tenui vento vereque umbratile corpus,
Ne propius quenquam conspiciare, cave.
Ne, si respiret, trahat et te naribus intro,
Cum collata tibi nulla sit aura levis.
Nec tibi mors metuenda; tibi nil auferet illa:
Nam spectrum nunc es, tunc quoque rursus eris.

Grotius.

So shadow-like a form you bear,
So near allied to shapeless air,
That with some reason you may fear,
When you salute, to draw too near;
Lest, if your friend be short of breath,
The dire approach may prove your death,
And that poor form, so light and thin,
Be at his nostrils taken in.
Yet, if with philosophic eye
You look, you need not fear to die;
For (if poetic tales be true)
No transformation waits for you.
You cannot, ev'n at Pluto's bar,
Be more a phantom than you are.

Merivale.

Light as the viewless breeze, thin shadowy mite,
Approach not any one too near; beware,
Lest with his nostrils he inhale a sprite
Far lighter than the lightest breath of air.
Fear thou no change by death; for any how
Thou'lt be a phantom still, as thou art now.

W.

CCCXXXV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Αἶ αἶ, νοῦσε βαρεῖα, τί δὴ ψυχαῖσι μεγαίρεις
Ἀνθρώπων ἐρατᾷ πὰρ νεότητι μένειν;
Ἢ καὶ Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἄμερσας
Ἤϊθεον, πρὶν ἰδεῖν κουριδίην ἄλοχον.

SIMONIDIS.

Cur hominum generi decus invidisse juventæ
Heu, nimiùm brevis, heu! pestis acerba, juvat?
Quæ juvenem spolias Timarchum dulcibus annis,
Ante, suum videat quam nova nupta virum!

G. F. D. T.

On Timarchus.

Ah! sore disease, to men why enviest thou
Their prime of years before they join the dead?
His life from fair Timarchus snatching now,
Before the youth his maiden bride could wed.

Sterling.

CCCXXXVI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Εἴσιδεν Ἀντίοχος τὴν Λυσιμάχου ποτὲ τύλην,
Κοὐκέτι τὴν τύλην εἴσιδε Λυσιμάχος.

LUCILLII.

Lysimachi semel Antiochus modo stragula vidit;
Postea non vidit stragula Lysimachus.

Grotius.

D' Alfeo la coltre vide appena Eulide
Che la sua coltre Alfeo mai più non vide.

M.

L' escamoteur Dioclès un jour jeta la vue
Sur une coupe d' or qu' avoit Lysimachus;
Aussi-tôt que Dioclès l' eut vue,
Lysimachus ne la vit plus.

C. Rivière Dufresny.

Ils sont sorciers, je crois, les yeux d' Antiochus.
Il a vu nos manteaux; nous ne les voyons plus.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Since Antiochus set eyes upon Lysimachus's pad,
No chance of setting eyes on it Lysimachus has had.

W.

CCCXXXVII.

ΑΙΣΩΠΟΥ.

Πῶς τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε; μυρία γάρ σευ
Λυγρά· καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρές, οὔτε φέρειν.
Ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαῖα, θάλασσα,
Ἄστρα, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἠελίου·
Τἄλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κἤν τι πάθῃ τις
Ἐσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

ÆSOPI.

Quæ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera, terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Sam. Johnson.

Das Gute des Lebens.

Wer konnt' ohne den Tod dich fliehn, o Leben? Du hast zwar
Tausend Uebel, und sie meiden und tragen ist schwer.
Aber du schenkst uns auch viel schöne Gaben, die Sonne,
Meer und Erde, den Mond und die Gestirne der Nacht.
Freilich ist Alles sonst voll Furcht und Schmerzen. Es schleichet
Jedes Glückes Genuss immer die Nemesis nach.

Herder.

Wer kann ohne zu sterben dich fliehen, o Leben, unzählbar
Ist dein Leiden! dich fliehn und dich erdulden ist schwer!
Dennoch blühen uns schöne Freuden, die Erd' und die Sonne
Geben sie uns, und der Mond, und die Gestirn' und das Meer;
Aber, je mehr die Freude dem Sterblichen lächelt, je näher
Schwebet des Unglücks Flug über die Scheitel ihm hin.

Christian von Stolberg.

Leben, wie flieht man dich ohne den Tod? unsagliche Leiden
Drücken dich; weder zu fliehn, noch dich zu tragen ist leicht.
Lieblich ist, was die Natur dir verlieh'n hat, Himmel und Erde,
Meer und Gestirn' und der Mond, Helios leuchtender Glanz.
Furcht und Leiden erfull'n das übrige. Gönnet das Glück dir
Gutes, so wäget dafur Nemesis Böses uns zu.

Jacobs.

From thee, o Life! and from thy myriad woes
Who but by death can flee or find repose?
For though sweet Nature's beauties gladden thee,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,
All else is fear and grief; and each success
Brings its retributive unhappiness.

W.

CCCXXXVIII.

ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Πᾶνα.

Εὐπέταλον γλαυκὰν ἀναδενδράδα τάνδε παρ' ἄκραις
Ἱδρυνθεὶς λοφιαῖς Πᾶν ὅδ' ἐπισκοπέω.
Εἰ δέ σε πορφύροντος ἔχει πόθος, ὦ παροδῖτα,
Βότρυος, οὐ φθονέω γαστρὶ χαριζομένῳ·
Ἣν δὲ χερὶ ψαύσῃς κλοπίῃ μόνον, αὐτίκα δέξῃ
Ὀζαλέην βάκτρου τήνδε καρηβαρίην.

QUINTI MACCII.

Hos ego cærulea frondentes vite racemos
In summo collis vertice Pan tueor.
Purpureas si vis uvas gustare, viator,
Non tibi quod ventri sit satis invideo.
At si fure manu properes vel tangere tantum,
Hoc faciam doleat jam tibi fuste caput.

Grotius.

Hic stans vertice montium supremo
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno desuper, uberemque silvam.
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te desiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

T. Warton.

To guard the gleamy-leaved and clust'ring vine
Here Pan is placed aloft upon the hill.
The purple grape to taste shouldst thou incline,
I bid thee welcome, traveller; eat thy fill.
But if thou lay'st one finger here, to steal,
The weight of this good cudgel shalt thou feel.

G. S

CCCXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

Ἀτθὶ κόρα, μελίθρεπτε, λάλος λάλον ἁρπάξασα
  Τέττιγα πτανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν,
Τὸν λάλον ἁ λαλόεσσα, τὸν εὔπτερον ἁ πτερόεσσα,
  Τὸν ξένον ἁ ξεῖνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά;
Κοὐχὶ τάχος ῥίψεις; οὐ γὰρ θέμις, οὐδὲ δίκαιον,
  Ὄλλυσθ' ὑμνοπόλους ὑμνοπόλοις στόμασιν.

EUENI.

Attica, mellis amans, stridentem, virgo, cicadam
  Stridula fers pullis pabula parva tuis?
Garrula multiloquam, volucris super arva volantem,
  Hospitem in æstivis hospes et ipsa locis?
Non cito dimittes? nec fas tibi ferre nec æquum est;
  Non sunt in vates vatibus ora data.

G. F. D. T.

An die Nachtigall, die eine Cicada davon trägt.

Attische Sängerin, wie? Philomele, du Honniggenährte,
  Eine Cicada trägst du für die Jungen ins Nest?
Raubt die Geflügelte, raubt der singende Bothe des Frühlings
  Eine Geflügelte, die mit ihr den Frühling besang?
Nachtigall, lass die Arme! Sie ist eine Fremde, wie du bist:
  Keinem Sänger Apolls ziemet des Anderen Mord.

Herder.

Attisches Mädchen, mit Honig genährt, du entführst die Cicade
  Hin zu dem zwitschernden Nest deiner beflügelten Brut,
Sie, die Geschwätzige, du, die Geschwätzige, Fremde die Fremde;
  Beyde mit Flügeln beschwingt; sommerlich jene wie du!
Wirfst du sie nicht schnell weg? Nicht Recht ist's oder geziemend,
  Dass ein singender Mund andere Sänger erwürgt.

Jacobs.

On the Swallow.

Attic maid! with honey fed,
  Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
Yonder locust from the mead,
  Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,
  Ye alike unfold the wing,
Migrate hither, sojourn here,
  Both attendant on the spring.

Ah! for pity drop the prize;
  Let it not with truth be said,
That a songster gasps and dies,
  That a songster may be fed.

W. Cowper.

To a Nightingale.

Sweet bird of night, whose honied throat
So softly pours thy Attic note;
Why to thy young ones bear away
Yon grasshopper so blithe and gay?
For he, like you, with cheerful voice,
Oft does the listening swain rejoice:
Like you, in spring is wont to rove,
A welcome guest in every grove;
Like you, with spirits brisk and light,
From tree to tree he wings his flight.
Sweet nightingale, I pray, forbear;
A songster should a songster spare.

Ph. Smyth.

Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,
  Wherefore to thy brood dost wing
With the shrill cicada laden?
  'Tis, like thee, a prattling thing:

'Tis a sojourner and stranger
  And a summer's child like thee;
'Tis, like thee, a winged ranger
  Of the air's immensity.

From thy bill this instant fling her;
  'Tis not proper, just, or good,
That a little ballad-singer
  Should be killed for singer's food.

G. C. S.

CCCXL.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ποιεῖς πάντα, Μέλισσα, φιλανθέος ἔργα μελίσσης,
Οἶδα, καὶ ἐς κραδίην τοῦτο, γύναι, τίθεμαι.
Καὶ μέλι μὲν στάζεις ὑπὸ χείλεσιν ἡδὺ φιλεῦσα·
Ἢν δ' αἰτῇς, κέντρῳ τύμμα φέρεις ἄδικον.

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Melissa, facis quod mellis artifex apis :
Id mente servo conditum :
Des basia, fluis melle ; mercedem petas,
Iniqua aculeos agis.

G. F. D. T.

Cuncta, Melissa, facis, quæ mellificans apis : olim
Id novi ; id, mulier, mente manet memori.
Dulcia fers modo nunc mellitis basia labris ;
Injusto repetis mox pretium stimulo.

G. F. D. T.

Melissa, your name, and your deeds are the same
As all those of the flow'r-loving bee ;
No truth on my breast is more deeply imprest ;
And, woman, 'tis thus d'ye see.
From your lips, as you kiss, so sweet is the bliss ;
Methinks they drop with honey :
And you carry a sting, an iniquitous sting,
That strikes, as you ask for money.

CCCXLI.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ.

Τί πλέον εἰς ὠδῖνα πονεῖν ; τί δὲ τέκνα τεκέσθαι ;
Μὴ τέκοι, εἰ μέλλει παιδὸς ὁρᾶν θάνατον.
Ἠϊθέῳ γὰρ σῆμα Βιάνορι χεύατο μήτηρ·
Ἔπρεπε δ' ἐκ παιδὸς μητέρα τοῦδε τυχεῖν.

DIOTIMI.

Quid juvat eniti miseras sua pondera matres ?
Ne pariant potius, funera quam videant.
Nam tumulum juvenis tenet hunc a matre Bianor,
Quem potius matri debuit ipse dare.

Grotius.

Sohn und Mutter.

Ach, was frommet es, Kinder mit Mutterschmerzen dem Lichte
 Zu gebären, und sie sorgend aufzuerzieh'n?
Meinem Sohne Bianor muss ich die Mutter ein Grab bau'n;
 Und ich hoffete, Er würde das meine mir bau'n.

Herder.

Mutterschmerz.

Was doch frommt der Gebärerin Angst? was Kinder mit Schmerzen
 Auferziehn, um sie bald wieder verwelken zu sehn?
Ihrem Bianor ein Grab, dem Jünglinge, baute die Mutter;
 Billig hätte der Sohn solches der Mutter gebaut.

Voss.

Why travail we in childbirth? Far better not give breath,
In useless pangs, to babes foredoomed, and see their early death.
This tomb, to young Bianor raised, a mother's care bestows;
When 'tis, alas, the tribute which a son his mother owes.

W.

CCCXLII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Λιμὸν ὀϊζυρὴν ἀπαμυνομένη πολύγηρως
 Νικὼ σὺν κούραις ἠκρολόγει στάχυας.
Ὤλετο δ' ἐκ θάλπους· τῇ δ' ἐκ καλάμης συνέριθοι
 Νῆσαν πυρκαΐην ἄξυλον ἐκ σταχύων.
Μὴ νεμέσα, Δήμητερ, ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰ βροτὸν οὖσαν
 Κοῦραι τοῖς γαίης σπέρμασιν ἠμφίεσαν.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICENSIS.

Præteritas Nico grandæva legebat aristas,
 Ut non emta gravem pelleret esca famem.
Sed necat hanc æstus: sociæ fecere puellæ
 Non lignis, stipula sed crepitante, rogum.
Tu veniam dabis, alma Ceres, tellure creatam
 E tellure sata fruge quod induerint.

Grotius.

Her cot from hunger's fell approach to shield,
Old Nico went a-gleaning in the field:
There died of heat, and on a pile was laid,
Which from the stalks of wheat the reapers made.
Kind Ceres, be not wroth: of mortal birth,
Earth's child, was she, thus lapped in fruits of earth.

G. S.

CCCXLIII.

ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ.

Ἠρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἠρέμα, κισσέ,
Ἑρπύζοις, χλοεροὺς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,
Καὶ πέταλον πάντη θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἥ τε φιλοῤῥὼξ
Ἄμπελος, ὑγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χευαμένη,
Εἵνεκεν εὐμαθίης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς
Ἤσκησεν Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

SIMMIÆ.

Leniter, o hedera, in Sophoclis mihi leniter urnam
Serpe, virescentes undique nexa comas.
Flosque rosæ passim vigeat; complexaque vitis
Purpureos fusi palmitis addat opes.
Tam fuit arguto mellitus acumine vates,
Quod coluit Charitum Pieridumque comes.

G. B.

Schleiche dich sanft um's Grab, du immergrünender Epheu,
Sanft um Sophokles Grab schlinge die Locken umher;
Rosenbüsche, pflanzet euch hin; mit glühenden Trauben
Ziehe der Weinstock schlankgleitende Reben hinan;
Denn der weise Dichter, der hier schläft, hatte der süssen
Anmuth viel; ihm war Muse und Grazie hold.

Herder.

Leis' umschleichet den Hügel des Sophokles, Ranken des Epheus,
Giesset das grüne Gelock über das Schlummernden Grab;
Rosen, entfaltet den purpurnen Kelch, und mit Trauben belastet
Breite sich schlankes Geflecht blühender Reben umher;
Schönes Symbol flugsinniger Kunst, die im Chore der Musen,
Unter den Chariten einst emsig der Süsse geübt.

Jacobs.

Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung;
Whose soul exalted like a God of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Anon. Spectator.

CCCXLIV.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός. τί δὲ τὸ πλέον, ἢν πάλιν εἴπω,
Καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώζων πολλάκι, δεινὸς Ἔρως;
Ἡ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς
Ἥδεται· ἢν δ' εἴπω λοίδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.
Θαῦμα δέ μοι, πῶς ἄρα διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανεῖσα
Κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

MELEAGRI.

Sævus Amor, sævus . . . Sed quid juvat usque gementem
Nunc iterum atque iterum dicere, 'sævus Amor?'
Ridet enim puer hæc, multùmque ut ab ore lacesso,
Gaudet; et opprobriis pascitur ipse suis.
Hoc tamen admiror, glauco Venus edita ponto,
Humida aquis ignem quî genuisse potes.

G. F. D. T.

Crudele Amor, crudel . . . Ma poi che giova
Dir mille volte urlando, Amor crudele?
Quel garzon ride a' miei lamenti, e trova
L' onte a lui dette un saporoso mele.
Ah! come, Vener, tu del glauco umore
Nata, hai prodotto un sì cocente ardore?

Pagnini.

Arg ist Eros, arg!—Was hilft es mir, sag' ich noch einmal,
"Arg ist Eros," und oft wieder, mit stöhnendem Schmerz?
Immer ja lacht er darob, und freut sich nur, wenn ich ihn oftmals
Schelte; und lästr' ich auf ihn, wächst und gedeiht er noch mehr.
Aber ich wundre mich nur, Aphrodite, wie du, der blauen
Meerfluth Tochter, aus Naß Gluth zu gebähren vermocht.

Jacobs.

Cruel is Love! But where's the use
Still 'Love is cruel' thus to say?
The urchin laughs, nay on abuse
He thrives, revile him as you may.
Venus, thou daughter of the sea,
O how can fire thus spring from thee?

G. S.

CCCXLV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Λάτυπος Ἀρχιτέλης Ἀγαθάνορι παιδὶ θανόντι
Χερσὶν ὀϊζυραῖς ἡρμολόγησε τάφον,
Αἴ αἴ, πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃν οὐκ ἐκόλαψε σίδηρος,
Ἀλλ' ἐτάκη πυκινοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγόμενος.
Φεῦ, στήλη φθιμένῳ κούφη μένε, κεῖνος ἵν' εἴπῃ·
Ὄντως πατρῴη χεὶρ ἐπέθηκε λίθον.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICENSIS.

Parvi busta vides Agathanoris, ipse paterna
Condidit Architeles quæ lapicida manu.
Sæve lapis, non te nota ferrum excavat arte,
Lapsa sed ex oculis plurima gutta meis.
Sis puero, precor, usque levis; sic dixerit, hunc quæ
Imposuit, vere dextra paterna fuit.

G. S.

The stone-hewer Architeles uprears,
Fashion'd by sorrowing hands, this monument
To Agathanor his departed son.
That stone alas! needed no chisel; tears,
Fast flowing tears their melting streams had lent
To wear deep characters of woe thereon.
Lie light upon the dead, thou stone! that He
May own a father's care in placing thee.

W.

CCCXLVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Αὐτῷ καὶ τεκέεσσι γυναικί τε τύμβον ἔδειμεν
Ἀνδροτίων· οὔπω δ' οὐδενός εἰμι τάφος.
Οὕτω καὶ μείναιμι πολὺν χρόνον· εἰ δ' ἄρα καὶ δεῖ,
Δεξαίμην ἐν ἐμοὶ τοὺς προτέρους προτέρους.

INCERTI.

Quod sibi, et uxori fecit natisque sepulcrum
Androtio, vacuum corpore cernis adhuc:
Atque diu vacuum maneam! post, ordine justo,
Queis prior est ætas, hos prius accipiam.

W.

Sich und seiner Gattinn und seinen Kindern erbaute
  Mich Androtion; noch steh' ich ein wartendes Grab.
Mög' ich es lange noch seyn; doch schlägt die Stunde des Abschieds,
  Wünsch' ich den Ältern mir stets vor dem Jüngern voran.

Herder.

Das leere Grab.

Dieses Grab erbaute sich selbst, dem Weib' und den Kindern
  Agathon; doch bis jetzt ruhet noch keiner allhier.
Daſſ ich also noch lang' hindauerte! Wenn es denn endlich
  Sein muſſ, berg' ich in mir freundlich die Ersten zuerst.

Voss.

Androtion's care hath founded me,
His own, wife's, children's tomb to be.
Still tenantless I am, and fain
Would ever tenantless remain:
But Fate forbids. Then to their tomb
May all in nature's order come.

G. S.

CCCXLVII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Πᾶν τὸ περιττόν, ἄκαιρον· ἐπεὶ λόγος ἐστὶ παλαιὸς,
  Ὡς καὶ τοῦ μέλιτος τὸ πλέον ἐστὶ χολή.

INCERTI.

Insuave est quicquid nimium est: nam dicitur olim:
  Mel quoque, si immodica est copia, bilis erit.

Erasmus.

Omne nocet nimium, vetus est sententia: nam quod
  Mel fuerat, fiet fel tibi, si nimium est.

Grotius.

Ogni troppo è nocivo; ed anche il mele
  (Dice antico proverbio),
  Presone troppo, si converte in fiele.

M.

Zu viel wird widrig, sagt ein altes Sprüchwort wahr;
  Zu Galle macht's den Honigseim sogar.

Göckingk.

Ill-timed is all excess. 'Tis known to all
That even too much honey turns to gall.

W.

CCCXLVIII.

ΑΡΙΦΡΟΝΟΣ ΣΙΚΥΩΝΙΟΥ.

Ὑγίεια, πρεσβίστα μακάρων,
Μετὰ σεῦ ναίοιμι
Τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς.
Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικος εἴης.
Εἰ γάρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις, ἢ τεκέων,
Τᾶς ἰσοδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις
Βασιληΐδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,
Οὓς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτης ἄρκυσι θηρεύομεν·
Ἢ εἴ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποισι τέρψις,
Ἢ πόνων ἀμπνοὰ πέφανται,
Μετὰ σεῖο, μάκαιρ' Ὑγίεια,
Τέθηλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει Χαρίτων ἔαρ·
Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς οὔ τις εὐδαίμων.

ARIPHRONIS SICYONII.

Divarum antiquissima Sanitas,
Utinam semper tecum habitarem,
Animus dum meus hos reget artus!
Placeant nostri tibi, Diva, lares.
Nam si gratia opum est, aut sobolis,
Superisque homines reddentis pares
Regalis honoris, amorumque,
Occultis quos Veneris laqueis
Carpimus; aut siqua viris a Deo
Missa voluptas, requiesque mali est;
Ubi ades cunque, alma favens Sanitas,
Florent omnia; Charitum ver nitet:
Te sine nulli esse beato licet.

Fed. Morellus.

Alma Salus, qua nulla magis veneranda dearum
Incolit æterni regna serena poli;
Esse velim tecum, superest quod mobilis ævi,
Tuque meo faveas hospes amica lari.
Siquis enim dives censu lætatur opimo,
Seu pia cui sobolis pectora mulcet amor:
Regia cœlesti par visa potentia sorti,
Præda Cytheriacis illaqueanda dolis;

Sive alia est hominum divinitus orta voluptas,
  Grata vel alterno facta labore quies:
Omnia, blanda Salus, florent ea gaudia tecum,
  Et Charitum vernans splendet ubique decus.
Te sine, non hominum cuiquam licet esse beato,
  Non superis placita, te sine, luce frui.

G. B.

Alma Salus, superos inter sanctissima, tecum
  Sit mihi vitaï degere quod superest.
Tuque volens in tecta veni; nam siquid amœni
  Divitiæ, si quid pignora amoris habent,
Regis honos si quid, superisque æquata potestas,
  Aut dolus, et Paphiæ dulcia furta Deæ,
Sive alia humanis dantur bona munera votis,
  Si requies curæ, si medicina mali,
Alma Salus, tecum surgunt tecumque virescunt,
  Tecum agitat nitidos Gratia verna choros.
Omnia tu tecum mortalibus optima præbes,
  Teque carens felix vivere nemo potest.

J. E. B.

Imitation.

O charmante Santé,
  Que ta présence aimable
  Est un bien désirable!
  Quelle félicité
  De t' avoir pour partage,
  En tout temps, à tout âge!
  Est-il d' autre bonheur,
  Dans le cours de la vie
  Qui doive faire envie,
  Et chatouiller un cœur?
  Le luxe, l' abondance,
  Le savoir, l' éloquence,
  Les amours, les grandeurs,
  Et les faveurs des princes
  Sont des présens bien minces.
  Un monceau de trésors,
  Une grande lignée,
  Et la beauté du corps
  D' une femme bien née,
  Sont-ils des biens sans toi?
  Quand ce seroit un Roi,
  Si la douleur l' accable,
  Je le tiens misérable.
  Tous les bienfaits divers
  Qu' accorde à la nature
  L' auteur de l' univers;
  La charmante verdure
  Qui renaît tous les ans
  Au retour du printemps,
  Ce qu' il produit de rare
  Pour récréer nos sens,
  Tout ce qui les répare

Quand ils sont languissants,
Et ce que sa largesse
Répand sur nous sans cesse,
Peut-il être compté
Comme un bien désirable,
Sans ta présence aimable,
O charmante Santé!

M.me Deshoulières.

An die Gesundheit.

Gesundheit, älteste der Seligen,
Möcht' ich wohnen mit dir mein übriges Leben hindurch,
Und möchtest du auch huldreich mit mir wohnen!
Denn wenn der Reichthum Grazie hat,
Wenn Kinder erfreuen, wenn der glücklichen Herrschaft Glanz,
Wenn Lieb' ergetzet, die wir mit der Cypris heimlichem Netz
Erjagen, und andere Freuden mehr
Von Gott uns blüh'n, nach Mühe
Der erquickenden Ruhe Genuss;
O selige Göttinn!
Gesundheit, so entsprossten sie mit Dir,
Mit Dir blüht jeder Grazie Lenz,
Und ohne dich gibt's keinen Glücklichen je.

Herder.

Hymnus an die Göttinn der Gesundheit.

Hygieia, segnende Göttinn,
Lass mich wohnen bei dir!
Sei du der Tage, die mein harren,
Holde Gefährtinn!
Wenn dem Menschen lacht der Haben Fülle,
Wenn er pranget in der gerechtigkeitwaltenden
Herrschaft Glanz,
Wenn der Liebe schmachtende Sehnsucht sich wandelt
In der süssesten Freude Genuss,
Wenn in des Vaters Auge det Rührung Thränen der säugling lockt,
Selige Hygieia!
Wenn die Götter auf uns herab
Träufeln des Segens Mannichfaltige Tropfen,
Wenn uns Erdenpilger der Ruhe
Süsses Labsal erquickt—
Dann, o Göttin, blühet jede Freude duftender durch dich!
Dir lächelt der Grazien Lenz,
Und wenn du weichest,
Weichet der Segen mit Dir!

Christian von Stolberg.

To Health.

Eldest born of powers divine!
Bless'd Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live:
For in power if pleasure be,
Wealth or numerous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or if aught that Heaven bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs
Of a respite from its cares;
These and every true delight
Flourish only in thy sight;
And the sister Graces three
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never happiness.

W. Cowper.

Health, brightest visitant from heav'n,
Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short term by nature giv'n
Be thou my constant guest!
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great;
Whatever sweets we hope to find
In love's delightful snares,
Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,
Whatever pause from cares,
All flourish at thy smile divine:
The spring of loveliness is thine;
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs.

Bland.

Oh! honour'd most of heavenly powers!
  Health, be it mine to dwell with thee,
To pass with thee life's closing hours,
  Nor thou my partner scorn to be.
For, oh! whate'er of joy we prove
In coffer'd gold, in children's love,
Or regal power, and state that vies
E'en with th' immortal deities;
Or if there be a sweet delight
In furtive toils of Aphrodite,
With thee, sweet Health, they burst to light,
With thee the Graces' spring is bright;
Each charm with thee conspires to bless:
Without thee, where is happiness?

J. E. B.

CCCXLIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ σταυρούμενον ἄλλον ἑαυτοῦ
  Ὁ φθονερὸς Διοφῶν ἐγγὺς ἰδὼν ἐτάκη.

LUCILLII.

In cruce cùm figi socium majore videret,
  Liventi Diophon tabuit invidiâ.

H. Stephanus.

Paul, cet envieux maraut,
Sur l' échelle même enrage,
Qu' un autre ait eu pour partage
De deux gibets le plus haut.

Pelisson.

Der Neibische.

Als der gekreuzigte Thrax an einem höheren Kreuze
  Hangen den Nachbar sah, bis er zusammen und starb.

Herder.

Als am höheren Kreuze gekreuziget seinen Gefährten
  Sah der neidische Thrax, ärgert' er sich, und verschied.

Voss.

Poor Cleon out of envy died,
  His brother thief to see
Nail'd near him to be crucified
  Upon a higher tree.

F. H.

CCCL.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΥ ΡΟΔΙΟΥ.

Εἰς ἀκρίδα.

Οὐκέτι δή σε λίγεια κατ' ἀφνεὸν 'Αλκίδος οἶκον
'Ακρὶ μελιζομέναν ὄψεται ἀέλιος·
Ἤδη γὰρ λειμῶνας ἔπι Κλυμένου πεπότησαι,
Καὶ δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσεφόνας.

ARISTODICI RHODII.

Non te sol oriens posthac, locusta, videbit
Acidos in nitida dulce sonare domo;
Quippe hinc avolitans flores Plutonis oberras,
Prataque reginæ roscida Persephonæ.

Grotius.

Die Grille.

Liebliche Grille, du wirst nun bei dem Hause des Acis
Nicht mehr singen, du wirst nimmer die Sonne mehr sehn:
Denn du bist hinunter zu Pluto's Wiese geflogen,
Trinkst auf Blumen daselbst zarten elysischen Thau.

Herder.

Nicht mehr also erblickt, helltönende Grille, der Tag dich;
Nicht mehr schallet von dir Alkis begütertes Haus.
Denn schon flogst du hinab zu des Klymenos thauigen Wiesen,
Und in Persephonens Hain schwirrst du auf Blumen umher.

Jacobs.

Oh never more, thou locust, shall the sun behold thee trill,
By the wealthy house of Acis, thy carollings so shrill;
For now to flutter o'er the fields of gracious Dis 'tis thine,
And the dewy flowers, of the peaceful bowers, of the golden Proserpine.

Hay.

CCCLI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μίλωνος τόδ' ἄγαλμα καλοῦ καλὸν, ὃς ποτὶ Πίσῃ
'Επτάκι νικήσας ἐς γόνατ' οὐκ ἔπεσεν.

SIMONIDIS.

Pulchra hæc Milonis statua est, cui præmia septem
Pisa dedit, lapso nec semel in genua.

Grotius.

Fair statue this of Milo fair, who won
Seven times the Pisan prize, and quailed to none.

Sterling.

CCCLII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Ὤφελε μηδ' ἐγένοντο θοαὶ νέες· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἡμεῖς
Παῖδα Διοκλείδου Σώπολιν ἐστένομεν·
Νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν εἰν ἁλί που φέρεται νέκυς· ἀντὶ δ' ἐκείνου
Οὔνομα καὶ κενεὸν σᾶμα παρερχόμεθα.

CALLIMACHI.

O si nulla foret navis! non flenda fuisset
Sopolidis nobis mors Dioclide sati.
Corpus at exanimum volvit mare; nosque tenemus
Nomen, et hoc junctum marmor inane viæ.

G. B.

Ah se fosser le navi al mondo ignote,
Per Sopoli, figliuol di Dioclide,
Non righerebbe il pianto a noi le gote.
Avvolto ora sen va tra l' onde infide
Il suo freddo cadavero, e di quello
Solo a noi resta il nome e il voto avello.

Pagnini.

Oh that no ships to speed across the seas had been invented!
Then Dioclid's son Sopolis we ne'er should have lamented.
But now, ah where! a corpse he floats o'er the trackless ocean's bed,
And a name upon this empty tomb is all we have instead.

W.

CCCLIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Οὔτε σε πόντος ὄλεσσε, καὶ οὐ πνείοντες ἀῆται,
Ἀλλ' ἀκόρητος ἔρως φοιτάδος ἐμπορίης.
Εἴη μοι γαίης ὀλίγος βίος· ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
Ἄλλοισιν μελέτω κέρδος ἀελλομάχον.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Non tibi causa necis venti, neque Nereos unda,
Verum ex merce lucri non satiatus amor.
Vita sit in terra tenuis mihi: quos maris urit
Quæstus, eant, et cum turbine bella gerant.

Grotius.

Let not thy loss to winds and waves be laid,
But to th' insatiate lust of vent'rous trade!
Be mine a humble competence on shore,
While others wrestle with the storm for more.

W.

CCCLIV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ὁ φθόνος οἰκτιρμοῦ κατὰ Πίνδαρόν ἐστιν ἀμείνων.
Οἱ βασκαινόμενοι λαμπρὸν ἔχουσι βίον·
Τοὺς δὲ λίαν ἀτυχεῖς οἰκτείρομεν. ἀλλά τις εἴην
Μήτ' ἄγαν εὐδαίμων, μήτ' ἐλεεινὸς ἐγώ.
Ἡ μεσότης γὰρ ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ἄκρα πέφυκεν
Κινδύνους ἐπάγειν, ἔσχατα δ' ὕβριν ἔχει.

PALLADÆ.

Invidear potius quam sim miserabilis, inquit
Pindarus; excellunt quos petit invidia.
Pessima perpessos miserescimus: ast ego felix
Nec nimium, nimium nec miser esse velim.
Optima res modus est. Summis affine periclum:
Infima contemptum ludibriumque ferunt.

Grotius.

On Envy.

Pity, says the Theban bard,
From my wishes I discard;
Envy, let me rather be,
Rather far, a theme for thee!
Pity to distress is shown,
Envy to the great alone.
So the Theban: but to shine
Less conspicuous be mine!
I prefer the golden mean,
Pomp and penury between;
For alarm and peril wait
Ever on the loftiest state,
And the lowest to the end
Obloquy and scorn attend.

W. Cowper.

CCCLV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμὶ Διοκλέος· οἱ δ' ἀνάγονται,
Φεῦ τόλμης, ἀπ' ἐμοῦ πείσματα λυσάμενοι.

LEONIDÆ.

Naufragus hic jaceo Diocles. Audacia quanta est!
Est hinc quæ capiat per mare navis iter.

Grotius.

La tomba io son di Diocle
Già in mar dai flutti assorto:
Pur, da me sciolti i canapi,
Escono, oh ardir! dal porto.

M.

The tomb am I of shipwrecked Diocles!
Yet see, alas! how these,
A reckless crew, from me
Their cables dare to loose, and put to sea!

W.

CCCLVI.

ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΟΥ.

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς
'Ωλόμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν.

THEODORIDÆ.

Naufragus hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis;
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Sam. Johnson.

Naufragus hic perii: nihil est: per cærula tutam
Carpebant reliqui, me pereunte, viam.

W. L.

Ich fand Tod in der Fluth. Doch schiffe nur! Als ich im Schiffbruch
Umkam, freuten sich doch Andre der glücklichen Fahrt.

Jacobs.

A ship-wreck'd sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail.
Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,
Weather'd the gale.

W.

CCCLVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἄτρομος ἐκ τύμβου λῦε πείσματα ναυηγοῖο·
Χἠμῶν ὀλλυμένων ἄλλος ἐνηοπόρει.

LEONIDÆ.

Aude de tumulo submersi solvere funem:
Tunc quoque cum perii, quos mare ferret, erant.

Grotius.

Sciogli le sarte pur senza pavento
Da quest' avel: spiegava un' altra nave,
Mentre noi perivam, le vele al vento.

M.

Tu me vois sur le rivage,
Pilote, et tu crains la mort?
Va, suis ta course et ton sort.
Lorsque je faisois naufrage,
D' autres arrivoient au port.

Pelisson.

Loose from my tomb thy hawser: though I died
Shipwreck'd, my comrades 'scaped the raging tide.

W. Shepherd.

Fearless set sail from this wreck'd seaman's grave.
We perish'd: others safely rode the wave.

W.

CCCLVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Οὐκ ἐθέλω πλουτεῖν, οὐκ εὔχομαι· ἀλλά μοι εἴη
Ζῆν ἐκ τῶν ὀλίγων, μηδὲν ἔχοντα κακόν.

INCERTI.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere: paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Sam. Johnson.

I ask not wealth; let me enjoy
An humble lot without annoy!

Cumberland.

I neither wish nor pray for wealth: my prayer
Is for a small subsistence, free from care.

W.

CCCLIX.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Οὐρανίας Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἁ Κύπρις οὐ πάνδημος· ἱλάσκεο τὰν θεὸν, εἰπὼν
  Οὐρανίαν, ἁγνᾶς ἄνθεμα Χρυσογόνας,
Οἴκῳ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους, ᾧ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον ἔσχε
  Ξυνόν· ἀεὶ δέ σφιν λώϊον εἰς ἔτος ἦν
Ἐκ σέθεν ἀρχομένοις, ὦ πότνια· κηδόμενοι γὰρ
  Ἀθανάτων αὐτοὶ πλεῖον ἔχουσι βροτοί.

THEOCRITI.

Publica non isthæc Venus est: placare memento
  Uranien, castæ munere Chrysogonæ
In thalamo Amphicli, socii prolisque larisque.
  His facilis quovis tempore vita fuit
A te principium ducentibus, o Dea; nam qui
  Dulcia cumque colit numina, lætus agit.

Dan. Heinsius.

Non è già questa la volgar Ciprigna.
  Fatti la Dea benigna,
  Ed al suo piè t' inchina,
  Chiamandola divina.
  Lei già ponea la buona
  Pudica Crisogona
  In casa Anficle, con cui figli ottenne,
  E comun vita tenne:
  Quindi un miglior evento
  Tutte le cose loro ogni anno aveano,
  Perchè da te faceano,
  O venerabil Dea, cominciamento:
  Chè a momenti i mortali
  Crescono di ventura
  Qualora gli Immortali
  Ei si dan d' onorar pensiero e cura.

C. Gaetani della Torre.

Eine Inschrift auf die Bildsäule der Venus Urania.

Diese Kypris ist nicht die gemeine Göttinn des Volkes;
  Dass sie günstig dir sei, nenne die Himmlische sie!
Chrysogona weihete sie, das Weib des Amphikles,
  Welchem liebend sie lebt, welchem sie Kinder gebar!
Immer wächset ihr Glück, von dir, o Göttinn! begann es,
  Dreimal selig ist der, welcher die Götter verehrt!

Fried. Leopold von Stolberg.

Here Venus, not the vulgar, you survey;
Style her celestial, and your offering pay:
This in the house of Amphicles was plac'd,
Fair present of Chrysogona the chaste:
With him a sweet and social life she led,
And many children bore, and many bred.
Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,
Each year improv'd upon the happy pair;
For long as men the deities adore,
With large abundance Heav'n augments their store.

Fawkes.

CCCLX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἠράσθην, ἐφίλουν, ἔτυχον, κατέπραξ', ἀγαπῶμαι.
  Τίς δέ, καὶ ἧς, καὶ πῶς; ἡ θεὸς οἶδε μόνη.

INCERTI.

Exarsi, petii, tenui, successit, amat me.
  Quis, quæ, quove modo? scit Dea sola Venus.

Grotius.

Je la vis, je l' aimai, lui plûs, et fus heureux;
  Où? qui? comment? ceci n' est su que de nous deux.

Poinsinet de Sivry.

Wisst! Ich lieb' und werde geliebt, und küss' und geniesse—
  Aber wer? und bey wem, wisse die Göttinn allein.

Herder.

I fell in love, I loved, I won, I triumph'd, she's mine own!
Who, I or she, or how we loved, the Goddess knows alone.

R. C. C.

CCCLXI.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

'Αΐδεω λυπηρὲ διήκονε, τοῦτ' 'Αχέροντος
"Υδωρ ὃς πλώεις πορθμίδι κυανέῃ,
Δέξαι μ', εἰ καί σοι μέγα βρίθεται ὀκρυόεσσα
Βᾶρις ἀποφθιμένων, τὸν κύνα Διογένην.
"Ολπη μοι καὶ πήρη ἐφόλκια, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν
"Εσθος, χὠ φθιμένους ναυστολέων ὀβολός.
Πάνθ' ὅσα κὴν ζωοῖς ἐπεπάμεθα, ταῦτα παρ' "Αιδαν
"Ερχομ' ἔχων· λείπω δ' οὐδὲν ὑπ' ἠελίῳ.

LEONIDÆ.

Qui subigis conto tristem ferrugine lintrem
Per Stygis hanc, Orci dure minister, aquam;
Tot sit onusta licet tibi cymba horrenda sepultis,
Diogenem capiat me tamen arcta Canem.
Pera, lagena mihi sunt sarcina, tritaque vestis,
Manibus et quanti per vada constat iter.
Quæ tenui vivus, me tota sequuntur ad Umbras,
Sub supero quidquam nec mihi sole, manet.

G. B.

Finsterer Diener der Reich' Aïdoneu's, der du die Wasser
Hier des Kokytos auf schwarzdämmernder Barke beschiffst,
Nimm, ob lastend die Schaar Abgeschiedner den schaurigen Todten
Nachen dir anfüllt, Mich, Kynen, Diogenes auf.
Mit mir gehet der Krug, und mein altes Gewand, und der Ranzen,
Und der zum Schattengebiet löset die Fahrt, der Obol.
Jegliches, was ich besass auch im Reich der Lebend'gen, ich führ es
Mit mir zum Hades, und nichts lass' ich der Sonne zurück.

Erichson.

Der du, o trauriger Diener des Aïdes, diese Gewässer
Acherons emsig befährst mit dem umnachteten Kahn,
Drückt auch schon der Gestorbnen Gedräng auf das schreckliche Fahrzeug,
Nimm als übrige Fracht doch den Diogenes auf.
Klein nur ist das Gepäcke des Hund's; Tornister und Oelkrug,
Und des bejahrten Gewands Rest, und der Schiffenden Zoll.
Jegliches, was ich besass bey den Lebenden, folgt zu des Hades
Nacht mir hinab, und nichts liess ich der Erde zurück.

Jacobs.

Nether Pluto's most troublesome slave,
That puntest 'cross Acheron's wave
In that ferry-boat dismal and dread;
Though with shuddering ghosts of the dead
Supercargoed, receive on your log
Diogenes surnamed the dog.
For my old coat and satchel and flask
To take with me is all I shall ask,
With a penny to pay for the shippage.
Here I am with all my equípage:
And, as rich now, as when with mankind,
I am sure I leave nothing behind.

G. F. D. T.

CCCLXII.

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ.

Αἶ αἶ Ἀριστοκράτεια, σὺ μὲν βαθὺν εἰς Ἀχέροντα
Οἴχεαι, ὡραίου κεκλίμενα πρὸ γάμου·
Ματρὶ δὲ δάκρυα σᾷ καταλείπεται, ἅ σ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Πολλάκι κεκλιμένα κωκύει ἐκ κεφαλᾶς.

MNASALCÆ.

Inter complexus Acherontis, Aristocratia,
Non ubi debueras nupta jacere, jaces.
Liquitur at mater lachrymis, quas sæpe recentes
Ad tumulum strato dejicit ex capite.

Grotius.

Weh' Aristokrateia, du stiegst in die Tiefe des Hades
Und zu des Acherons Rand, ehe der Hymen erschien.
Thränen nur blieben der Mutter zurück, die hier an dem Grabmal
Stöhnend aus innerster Brust, oft die Entschlafne beweint.

Jacobs

Ah, thou art gone, Aristocratia! gone
To deep, deep Acheron:
Thou shouldst have been a blooming bride, but thou
Art lying low.
Trickles adown thy mother's cheek the tear,
O daughter dear!
As oft, with drooping head, she mourns thy doom
Stretch'd by thy tomb.

J. W. B.

CCCLXIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Χωλὸν ἔχεις τὸν νοῦν, ὡς τὸν πόδα· καὶ γὰρ ἀληθῶς
Εἰκόνα τῶν ἐντὸς ἡ φύσις ἔξω φέρει.

INCERTI.

Clauda tibi mens est ut pes: naturaque rectè,
Quod latet interius, prodidit exterius.

Paulus Stephanus.

Contro uno zoppo maligno.

Torta hai la mente e il piede. In te l' esterno
Natura architettò come l' interno.

Pagnini.

De Cotin.

Tu as l' ame autant contrefaicte,
Cotin, comme tu as le cors:
Car en la forme du dehors
Du dedans l' image est pourtraicte.

Baif.

If the outward form's akin
To the nature that's within,
By your limping gait we learn,
Your intellect's a lame concern.

W.

CCCLXIV.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Τὰ ῥόδα τὰ δροσόεντα, καὶ ἁ κατάπυκνος ἐκείνα
Ἕρπυλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἑλικωνιάσιν·
Ταὶ δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τίν, Πύθιε Παιάν,
Δελφὶς ἐπεὶ πέτρα τοῦτό τοι ἀγλάϊσεν.
Βωμὸν δ' αἱμάξει κεραὸς τράγος, οὗτος ὁ μαλλός,
Τερμίνθου τρώγων ἔσχατον ἀκρέμονα.

THEOCRITI.

Serpillum Aoniis servo munuscula Nymphis,
Et, matutino quæ madet imbre, rosam:
Et tu nigrantem, proles Latonia, laurum,
Quæ tibi Delphitica in rupe adolescit, habe.
Rodit et extremas qui frondes, corniger hircus
Concidet ante aram, victima cæsa, tuam.

Averardus Medices.

Sermollino eletto, e rose
Porporine e rugiadose
V' offro, o Dee delle pendici
D' Elicona abitatrici.
Te, de' carmi o Nume, onoro
Di sacrato e fosco alloro,
Che germoglia là nel cieco
Immortal Delfico speco:
E un capron di corna armato
All' altar cadrà svenato;
Quello appunto, che le vette
D' ogni ramo manomette.

Averardo de' Medici.

This wild thyme, and these roses, moist with dews,
Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse;
The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine;
Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphick shrine;
And there to thee this shagg'd he-goat I vow,
That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

Fawkes.

CCCLXV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἠ τοῖον Κυθέρειαν ὕδωρ τέκεν, ἢ Κυθέρεια
Τοῖον τεῦξεν ὕδωρ, ὃν χρόα λουσαμένη.

INCERTI.

Vel talis Veneri genetrix aqua, vel Venus ipsa
Talem lota suo corpore fecit aquam.

Grotius.

O d' acqua tal nacque la Dea più bella,
O tal fe' l' acqua col bagnarsi in quella.

Pagnini.

Solch' ein Wasser erzeugte Kythere wol; oder Kythere
Hat es mit Reizen begabt, badend den göttlichen Leib.

Jacobs

Did Cytherea to the skies
From this pellucid lymph arise?
Or was it Cytherea's touch,
When bathing here, that made it such?

W. Cowper.

CCCLXVI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Πολλάκι μὲν τόδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω·
Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβάλησθε κόνιν.

JULIANI.

Hortor et ex tumulo, cecini quod sæpe, Bibatis!
Dum nondum talis vos quoque vestit humus.

Grotius.

Je l' ai chanté souvent; et même de nouveau
Je le crierai de mon tombeau:
Buvez auparavant que la Parque sévère,
Comme moi, vous réduise en un peu de poussière.

Longepierre.

Vielmal sang ich es sonst, und ruf es euch noch aus der Gruft zu:
Trinkt, eh' durstiger Staub eure Gebeine verhüllt.

Jacobs.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry
Loud from the tomb, "Drink, mortals, ere you die."

Fawkes.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry:
Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I.

T Moore.

Oft have I sung, now from the tomb I cry:
Drink! ere enveloped in this dust you lie.

W.

CCCLXVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Εὐάγρει, λαγόθηρα, καὶ εἰ πετεεινὰ διώκων
Ἰξευτὴς ἥκεις τοῦθ' ὑπὸ δισσὸν ὄρος,
Κἀμὲ τὸν ὑλωρὸν ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο βόασον
Πᾶνα· Συναγρεύω καὶ κυσὶ καὶ καλάμοις.

LEONIDÆ.

Et leporem quicunque venis venaberis, hospes,
Et si forte meo tramite quæris avem.
Et me Pana tibi comitem de rupe vocato,
Sive petas calamo præmia, sive cane.

Propertius.

Rem bene venator leporum gere, fallere visco
  Monte sub hoc gemino seu meditaris aves.
Panaque me rupis clama de vertice; juncta
  Et canis et calami te comitabor ope.

G. B.

Reichliche Jagd dir, Jäger des Wilds, auch wenn du zum Vogel-
  fange das Thal des Gebirgs hier mit den Netzen betratst.
Und von der Bergshöh' ruf' mich Pan, den Beherrscher der düstern
  Buschigen Waldnacht; mitfang' ich mit Hunden und Garn.

Erichson.

Good luck to you, sportsman, or chasing the hare,
Or plying for bird in this dell the lim'd snare.
Me, the forester Pan, from the crag if you call,
I'll help you to quarry, with dog, reeds, and all.

G. B.

CCCLXVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Νιόβην.

Ὁ τύμβος οὗτος ἔνδον οὐκ ἔχει νεκρόν·
Ὁ νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον.
Ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ νεκρός ἐστι καὶ τάφος.

INCERTI.

Habet sepulchrum non id intus mortuum,
Habet nec ipse mortuus bustum super,
Sibi sed est hic ipse sepulchrum et mortuus.

Ausonius

Hoc est sepulchrum intus cadaver non habens,
Hoc est cadaver et sepulchrum non habens,
Sed est cadaver et sepulchrum idem sibi.

Politianus.

An Epitaph on Niobe turned to stone.

This pile thou seest built out of flesh, not stone,
Contains no shroud within, nor mould'ring bone:
This bloodless trunk is destitute of tombe
Which may the soul-fled mansïon en-wombe.
This seeming sepulchre (to tell the troth)
Is neither tomb nor body, and yet both.

H. King.

Lo, corpseless tomb, and tombless corpse! strange doom!
She to herself at once is corpse and tomb.

G. S.

CCCLXIX.

ΚΑΡΦΥΛΛΙΔΟΥ.

Μὴ μέμψῃ παριὼν τὰ μνήματά μου, παροδῖτα·
Οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον οὐδὲ θανών.
Τέκνων τέκνα λέλοιπα· μιῆς ἀπέλαυσα γυναικὸς
Συγγήρου· τρισσοῖς παισὶν ἔδωκα γάμους,
Ἐξ ὧν πολλάκι παῖδας ἐμοῖς ἐνεκοίμισα κόλποις,
Οὐδενὸς οἰμώξας οὐ νόσον, οὐ θάνατον,
Οἵ με καταστείσαντες ἀπήμονα, τὸν γλυκὺν ὕπνον
Κοιμᾶσθαι χώρην πέμψαν ἐπ' εὐσεβέων.

CARPHYLLIDIS.

Hoc tumulo tectum ne me contemne, viator;
Nam ne morte quidem sors lachrymanda mea est.
Factus avus senui mutata conjuge nunquam;
Terna tori soboles fœdere juncta mea est;
Unde sinu dulces gestavi sæpe nepotes,
Nullius ex illis morte malove dolens.
Hi factis me rite sacris misere beatas
Ad sedes, habitat quas sine fine sopor.

Grotius.

Traveller, regret not me; for thou shalt find
Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,
Who, dying, children's children left behind,
And with one wife lived many a year in peace:
Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three,
And oft their infants in my bosom lay,
Nor saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,
Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.
Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestow'd,
And me, by blameless manners fitted well
To seek it, sent to the serene abode
Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

W. Cowper.

Friend! o'er this sepulchre forbear
The plaintive sigh, the pitying tear:
No just pretence my death supplies
To heave thy breast, or dim thine eyes.

With children's children grac'd, one wife
Walk'd with me down the vale of life:
Three blooming youths my joyous hands
Entwin'd in Hymen's blissful bands:
The numerous race those nuptials blest,
Oft slumber'd on their grandsire's breast:
No streams of grief through life I shed,
O'er child, or grand-child, sick or dead.
By them to my departed shade
The tear was pour'd, the rites were paid:
Thus convoy'd to eternal rest!
In life, in death, supremely blest.

G. Wakefield.

CCCLXX.

[ΔΙΟΓ. ΛΑΕΡΤ.]

Οὐ μὰ τόν, οὐδὲ Λυκωνα παρήσομεν, ὅττι ποδαλγὴς
Κάτθανε· θαυμάζω τοῦτο μάλιστα δ' ἐγώ,
Τὴν οὕτως ἀΐδαο μακρὴν ὁδόν, ἃ πρὶν ὁ ποσσὶν
'Αλλοτρίοις βαδίσας, ἔδραμε νυκτὶ μιῇ.

[DIOG. LAERT.]

Hercule! nec nobis Lyco prætereundus, obivit
Quod podagra, namque est res ea mira mihi.
Alterius pedibus solitus quod repere, longum
Ad manes una nocte cucurrit iter.

Grotius.

Gehe das Grab nicht vorbei. "Wer lieget da?" Lamon, der Schwelger.
"Der am Podagra starb?" Richtig. Was wundert dich dran?
"Dass, der sonst auf Krücken nur humpelte, jetzo in einer
Nacht mit hurtigem Fuss bis zu dem Tartaros lief."

Voss.

No, nor by Jove! may Lyco's name be passed,
Whose gouty feet brought on his death at last:
And yet, if I a candid man must be,
How, in one night, a wretched imp,
Who all his life-time used to limp
On crutches, ran so long a way
As down to Hades, I must say,
Is that which seems the strangest thing to me.

J. W. B.

CCCLXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Τίμωνα τὸν μισάνθρωπον.

Ἐνθάδ' ἀποῤῥήξας ψυχὴν βαρυδαίμονα κεῖμαι·
Οὔνομα δ' οὐ πεύσοισθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακῶς ἀπόλοισθε.

INCERTI.

Hic situs abrupta vita infelice quiesco:
Nomen ne rogitate: malos Di vos male perdant.

Grotius.

My luckless breath cut short, my grave ye view.
Ask not my name: a curse on all of you!

W.

CCCLXXII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Καὶ νέκυς ὢν, Τίμων ἄγριος· σὺ δὲ γ', ὦ πυλαωρὲ
Πλούτωνος, τάρβει, Κέρβερε, μή σε δάκῃ.

INCERTI.

Timon, umbra licet, ferus est: tu janitor Orci
Cerbere, ne morsu te petat ille, cave.

Grotius.

Et ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor Orci
Cerbere, te morsu ne petat ille, cave.

Sam. Johnson.

Timon, though dead, is savage: have a care,
Dread watch-dog, Cerberus! He bites: beware!

W.

CCCLXXIII.

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ.

Μὴ πόθεν εἰμὶ μάθῃς, μηδ' οὔνομα· πλὴν ὅτι θνήσκειν
Τοὺς παρ' ἐμὴν στήλην ἐρχομένους ἐθέλω.

PTOLEMÆI.

Unde ego non disces, nec quo sim nomine: sed quod,
Hunc tumulum quisquis præterit, opto mori.

Grotius.

Unde, et quid nomen ne percontere, sed ipse
Mortuus hoc de te, morte jacere, volo.

T. F.

My name and whence I come cease to enquire;
That you like me may die is my desire.

T. F.

Ask not my name, nor whence I am; and you,
Who pass my grave, would you were buried too!

W.

CCCLXXIV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Λαΐς, ἀμαλδυνθεῖσα χρόνῳ περικαλλέα μορφήν,
Γηραλέων στυγέει μαρτυρίην ῥυτίδων·
Ἔνθεν πικρὸν ἔλεγχον ἀπεχθήρασα κατόπτρου,
Ἄνθετο δεσποίνῃ τῆς πάρος ἀγλαΐης.
Ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, Κυθέρεια, δέχου νεότητος ἑταῖρον
Δίσκον, ἐπεὶ μορφὴ σὴ χρόνον οὐ τρομέει.

JULIANI.

Lais, ut eximiæ languebat gratia formæ,
Factaque jam, ruga teste, dolebat anus;
Tunc speculum prisci dominæ neglecta decoris,
Indicium vultus triste perosa, tulit:
Tu, Venus, hunc primi socium cape temporis orbem;
Nam tua non ævum forma beata timet.

G. B.

Als mit den Jahren Lais nun ihre Reitze verblüh'n sah,
Als sie das Alter sah kommen auf ihrem Gesicht,
Hassete sie den Spiegel, den Zeugen des kommenden Alters;
"Kehre zurück," sprach sie, "kehre zur Gottinn zurück,
Die mich lange geliebt hat!—Nimm den Spiegel, o holde
Paphia! Dir nur sind ewige Reitze verlieh'n."

Herder.

Laïs, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,
Abhorr'd the look of age that plough'd her face:
Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,
Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid.
The sweet companion of my youthful years
Be thine (she said); no change thy beauty fears.

Ogle.

Laïs saw nature's quick decay,
The wrinkled cheek, the ringlet grey,
And heav'd a heartfelt sigh:
"Witness of all that makes me grieve,
Venus, this hateful glass receive;
Your charms can time defy."

Ph. Smyth.

CCCLXXV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἡ τὸν ἐραστῶν
  Ἑσμὸν ἐνὶ προθύροις Λαῒς ἔχουσα νέων,
Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐπεὶ τοίη μὲν ὁρᾶσθαι
  Οὐκ ἐθέλω· οἵη δ' ἦν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

PLATONIS.

Lais anus Veneri speculum dico: dignum habeat se
  Æterna æternum forma ministerium.
Ast mihi nullus in hoc usus, quia cernere talem
  Qualis sum, nolo; qualis eram, nequeo.

Ausonius.

Illa triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
  Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum: nolo me cernere qualis
  Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

Sam. Johnson.

Imitazione.

Ruppe lo specchio, e disse,
  Piangendo la fuggita età novella,
  Donna che fu già bella:
  Specchio incostante, omai
  Morta la mia beltà tu non vivrai;
  Che mirar questo volto
  Qual è non voglio, e qual già fu m' è tolto.

Alessandro Guarini.

Lo specchio mio ti dono,
  O Diva del piacere:
  Qual fui non posso, e come fatta sono
  Non mi voglio vedere.

Pananti.

Pour mirer desormais l' éternelle beauté
  De ta face, o Venus, je t' offre ce miroir,
  Car je ne m' y vois plus telle que j' ai été,
  Et telle que je suis, je ne m' y veux plus voir.

Jacques de la Taille.

Voeu d' un miroer à Venus.

Moy qui pour mon folastre ris
En mon œilladante jeunesse
Avois à ma porte une presse
De jeunes amoureux épris,
A la princesse de Pafie
Ce miroer voué je dédie;
Car telle qu' aujourdhuy je suis
Me mirer je ne voudrois onques,
Et telle que j' estois adonques,
Aujourdhuy me veoir je ne puis.

Baif.

Je le donne à Venus, puis qu' elle est toujours belle:
Il redouble trop mes ennuis.
Je ne saurois me voir en ce miroir fidèle,
Ni telle que j' étois, ni telle que je suis.

Voltaire.

Ich, deren Vorsaal sonst von schmachtenden Jüngligen voll war,
Die mit der Griechen Herz wie mit dem Balle gespielt;
Lais weihet der Paphia jetzt den Spiegel. Er zeigt ihr
Nicht was sie war; was sie ist, mag sie nicht sehen in ihm.

Herder.

Sie, die Hellas einst mit üppigem Hohne verlachte,
Deren Gemächer ein Schwarm liebender Männer umgab,
Lais widmet den Spiegel der Paphia. Mich, wie ich jetzt bin,
Will ich nicht schaun; wie ich war, zeiget der Spiegel mir nicht.

Jacobs.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

Prior.

I Lais, once of Greece the pride,
For whom so many suitors sigh'd,
Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine
The mirror of my youth resign;
Since what I am I will not see,
And what I was I cannot be.

Edmund L. Swift.

CCCLXXVI.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΥ.

Ἁ κόνις ἀρτίσκαπτος, ἐπὶ στάλας δὲ μετώπων
Σείονται φύλλων ἡμιθαλεῖς στέφανοι.
Γράμμα διακρίναντες, ὁδοιπόρε, πέτρον ἴδωμεν·
Λευρὰ περιστέλλειν ὀστέα φατὶ τίνος.
"Ξεῖν' Ἀρετημιάς εἰμι· πάτρα Κνίδος· Εὔφρονος ἦλθον
Εἰς λέχος· ὠδίνων οὐκ ἄμορος γενόμαν·
Δισσὰ δ' ὁμοῦ τίκτουσα, τὸ μὲν λίπον ἀνδρὶ ποδηγὸν
Γήρως· ὃν δ' ἀπάγω μναμόσυνον πόσιος."

HERACLETI.

Fossa recenter humus, cujus quæ in fronte columna est,
Serta gerit florum, mortua parte sui.
Cernamus propius lapidemque notasque, viator.
Tristes se cineres cujus habere refert.
Patria mi Cnidos est, vocitorque Aretemias, hospes;
Euphroni sum conjunx dicta, sed et peperi.
Quos peperi geminos dux sit patris, oro, senectæ
Ille, mihi pignus conjugis alter adest.

Grotius.

Neulich gegraben erhebt sich der Staub; an der Stirne des Denkmals
Schütteln vom Winde bewegt welkende Kränze das Laub.
Treten wir näher, den Stein zu besehn, und zu lesen die Inschrift;
Sicher verkundet er uns, wessen Gebein er bedeckt.
"Freund, Aretemias ward ich genannt; aus dem Knidischen Lande;
Euphron führte mich heim; Kinder gebahr ich ihm zwey.
Sterbend verliess ich ihm eines davon zum Tröster des Alters;
Eines entführt' ich, im Grab mich der Erinnrung zu freun."

Jacobs.

In Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron: Aretimias was my name.
His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth, and died:
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old;
And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear
To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

W. Cowper.

CCCLXXVII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Νέμεσιν.

Καί με λίθον Πέρσαι δεῦρ' ἤγαγον, ὄφρα τρόπαιον
Στήσονται νίκας· εἰμὶ δὲ νῦν Νέμεσις.
Ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἕστηκα, καὶ Ἑλλήνεσσι τρόπαιον
Νίκας, καὶ Πέρσαις τοῦ πολέμου νέμεσις.

INCERTI.

Me lapidem quondam Persæ advexere tropæum
Ut fierem bello: nunc ego sum Nemesis.
At sicut Græcis victoribus asto tropæum,
Punio sic Persas vaniloquos Nemesis.

Ausonius.

Me pietra i Persi qua recaro, ond' io
Fossi di lor vittoria
Ai secoli memoria.
Nemesi or sono, e Fidia me scolpío
Trofeo de' Greci a un tempo e della rea
Guerra de' Persi infesti ultrice Dea.

Pagnini.

Vormals führten die Meder den Stein her, künftiger Siege
Prunkendes Zeichen zu seyn. Nemesis ward ich darauf.
Beydes nun bin ich vereint; ein Zeichen des Siegs den Hellenen,
Aber dem Medischen Volk Nemesis frevelnden Kriegs.

Jacobs.

Brought by the Medes a stone to be
A trophy sure of victory;
By Phidias carv'd, I stand to teach
The pow'r of Nemesis to each.
Trophy of Greece's conquering host,
I shame defeated Persia's boast.

W.

On the first Stone of Buonaparte's marble column, raised by the Expeditionary army and Flotilla of Boulogne, and afterwards made to commemorate the restoration of the Bourbons.

Frenchmen! who brought this marble block to stand
A trophy of th' invasion of yon land,
Behold! it marks a Bourbon's restoration,
And tells that you are the invaded nation.

W.

CCCLXXVIII.

ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΥ.

Εἰς τὴν Ἀθηναίων Νέμεσιν.

Χιονέην με λίθον παλιναυξέος ἐκ περιωπῆς
Λαοτύπος τμήξας πετροτόμοις ἀκίσι
Μῆδος ἐποντοπόρευσεν, ὅπως ἀνδρείκελα τεύξῃ,
Τῆς κατ' Ἀθηναίων σύμβολα καμμονίης.
Ὡς δὲ δαϊζομένοις Μαραθὼν ἀντέκτυπε Πέρσαις,
Καὶ νέες ὑγροπόρουν χεύμασιν αἱμαλέοις,
Ἔξεσαν Ἀδρήστειαν ἀριστώδινες Ἀθῆναι,
Δαίμον' ὑπερφιάλοις ἀντίπαλον μερόπων.
Ἀντιταλαντεύω τὰς ἐλπίδας· εἰμὶ δὲ καὶ νῦν
Νίκη Ἐρεχθείδαις, Ἀσσυρίοις Νέμεσις.

THEÆTETI.

Me niveum viva lapidem de rupe cecidit,
Marmoream rumpens cuspide duritiem,
Persa daret cum vela notis, ut fingeret ex me
De Cecropis victrix gente trophæa manus.
Cladibus at Marathon postquam resonavit Eois,
Perque cruore rubens æquor iere rates,
Fecit Adrastean de me gens fortis Athenæ
Ulcisci solitam facta superba Deam.
Spes ego libratas teneo. Victoria nam sum
Cecropidis, Nemesis nec minus Assyriis.

Grotius.

Mich weissblendenden Stein brach einst mit dem Meisel der Steinmetz
Felsenzersspaltend im Bruch wiedererwachsender Höhn;
Ueber das Meer hin fuhren die Meder mich, dass ich zum Bildniss
Würde, zum Zeichen des Kampfs gegen die Bürger Athens.
Aber als Marathon kühn die zerschmetterten Perser besiegte,
Und die Geschwader zurück kehrten auf blutigem Meer,
Formte die Mutter der Helden Athen, die der Sterblichen Hochmuth
Strafende Göttin aus mir, die den vermessenen Flug
Freuelnder Hoffnung hemmt. Zur Nemesis ward ich den Persern;
Aber für Kekrops Geschlecht bin ich des Sieges Symbol.

Jacobs.

Of ivory whiteness, from a mountain rock
A Median sculptor in a massive block
Shipp'd me for Attica, and doom'd to stand
His mark of triumph o'er this Attic land.
But when at Marathon fall'n Persia groan'd,
And for invasion shatter'd ships aton'd,
By Attic art, perfection's nurse, I rose
In form a goddess, who the proud o'erthrows.
In different characters my figure speaks,
To Persians vengeance, victory to Greeks.

Hayley.

CCCLXXIX.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ ΑΣΚΑΛΩΝΙΤΟΥ.

Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,
Ὅσσον ἐπισπεῖσαι σοί, τράγε, θυομένῳ.

EUENI.

Rode caper vitem: tamen hinc, cum stabis ad aram,
In tua quod spargi cornua possit, erit.

Ovidius.

Parodia, in Domitianum ob edictum de excidendis vineis: ex Suetonio.

Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,
Ὅσσον ἐπισπεῖσαι Καίσαρι θυομένῳ.

Me penitus rodas; vini tamen illud habebo,
Quod cæso infusum sat tibi, Cæsar, erit.

De Bosch.

Nagender Bock, du benagst mich bis zur Wurzel. Und dennoch
Bleibt in der Wurzel mir Saft, der dich als Opfer besprengt.

Herder.

Friss auf die Wurzel mich ab, doch trag' ich der Früchte genug noch,
Dir auf dem Opfer altar, Bock, zu begiessen des Blut.

Erichson.

Nagst du mich auch bis zur Wurzel, o Bock, doch trag' ich zum Opfer
Immer des Weines genug, dich zu benessen am Heerd.

Jacobs.

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat, enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

Merivale.

CCCLXXX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἑλλήνων προμαχοῦντες Ἀθηναῖοι Μαραθῶνι
Χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

SIMONIDIS.

Attica pro patria pugnans Marathonis in ora
Aurea Medorum contudit arma cohors.

G. S.

At Marathon for Greece the Athenians fought;
And low the gilded Medians' power they brought.

Sterling.

CCCLXXXI.

ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΥ.

Οὔτ' ἀπὸ Μεσσάνας, οὔτ' Ἀργόθεν εἰμὶ παλαιστάς·
Σπάρτα μοι Σπάρτα κυδιάνειρα πατρίς.
Κεῖνοι τεχνάεντες· ἐγώ γε μέν, ὡς ἐπέοικε
Τοῖς Λακεδαιμονίων παισί, βίᾳ κρατέω.

DAMAGETI.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virûm:
Arte valent isti, mihi robore vincere solo est,
Convenit ut natis inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Sam. Johnson.

Io giostrator, non d' Argo o di Messene,
In Sparta, inclita Sparta, ebbi il natale.
Quei fidano in lor arte: in me prevale
Forza e vigor, come a Spartan conviene.

Pagnini.

Nicht von Messanas Flur, noch von Argolis kam ich zum Ringkampf;
Mich hat Sparta gezeugt; Sparta die Mutter des Ruhms.
Andere pflegen der Kunst; ich, wie es den muthigen Söhnen
Lakedämonias ziemt, siege durch männliche Kraft.

Jacobs.

No Messenian wrestler, no Argive is here;
Of Sparta, fam'd Sparta, my birth.
Let them brag of their skill; by my strength 'twill appear
How the Spartan evinces his worth.

W.

CCCLXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἔστι τις λόγος
Τὰν Ἀρετὰν ναίειν δυσαμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτραις,
Ἔνθα μιν θεὰν χῶρον ἁγνὸν ἀμφέπειν.
Οὐδὲ πάντως βλεφάροις θνατῶν ἔσοπτος,
Ὧ μὴ δακέθυμος ἱδρὼς
Ἔνδοθεν μόλῃ, ἵκηταί τ' ἐς ἄκρον ἀνδρείας.

SIMONIDIS.

Ardua narratur Virtus juga montium tenere,
  Et diva sanctam temperare sedem;
Seque oculis hominum coram dare nullius videndam,
  Cui non profusus corda sudor urens
Exeat interno de robore, gloriamque summam
  Attingat instans pectoris virilis.

G. B.

Virtue in legend old is said to dwell
  On high rocks, inaccessible;
  But swift descends from high,
And haunts of virtuous men the chaste society.
  No man shall, ever, rise
Conspicuous in his fellow mortals' eyes
  To manly virtue's pinnacle;
  Unless within his soul, he bear
The drops of painful sweat, that slowly well
From spirit-wasting thought, and toil, and care.

Elton.

'Tis said that Virtue dwells on high
'Mid rocky steeps that seek the sky,
Where o'er a hallow'd realm she holds her sway.
No mortal eye her form hath met
Save his, from whom heart-galling sweat
Breaks out, and wins to manhood's top the way.

G. B.

CCCLXXXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ὑγιαίνειν μὲν ἄριστον ἀνδρὶ θνατῷ,
Δεύτερον δὲ, καλὸν φυὰν γενέσθαι,
Τὸ τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν ἀδόλως,
Καὶ τὸ τέταρτον ἡβᾶν μετὰ τῶν φίλων.

SIMONIDIS.

Scolium.

Pars est prima boni, valere recte:
Pollere ingenii, secunda, dote:
Justas, tertia, possidere gazas:
Compubescere, quarta sors, amicis.

Grotius.

Firma salus primâ, prece forma petenda secundâ,
Tertia fraude venit congesta pecunia nullâ,
Quartum erit æquales inter pubescere votum.

G. S.

Die Wünsche des Lebens.

Gesundheit ist dem sterblichen Mann
Das Erste; das Zweite Wohlgestalt;
Das Dritte Reichthum ohne Betrug;
Das Vierte, mit seinen Geliebten sich iung erfreuen.

Herder.

The first of human gifts is health;
The next on beauty's power attends;
The third, possessing well-earned wealth;
The fourth is youth, enjoyed with friends.

Burney.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
  And next, those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
  And then, an intercourse with those we love.

Moore.

Good health for mortal man is best,
  And next to this a beauteous form;
Then riches not by guile possessed,
  And lastly youth with friendships warm.

Sterling.

CCCLXXXIV.

ΑΝΑΞΑΝΔΡΙΔΟΥ.

Ὁ τὸ σκολιὸν εὑρὼν ἐκεῖνος, ὅστις ἦν,
Τὸ μὲν ὑγιαίνειν πρῶτον ὡς ἄριστον ἦν,
Ὠνόμασεν ὀρθῶς· δεύτερον δ' εἶναι καλὸν,
Τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν, τοῦθ', ὁρᾷς, ἐμαίνετο.
Μετὰ τὴν ὑγείαν γὰρ τὸ πλουτεῖν διαφέρει·
Καλὸς δὲ πεινῶν ἐστὶν αἰσχρὸν θηρίον.

ANAXANDRIDÆ.

Conscriptor scolii carminis, quiqui fuit,
Quod bene valere posuit in primo loco,
Bene fecit. At pulcrum esse cum facit alterum,
Et divitem esse tertium, insanit nimis.
Divitiæ, res a sanitate est proxima:
Nam fœdum est animal, pulcher quem vexat fames.

Schweighaeuser.

That health is the *first* of all blessings below,
Is a truth which no logic can fairly confute;
But the *second* on personal charms to bestow,
And on riches the *third*, I beg leave to dispute:
Next to health give me riches; for beauty, though bright,
In hunger and rags is a villainous sight.

Burney.

Well says the father of the song,
"The first of human joys is health;"
But when he thus pursues the strain,
"Then beauty, and the next is wealth,"
Indeed, I think him very wrong,
And bid him tune his harp again:
For, in these days of want and evil,
Unportion'd beauty is—the devil.

Merivale.

CCCLXXXV.

ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἔχοντα δεῖ τόξον καὶ ἰοδόκον φαρέτραν
Στείχειν ποτὶ φῶτα κακόν·
Πιστὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν γλῶσσα διὰ στόματος λαλεῖ,
Διχόμυθον ἔχουσα κραδίῃ νόημα.

PITTACI MITYLENÆI.

Scolium.

Esse sagittifera tutum latus expedit pharetra
Arcuque, vadat quisquis ad scelestum.
Namque fide dignum loquitur nihil ore lingua, mentem
In corde gestans duplicem doloso.

G. B.

Wandle mit straffem Geschoss und pfeilumfassendem Köcher
Gegen den tückischen Mann!
Treulos schwatzt aus den Lippen die Zung', und getrennt von der Rede
Lau'rt der Gedank' in der Brust!

Voss.

March, with bow and well-stock'd quiver
Arm'd, against the evil wight;
For his tongue is faithless ever,
Words and thoughts just opposite.

Merivale.

CCCLXXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἐκ γῆς χρὴ κατιδεῖν πλόον,
Εἴ τις δύναιτο, καὶ παλάμην ἔχοι·
Ἐπεὶ δέ κ' ἐν πόντῳ γένηται,
Τῷ παρέοντι τρέχειν ἀνάγκη.

INCERTI.

Scolium.

Si potes, e terrâ pontum adspice; credita ponto,
Quo jubeant auræ, cogitur ire ratis.

G. S.

Du rivage observons le cours de nostre flotte,
Considérons son bord, et quel est son pilote;
Que si nous avons mis nostre sort en la mer,
Il faut contre l' orage espérer et ramer.

L'abbé de Marolles.

Vom Lande schaue der Schiffe Fahrt,
Wenn dir's vergönnt ist und dein Geschick es will;
Doch wenn du auf den Fluthen schwimmest,
Musst du dem Rufe des Schicksals folgen.

Jacobs.

'Tis best from land to watch the raging sea,
If so you may, and have the pow'r;
But if you chance on the wild waves to be,
Then make the best o' th' present hour.

Merivale.

From shore look out, and turn thine eyes
Seaward, if thou art weather-wise.
The vessel, if it once set sail,
Must run according to the gale.

W.

CCCLXXXVII.

ΣΟΛΩΝΟΣ.

Σκόλιον.

Πεφυλαγμένος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον ὅρα,
Μὴ κρυπτὸν ἔγχος ἔχων κραδίῃ
Φαιδρῷ σε προσενέπῃ προσώπῳ,
Γλῶσσα δέ οἱ διχόμυθος
Ἐκ μελαίνης φρενὸς γεγωνῇ.

SOLONIS.

Scolium.

Quamlibet observans caveas tibi ne, dolosus ensem
Tenens latentem cordis in recessu
Ore renidenti gratus licet alloquatur, edat
E mente nigra verba lingua duplex.

G. B.

Sey wachsam auf jeglichen Mann,
Schau, ob nicht im Herzen er trägt
Ein verborgenes Schwert, und nur
Er mit freundlich heuchelndem Blick
Zu dir redet, indess im spricht
Doppelsinnige Rede der Mund
Im heimtückischen Herzen.

Falke.

Beware smooth words and smiling face!
A dagger lurks within.
The double tongue speaks fair, the heart
Is foul with darkling sin.

G. S.

CCCLXXXVIII.

ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Συνετῶν ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν,
Πρὶν γενέσθαι τὰ δυσχερῆ
Προνοῆσαι ὅπως μὴ γένηται·
Ἀνδρείων δὲ, γενόμενα εὖ θέσθαι.

PITTACI MITYLENÆI.

Scolium.

Venturos arcet casus mens provida; fortis
Præsentes animus verterit in melius.

G. S.

Le mal venu il le faut endurer,
Bon gré, mal gré; rien n' y sert murmurer;
Mais paravant qu' il vienne, l' homme sage
Peut par conseil dévancer son dommage.

Jean de la Peruse.

'Tis for the wise,
Each difficult event
Foreseeing to prevent,
E'er it arise:
When come, the manly breast
Adjusts it for the best.

W.

The prudent mind averts the coming ill;
When come, brave hearts to good may turn it still.

G. S.

CCCLXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Σκόλιον.

Σύν μοι πῖνε, συνήβα, συνέρα, συστεφανηφόρει,
Σύν μοι μαινομένῳ μαίνεο, σὺν σώφρονι σωφρόνει.

INCERTI.

Scolium.

Mecum potor, amans, serta ferens, te juvenem geras;
Mecum sisque furens, et sapiens, cum sapiam, comes.

G. B.

Bois, rajeunis, aime, couronne-toy,
Sois fou, sois sage avecque moy.

Longepierre

Mit mir trinke du, mitblühe mir, mitliebe, sei mitbekränzt;
Mit mir Rasenden ras', übe Vernunft mit dem Vernünftigen.

W. Schlegel.

Quaff with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join;
Crown with me thy flowing hair,
With me love the blooming fair.
When sweet madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without control;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

Bland.

Be thou gay when I'm gay, when I'm jolly be jolly,
With me wear the chaplet, and woo the fair maid:
When I'm mad, be thou mad, play the fool in my folly,
Or, if I'm staid and sober, be sober and staid.

G. B.

CCCXC.

ΤΙΜΟΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Σκόλιον.

Ὤφελες, ὦ τυφλὲ Πλοῦτε,
Μήτ' ἐν γῇ, μήτ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ,
Μήτ' ἐν ἠπείρῳ φανῆναι,
Ἀλλὰ Τάρταρόν τε ναίειν
Κ' Ἀχέροντα· διὰ σὲ γὰρ
Πάντ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις κάκ' ἐστί.

TIMOCREONTIS RHODII.

Scolium.

O utinam nusquam potuisses per mare totum,
Aut cæcum in terris tollere, Plute, caput,
Horrida sed nigro cohiberent Tartara rivo;
Quippe tuum est, homini quicquid ubique malum est.

G. F. D. T.

Vile riches should no favour find,
By land or sea, among mankind;
But should be sent with fiends to dwell,
Down in the deepest blackest Hell:
For 'tis from them, e'er since the world began,
The greatest ills have sprung which torture man.

Burney.

Would thou'dst ne'er been by mortals seen,
Blind Wealth, in earth or sea;
But doom'd to dwell in deepest Hell:
Our woes are all from thee!

G. S.

CCCXCI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Σκόλιον.

Ὁ καρκίνος ὧδ' ἔφα
Χαλᾷ τὸν ὄφιν λαβών·
Εὐθὺν χρὴ τὸν ἑταῖρον ἔμμεν,
Καὶ μὴ σκολιὰ φρονεῖν.

INCERTI.

Scolium.

Prensum forcipe tunc suo
Anguem cancer ita admonet:
"At rectas socium vias,
Non obliqua sequi decet."

G. B.

With his claw the snake surprising
Thus the crab kept moralizing:
'Out upon sidelong turns and graces:
Straight's the word for honest paces!'

D. K. Sandford.

CCCXCII.

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΟΥ.

Λυδία μὲν γὰρ λίθος
Μανύει χρυσόν·
Ἀνδρῶν δ' ἀρετὰν
Σοφίαν τε παγκρατὴς
Ἐλέγχει ἀλήθεια.

BACCHYLIDIS.

Aurum Lydius indicat
Lapis; sed sapientiam
Virtutemque hominum arguit
Vincens omnia Veritas.

G. F. D. T.

Der Prüfestein.

Der Lydische Stein erprobt das Gold;
Der Männer Weisheit und Tugend erprobt
Die allbeherrschende Wahrheit.

Herder.

As gold the Lydian touch-stone tries,
So man, the virtuous, valiant, wise,
Must to all-powerful Truth submit
His virtue, valour, and his wit.

Merivale.

The test of fine gold
   Is the Lydian stone:
And wisdom is told,
   And man's worth shown
By Truth, all-potent to make things known.

G. F. D. T.

CCCXCIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ὦ τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου.
Τὴν ὀξύτητα τοῦ χρόνου πενθήσατε.
Ἡμεῖς καθεζόμεσθα καὶ κοιμώμεθα,
Μοχθοῦντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρέχει,
Τρέχει καθ' ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν,
Φέρων ἑκάστου τῷ βίῳ καταστροφήν.

PALLADÆ.

O quam voluptas hujus est vitæ brevis!
Lugete rapidam temporis fluxi fugam.
Nos dum sedentes aut cubantes occupant
Luxus laborve, tempus interea ruit,
Ruit perenni gentis humanæ malo,
Dum quemque vitæ raptat usque ad exitum.

Grotius.

O transitory joys of life! ye mourn
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.
We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,
Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,
His hateful race against our wretched state,
And bears the unconquerable will of fate.

Merivale.

Brief joys of life! alas!
How swiftly doth time pass!
   In sleep and leisure,
   Toil or pleasure,
      Time still runs on:
Time runs his race against us all,
      And brings anon
Life's close, that each poor mortal must befal!

W.

CCCXCIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εἰς Σωφροσύνην.

Ἀντιγένης ὁ Γελῷος ἔπος ποτὲ τοῦτο θυγατρὶ
  Εἶπεν, ὅτ᾽ ἦν ἤδη νεύμενος εἰς Ἀΐδην·
Παρθένε καλλιπάρηε, κόρη δ᾽ ἐμή, ἴσχε συνεργὸν
  Ἠλακάτην, ἀρκεῦν κτῆμα πένητι βίῳ·
Ἢν δ᾽ ἵκῃ εἰς ὑμέναιον, Ἀχαιΐδος ἤθεα μητρὸς
  Χρηστὰ φύλασσε, πόσει προῖκα βεβαιοτάτην.

ANTIPATRI.

Antigenes, vita jam deficiente, Gelôus
  Edidit hæc natæ verba suprema pater.
Pulcra genas virgo, mea filia! det tibi, vitæ
  Quod satis est inopi, juncta ministra colus.
Uxor eris si cui, Graiæ tu vive parentis
  More probæ: dos hæc certa futura viro.

G. B.

Allor che giuso per discender era
  Infra gli estinti Antigene Geloo,
  Alla figlia parlò di tal maniera:
Vergin vaga d' aspetto, e figlia mia,
  La rocca all' opre abbi compagna, e fondo
  Bastante a vita povera ti sia.
Ma se Imeneo fra' suoi lacci t' annoda,
  Serba di Greca madre i bei costumi,
  Dote allo sposo ben sicura e soda.

Pompei.

Der letzte Wille eines Vaters.

Als Antigenes einst, der Gelenser, zum Hades hinab ging,
  Liess er der Tochter noch freundlich die Worte zurück:
"Liebe Tochter, von Antlitz schön bewahre zur Freundinn
  Dir die Spindel, sie hilft treu dir das Leben hindurch.
Und gelangst du zur Eh', so halt' an der friedlichen Sitte
  Deiner Mutter, dem Mann ist sie das köstlichste Gut.

Herder.

Antigonus perceiv'd the approach of death,
And gave this counsel with his latest breath:
Fair daughter, honest labour be your guide;
Ne'er let the distaff quit your patient side:

But, should a lover court you to his arms,
Let modesty commend your sober charms:
Let your dear mother's precepts form your life,
So shall you prove the best and richest wife.

Ph. Smyth.

When now departing to the silent dead,
These words Antigenes of Gela said:
Fair daughter, keep the distaff at your side,
A livelihood, though small; and, if a bride,
Keep to your mother's virtues; they will prove
The surest dow'r to win a husband's love.

W.

CCCXCV.

ΑΔΔΑΙΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ.

Αὔλακι καὶ γήρᾳ τετρυμένον ἐργατίνην βοῦν
Ἄλκων οὐ φονίην ἤγαγε πρὸς κοπίδα,
Αἰδεσθεὶς ἔργων· ὁ δέ που βαθέῃ ἐνὶ ποίῃ
Μυκηθμοῖς ἀρότρου τέρπετ' ἐλευθερίῃ.

ADDÆI MACEDONIS.

Defessum senio longisque laboribus arvi
Ad cultrum dominus non vocat Alco bovem;
Tanta viro est operum reverentia: mugit in herba
Ille, nec in collo liber aratra timet.

Grotius.

Der Pflugstier.

Seinen von Furch' und Alter entkräfteten würdigen Pflugstier
Führete Damon hieher, nicht zum erwürgenden Stahl;
Nein zum Lohn des Verdienstes. Im hochgeschossenen Grase
Jauchzt er mit frohem Gebrüll über die Freiheit des Pflugs.

Voss.

Diesem vom Altar ermüdeten Stier und von emsiger Arbeit,
Führete Alkon nicht unter das mordende Beil,
Achtend des Thieres Verdienst. Nun wadet er frey von der Pflugschaar,
Immer mit frohem Gebrüll tief in dem üppigen Gras.

Jacobs.

The ox with age and labour spent
Died not by butcher's knife:
In gratitude for service lent
Alcon hath spared his life;
And now along the grassy lea
Joyous he lows, from plough set free.

G. S.

CCCXCVI.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Ὁ μουσοποιὸς ἐνθάδ' Ἱππῶναξ κεῖται.
Εἰ μὲν πονηρός, μὴ ποτέρχευ τῷ τύμβῳ·
Εἰ δ' ἐσσὶ κρήγυός τε, καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,
Θαρσέων καθίζευ, κὴν θέλῃς, ἀπόβριζον.

THEOCRITI.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tuus.

Sam Johnson

Musis sacer quiescit Hipponax illic.
Tu si malus, cave hocce bustum adeas, hospes:
Sin es probus, probaque stirpe prognatus,
Fidens recumbe, et, si lubet, cape hic somnum.

Joh. Dan. Schulze.

Se improbo sei, non appressarti. Quivi
Chiuso il poeta Ipponate sen giace:
Se poi se' buono, e da buoni derivi,
Siedi, e se vuoi, con lui t' addormi in pace.

Orti.

Ipponatte il poeta qui riposa.
Alla sua tomba, ove mal uom tu sie,
Non t' appressar, ma se probo, e di pie
Oneste genti, qui secur ti posa,
Ed anco, se ti piace,
Dormici in tutta pace.

M.

Dies ist das Grab des Hipponax. Hinweg!
Wenn du ein Böser bist; doch bist du gut,
Und guter Eltern Sohn; so setze dich
Getrost darauf, und willt du, schlumm're auch.

Herder

Hipponax, Meister in der Musenkunst, ruht hier.
Bist du ein Böswicht, nahe nicht dem Grabmale,
Doch wenn du bieder, und von gutem Blut abstammst,
So setz dich dreist hin, ja, so dir's geliebt, schlummr' auch.

Wilhelm von Schlegel.

Nachahmung.

Daphnis Grabschrift

Der kleine Hügel, der durch meine Thränen grünt,
Deckt meinen Daphnis hier, dem er zum Grabmal dient.
Kein Böser ruh' auf ihm; ihn könnt' ein Unfall strafen.
Wer aber redlich ist, mag auf ihm sicher schlafen.

Ewald.

Old Hipponax the Satirist lies here;
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near;
But if well bred, and from all evil pure,
Repose with confidence, and sleep secure.

Fawkes.

CCCXCVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Ὠκεῖαι χάριτες γλυκερώτεραι· ἢν δὲ βραδύνῃ,
Πᾶσα χάρις κενεή, μηδὲ λέγοιτο χάρις.

LUCIANI.

Gratia, quæ tarda est, ingrata est gratia: namque
Cum fieri properat, gratia grata magis.

Ausonius.

Si bene quid facias, facias cito: nam cito factum
Gratum erit: ingratum gratia tarda facit.

Ausonius.

Gratia cum properat, fit dulcior; ast ubi tardat,
Tota perit, nec jam nomine digna suo est.

Janus Pannonius.

Gratia ter grata est velox; sin forte moretur,
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Sam. Johnson.

Quæ cito das benefacta placent: sunt omnia vana,
Ni cito des, dici nec benefacta merent.

Teucherus.

Jede Gefälligkeit muss leicht seyn. Schleichet sie langsam
Schweren Schrittes heran, ist sie nicht Grazie mehr.

Herder.

Rasches gangs sind holder die Grazien; aber wenn langsam
Eine der Grazien schleicht, heisst sie nicht Grazie mehr.

Voss.

The grace of kindness is despatch; the same
Delay makes void, nor should it bear the name.

T. F.

CCCXCVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ὕδατα κηραίνοντα βλέπεις, ξένε, τῶν ἄπο χερσὶ
Λουτρὰ μὲν ἀνθρώποις ἀβλαβῆ ἔστιν ἔχειν·
Ἢν δὲ βάλῃς κοίλης ποτὶ νηδύος ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ,
Ἄκρα μόνον δολιχοῦ χείλεος ἀψάμενος,
Αὐτῆμαρ πριστῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ δαιτὸς ὀδόντες
Πίπτουσιν, γενύων ὀρφανὰ θέντες ἕδη.

INCERTI.

Hospes, aquam cernis metuendam, innoxia membris
Sumere mortales unde lavacra queant.
Sin imum in ventrem nitidam dejeceris undam,
Admoris tantum labra suprema licet,
Protinus in terram labentur ab ore molares,
Et sedes linquent mandibulæ vacuas.

Joannes Noretius.

O passeggier, vedi quest' acque orrende?
Lecito è averne solo per lavarti:
Ma se il freddo liquor nel ventre scende,
Sebben le somme labbra vuoi toccarti,
Presto vedrai restar orfane e prive
Di denti, che n' andran, le tue gengive.

Daniele Barbaro.

Amy, tu veoys une eau qui est à craindre,
Dont un chacun peult laver sans se faindre;
Mais qui en veult avaler un petit
En l' estomach provoqué d' appetit,
Si seulement des lèvres de sa bouche
Le malheur faict que (sans plus) il y touche,
En moins de rien les dentz luy tumberont,
Et vuydes lors les places laisseront.

Jan Martin.

Passant, l' eau que tu vois est une eau qu' il faut craindre;
Tu peux bien pourtant sans danger
T' en rafraichir les mains, et même t' y plonger;
Mais si dans son crystal ta soif se veut éteindre,
En la touchant un peu des lèvres seulement,
Elle fera tomber tes dents en un moment.

Claude Perrault.

Stranger! thou see'st a fount with peril fraught.
  Wash thee, and dip thy hands, and fear no ill:
But taste it not; for, ere thou swallow'st aught,
  Should but thy lip's edge meet the sparkling rill,
That very day thy teeth will disappear,
And fall to earth, and leave the sockets clear.

W.

CCCXCIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἀγρότα, σὺν ποίμναις τὸ μεσημβρινὸν ἤν σε βαρύνῃ
  Δίψος, ἀν' ἐσχατιὰς Κλείτορος ἐρχόμενον,
Τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ κρήνης ἄρυσαι πόμα, καὶ παρὰ Νύμφαις
  Ὑδριάσι στῆσον πᾶν τὸ σὸν αἰπόλιον.
Ἀλλὰ σύ μήτ' ἐπὶ λουτρὰ βάλῃς χροΐ, μή σε καὶ αὔρη
  Πημήνῃ, τερπνῆς ἐντὸς ἐόντα μέθης·
Φεῦγε δ' ἐμὴν πηγὴν μισάμπελον, ἔνθα Μελάμπους
  Ῥυσάμενος λύσσης Προιτίδας ἀρτεμέας,
Πάντα καθαρμὸν ἔβαψεν ἀπόκρυφον, εὖτ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἄργους
  Οὔρεα τρηχείης ἤλυθεν Ἀρκαδίης.

INCERTI.

Si te, sique pecus, medio sitis orbe diei
  Ad fontis, pastor, Clitorii antra premat,
Inde tuam restingue sitim, quin et prope Nymphas
  Najadas omne tuum tu quoque siste pecus.
Membra lavanda tamen caveas committere lymphæ,
  Ne noceat vinctis ebriate Notus.
Vitibus infestas fuge aquas, ubi nempe Melampus
  Lustravit dira Proetidas à rabie,
Arcanam abstergens maculam, et se protinus Argis
  Ad tetricæ montes contulit Arcadiæ.

Bartolomæus Pratensius.

Si te, Clitoriis ubi cum grege finibus erras,
  Urat, iter medium sole tenente, sitis,
Securus bibe fontis aquas, juxtaque puellas
  Naidas in molli gramine siste pecus.
Parce sed his corpus mundare liquoribus: et si
  Ebrius es, noceat ne qua vel aura, fuge.

Odit enim fons hic vites. Hac ipse Melampus
  Prœtidas exsolvit labe furoris aqua:
In lymphis hæsere piamina. Triga sororum
  Ad juga namque Argis venerat Arcadiæ.

Grotius.

Si la soif te contrainct, Pasteur, et ton tropeau,
De venir à mydi de Clitorus à l' eau,
Estains-la: puis auprès des Nymphes te repose,
Et tes bestes avec: mais ton corps n' y expose,
Qu' il ne soyt enyvré du vent lequel en sort.
Fuy ma liqueur, qui hayt les vignes à la mort,
Depuis que Melampus y purgea de la rage
Les Pretides, ostant l' infect de leur courage,
Ainsi comme il passoit d' Arges pour s' en venir
En ces sauvages montz d' Arcadie tenir.

Jan. Martin.

Près des antres obscurs d' ou coule ce ruisseau
Si la chaleur t' invite à mener ton troupeau,
Berger, tu peux y boire, et dans leurs promenades
Suivre parmy ces prèz les errantes Naïades;
Mais ne t' y baigne pas; ces eaux par un poison
Qui fait haïr le vin, corrompent la raison.
Fuy donc cette liqueur si contraire à la vigne,
Où Melampe purgea l' humeur noire et maligne
Qui des filles de Prete avoit troublé le sens,
Lorsqu' il passa d' Argos en ces lieux mal-plaisans.

Claude Perrault.

Shepherd, if thirst oppress thee while thy flock
  Thou lead'st at noon by this Arcadian spring;
  Here freely drink thy fill, and freely bring
Around my Naiads all thy fleecy stock.

But in the water wash not; lest thou feel
  Loathing, and strange antipathy to wine;
  Such power it hath to make thee hate the vine,
E'er since my fount did Proetus' daughters heal:

For here Melampus bathed them, here he cast
  A spell to purge their madness off, and hold
  The secret taint; what time from Argos old
To rough Arcadia's mountain heights he past.

Crowe.

CCCC.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἡδεῖα ψυχροῖο ποτοῦ λιβάς, ἣν ἀνίησι
Πηγή. ἀλλὰ νόῳ πέτρος ὁ τῆσδε πιών.

INCERTI.

Sunt gelidi fontis latices, dulcesque bibenti,
Saxeus attamen hinc illico sensus erit.

Guilielmus Giscaferius

Fresche son le mie acque, e dolci a bere,
Ma se per caso quelle beverai,
Di pietra ti faran la mente avere.

Daniele Barbaro.

Fraiche et plaisante au goust se peult trouver ceste eau,
Mais dur comme un caillou elle rend le cerveau.

Jan Martin.

Cette eau par sa fraicheur et par son doux murmure
Charme tous les sens à l'abord;
Mais elle rend l'ame plus dure
Que le rocher dont elle sort.

Claude Perrault.

Sweet the cool drops these bubbling waves dispense,
But he who drinks will be a stone in sense.

W. Newton.

CCCCI.

ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤ.

Οἰνοπότας Ξενοφῶν κενεὸν πίθον ἄνθετο, Βάκχε·
Δέχνυσο δ' εὐμενέως· ἄλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχει.

ERATOSTHENIS.

Bacche, tibi quem dat Xenophon vinosus, inanem
Accipe, præterea nil habet ille, cadum.

G. S.

Or ch' io muoio, e di più bere,
Bacco mio, non ho speranza,
Ti consacro il mio bicchiere;
Altro al mondo non m' avanza.

Ugo Foscolo.

Bakchos das leere Gefäss weiht Heliodoros, der Trinker.
Gnädig empfang es, o Gott; andres besitzet er nicht.

Erichson.

Bacchus! from toping Xenophon
Accept his all; an empty tun.

W.

CCCCII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἡσίοδος Μούσαις Ἑλικωνίσι τόνδ' ἀνέθηκα,
Ὕμνῳ νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεῖον Ὅμηρον.

INCERTI.

Hesiodus donum dedit hoc Heliconisi Musis
Chalcide cantando divini victor Homeri.

Grotius.

This Hesiod vows to th' Heliconian nine,
In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

T. Cooke.

CCCCIII.

ΜΥΡΟΥΣ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΑΣ.

Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, ποταμοῦ κόραι, αἳ τάδε βένθη
Ἀμβρόσιαι ῥοδέοις στείβετε ποσσὶν ἀεί,
Χαίρετε καὶ σώζοιτε Κλεώνυμον, ὃς τάδε καλὰ
Εἵσαθ' ὑπαὶ πιτύων ὔμμι, θεαί, ξόανα.

MYRUS BYZANTINÆ.

Nymphæ, fonticolæ Nymphæ, quæ gurgitis hujus
Æternum roseo tunditis ima pede:
Lysimachum servate! sub alta maxima pinu
Numinibus posuit qui simulacra suis.

T. Warton.

Nymphen, ambrosische Töchter des Flusses, ihr Hamadryaden,
Die ihr mit rosigem Fuss über den Wellen hier schwebt,
Lebet wohl und erhaltet gesund den Kleonymus, der euch
Diese Bilder zum Dank unter die Fichte gesetzt.

Herder.

Hamadryaden, des Stroms ambrosische Töchter, ihr Nymphen,
Welche mit rosigem Fuss immer die Tiefen durchwallt;
Seyd mir gegrüsst, und beschützt den Kleonymos, welcher die schönen
Bilder von Holz euch hier unter den Fichten geweiht.

Jacobs.

O forest-nymphs, o daughters of the river,
Who haunt, ambrosial, these deep glades for ever,
With rosy feet;
Thrice hail, and be Cleonymus your care!
For he, in this pine-sheltered calm retreat,
To you erected all these statues fair.

J. W. B.

CCCCIV.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ.

Τὰν ἥβαν ἐς ἄεθλα πάλας ἤσκησε κραταιᾶς
"Αδε Ποσειδῶνος, καὶ Διὸς ἁ γενεά.
Κεῖται δέ σφιν ἀγὼν οὐ χαλκέου ἀμφὶ λέβητος,
'Αλλ' ὅστις ζωὰν οἴσεται ἢ θάνατον.
'Ανταίου τὸ πτῶμα· πρέπει δ' Ἡρακλέα νικᾶν
Τὸν Δίος. 'Αργείων ἁ πάλα, οὐ Λιβύων.

DIOTIMI,

De Hercule et Antæo.

In lucta vires exploravere juventæ,
Neptuno satus hic, et satus ille Jove:
Non ex ære lebes pretium certaminis hujus,
Sed superaret uter, sed moreretur uter.
Occidit Antæus; par est Jove vincere natum;
Lucta quoque Argivûm gloria, non Libyum.

Grotius.

Ne' più verdi anni il gran figliuol di Giove
Col figliuol di Nettunno a lottar venne;
Nè leggier premio alle lor dure prove,
Ma vita, o morte riportar convenne.
Anteo cadde, e morío, chè l' alte e nuove
Forze d' Ercole invitto non sostenne;
E fu ben dritto; chè la Grecia dotta,
Non la Libia, trovò la forte lotta.

Benedetto Varchi.

Two wrestlers here their youthful vigour prove;
The son of Neptune this, and that of Jove.
They for no vase of bronze contend; no prize
Is set; whichever lives, the other dies.
Antæus falls! 'Tis Jove's son, Hercules,
Must win. The Art's not Libyan, but of Greece.

W.

For the mighty wrestler's guerdon, each in youthful vigour strove,
Here the child of ocean's sov'reign, and the nobler child of Jove.
Not for them the brazen tripod stands, the brave reward of strife,
They must struggle each to vanquish, one to death and one for life.
Falls Antæus: thus to conquer it must Hercules behove;
Greeks, not Libyans, founded wrestling, and the Greek's a son of Jove.

G. F. D. T.

CCCCV.

ΦΙΛΗΜΟΝΟΣ.

Εἰ ταῖς ἀληθείαισιν οἱ τεθνηκότες
Αἴσθησιν εἶχον ἄνδρες, ὥς φασίν τινες,
'Απηγξάμην ἂν, ὥστ' ἰδεῖν Εὐριπίδην.

PHILEMONIS.

Post fata si quis esset, ut quidam putant,
Sensus superstes, ipse me suspenderem,
Hac spe, liceret ut videre Euripidem.

Grotius.

Some say the dead with conscious sense converse with whom they please :
If this be true, I'd hang myself, to see Euripides.

W.

CCCCVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροίης πόλεμον σελίδεσσι χαράξας,
Ἢ τίς ὁ τὴν δολιχὴν Λαρτιάδαο πλάνην ;
Οὐκ ὄνομ' εὑρίσκω σαφές, οὐ πόλιν. οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,
Μή ποτε σῶν ἐπέων δόξαν Ὅμηρος ἔχει ;

INCERTI.

Quis exaravit Troicum Martem stylo,
Longasque Ulyssei vias?
Unde et quis ille, quærimus. Diespiter,
Scripsisse te putaverim!

G. F. D. T.

Chi di Troja la guerra, e chi d' Ulisse
Il lungo irsene errando in carta scrisse?
Dinne la patria, o Giove, e 'l nome vero,
Nè l' onor de' tuoi carmi abbiasi Omero.

W.

Wer nur hat den Trojanischen Krieg auf die Blätter geschrieben?
Oder Laërte's Sohns Mühen und irrende Fahrt?
Deutlich gewahr ich nicht Namen noch Stadt. O erhabner Kronion,
Eignet Homeros vielleicht deine Gesänge sich an?

Jacobs.

The writer of the famous Trojan war,
And of Ulysses' life, O Jove, make known;
Who, whence he was; for thine the verses are,
And he would have us think they are his own.

Hobbes.

Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,
  And wise Ulysses' acts, o Jove, make known:
For since 'tis certain thine these poems are,
  No more let Homer boast they are his own.

Anon. Spectator.

CCCCVII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Ἴζευ ἅπας ὑπὸ καλὰ δάφνας εὐθαλέα φύλλα,
  Ὡραίου τ' ἄρυσαι νάματος ἁδὺ πόμα,
Ὄφρά τοι ἀσθμαίνοντα πόνοις θέρεος φίλα γυῖα
  Ἀμπαύσῃς, πνοιῇ τυπτόμενα Ζεφύρου.

ANYTES.

Quisquis es, hac lauri reside frondentis in umbra,
  Grataque de pulchro pocula fonte bibe.
Solibus ut fessos artus pariterque labore
  Mulceat e zephyri frigore grata quies.

Grotius.

Setze dich ganz in den Schatten des frischbelaubeten Lorbers,
  Und am lieblichen Born schöpfe dir süßes Getränk:
Daß du von Sommerermattung die schweraufathmenden Glieder
  Ausruhst, gegen den Hauch säuselnder Weste gewandt.

Voss.

On a laurel by a fountain's side.

Rest thee beneath yon laurel's ample shade,
  And quaff the limpid stream that issues there;
So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,
  May feel the freshness of the western air.

F. H.

Beneath the rich luxuriant shade
Of Daphne's lovely foliage laid,
  Lie all along at ease;
And from the fountain at thy feet
Draw forth the water fresh and sweet,
That, panting with the summer's heat,
Thy limbs refreshing rest may greet,
  Fann'd by the Zephyr's breeze.

E. S.

CCCCVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Ἡμερὶ πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μῆτερ ὀπώρας,
  Οὔλης ἣ σκολιὸν πλέγμα φύεις ἕλικος,
Τηΐου ἡβήσειας Ἀνακρείοντος ἐπ' ἄκρῃ
  Στήλῃ, καὶ λεπτῷ χώματι τοῦδε τάφου,
Ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητός τε καὶ οἰνοβαρὴς φιλόκωμος,
  Παννύχιος κρούων τὴν φιλόπαιδα χέλυν,
Κὴν χθονὶ πεπτηώς, κεφαλῆς ἐφύπερθε φέροιτο
  Ἀγλαὸν ὡραίων βότρυν ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
Καί μιν ἀεὶ τέγγοι νοτερὴ δρόσος, ἧς ὁ γεραιὸς
  Λαρότερον μαλακῶν ἔπνεεν ἐκ στομάτων.

SIMONIDIS.

Blanda quies curæ, Vitis, quæ fœta racemis,
  Musta fovens, torto stamine crispa vires;
Conditur hic modico qua Teius aggere vates,
  Summa per affusis saxa vagere comis.
Ille merum potans ut comissator, amantis
  Pervigilem suetus nocte ferire chelyn,
Stratus humi quamvis, gravido de palmite lætus
  Splendida supposito vertice dona ferat;
Semper et imbutus liquido sit rore, fluebat
  Quo senis e tenero dulcius ore melos.

G. B.

Blanda meri genetrix, curæ solatia, Vitis,
  Tortile quæ crispo palmite vimen alis,
Marmore te summo semper florere jubebo,
  Teius exiguâ quâ requiescit humo.
Ille gravis vino, madidæ dux ille choreæ,
  Lascivæ pernox arbiter ille lyræ,
Pulvere vel positus supra caput usque racemos
  Sentiat, autumno cum rubet uva, tuos,
Usque bibat rores illos, queis dulcius ipsis
  Manabat melico carmen ab ore senis.

G. S.

Mutter des allerquickenden Weins, jungfräulicher Weinstock,
  Und der Rebe, die sich kraüselnd in Ranken erhebt,
Winde dich, zart Gewächs, rings um Anakreons Grabmahl
  Reich an Trauben, und klimm' oben zur Säule hinan,
Dass der trunkene Sänger des Weins auch unten die lange
  Nacht sich kürze mit nie schweigendem Zithergesang
Von der Liebe Bathylls, dass der zur Erde gesunk'ne
  Greis zum Haupte sich noch glänzende Trauben erseh',
Und mit dem labenden Thau sich netze, der von der Lipp' ihm
  Einst so holden Geruch süsser Gesänge verlieh.

Herder.

Rebe, du Mutter der Frucht, Allfreuende, röthelnder Trauben
  Nährerin, die du Geflecht zierlicher Ranken erzeugst.
Flicht dein grünendes Laub um Anakreons niedrigen Hügel;
  Ueber den Scheitel des Mals breite den blühenden Kranz;
Dass hier Bacchos Priester, der taumelnde Führer der Reigen,
  Welcher von Liebe berauscht nächtlich das Barbiton schlug,
Auch in dem Aides noch an den blühenden Zweigen den Purpur
  Strahlenden Trauben erblicht über dem heiligen Haupt,
Immer benetzt von dem thauenden Nass; den süsser als Weinmost
  Wehten dem Tejischen Greis Lieder vom lieblichen Mund.

Jacobs.

All-cheering Vine! with purple clusters crown'd,
Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound,
Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,
Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,
Still may'st thou flourish, that the bard divine,
Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,
May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead,
Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;
Whilst on his ashes, in perennial rills,
Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distils:
Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

W. Shepherd.

Mother of clustered fruit and gushing wine,
With verdant ringlets decked, all-cheering Vine,
Wind o'er the crowning stone and lowly mound,
Where rests Anacreon in this sheltering ground.

That he, sheer-toping reveller, all night long
Whose amorous lyre rung forth a wanton song,
Stretched though in earth he lies, may o'er his brow
Bear the rich burden of thy teeming bough;
And still thy dew the loved old bard may sip,
Whose own soft lay fell sweeter from his lip.

G. B.

Heart-easing, all-soothing Vine, thou mother of clustering offspring,
 Curling with tendril so green, breeder of generous wine,
Bend o'er the low-rais'd mound, and spread o'er the name-letter'd headstone,
 Here, where the Teian bard sleeps in the sheltering ground.
So shall that reveller gay, that sheer-drinking, top-heavy toper,
 Who through the livelong night woke up an amorous strain,
Prostrate in earth though he now in the cheerless grave be reposing,
 Still from thy loaded branch prop a rich store with his brow;
So shall thy genial dew yet steep in its balm the old songster,
 Who a far sweeter lay breath'd from his soft-wooing tongue.

G. B.

Sweet, all-seducing, conquering Vine,
 Rich queen of autumn's purple wealth,
Whose crisped tendrils round entwine
 The kindly germs of life and health.

Disdain not thou that humble mound;
 Its pillar claims thy choicest care;
For he who spread thy fame around,
 Thy Teian poet slumbers there.

So shall the wild, the jovial bard,
 Who quaff'd thy wine-cups foaming free,
Nor ever till the dawning spared
 The chords attuned to love and thee,

Contented in his narrow grave
 Beneath thy grateful shelter rest;
For him thy richest bough shall wave,
 For him thy ripest grape be prest.

And let the soft and mellow dews
 The old man's dream of joy prolong,
Who breath'd, when thou didst crown his Muse,
 A softer and a mellower song!

H. H.

Source of all soothing balm! parent of wine,
Inlaced with mazy tendrils, bounteous Vine!
May'st thou for ever o'er the marble bloom
That crowns yon slender mound, Anacreon's tomb:
So he of tipsy jollity the king,
That all night long would strike the merry string,
Though in the dust he lie, still o'er his head
Shall bear thy golden clusters ever spread,
And still be moistened with that juice, which he
Outvied, though sweet, with sweeter melody.

G. S.

CCCCIX.

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ·
Εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῇ τοῦθ' ὃ μένει διδόναι;

STRATONIS.

Si forma est fugitura tibi, da quam fugit ante:
Si manet, oro, times cur dare quod maneat?

Grotius.

Se la bellezza a perdersi è sì presta,
Fatemen dono intanto che l' avete;
O s' ella dura, certo non dovete
Temer di dare un bene che vi resta.

Roncalli.

Se beltà invecchia, pria che t' abbandoni,
Deh perchè non la doni?
E se ognor riman verde,
Perchè temi dar ciò che nulla perde?

M.

Si la beauté se perd en si peu d' heure,
Faites-m' en don, tandis que vous l' avez:
Ou s' elle dure, hélas! vous ne devez
Craindre à donner un bien qui vous demeure.

S. Gelais.

If age thy beauty must impair,
The fleeting charm impart:
If it endure, why fear to share
What never can depart?

W.

CCCCX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠ. ΑΙΓ.

Εἰς ἀρχοντικὸν πέλεκυν.

Ἢν μὲν ἀλιτραίνῃς, πέλεκυν βλεφάροισι δοκεύεις·
Ἢν δὲ σαοφρονέῃς, ἄργυρός εἰμι μόνον.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

De securi Præsidis.

Si male quid facias, me noveris esse securim;
Si sapis, argentum sum tibi, nil aliud.

Grotius.

Sur la hache Consulaire.

Méchant, que voyez-vous?—Le coutelas fatal.
Et vous, homme de bien?—Un morceau de métal.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

If you transgress, in me
An axe you see;
If innocent you feel,
A piece of steel.

W.

CCCCXI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Ἴδ' ὡς ὁ πῶλος χαλκοδαιδάλῳ τέχνᾳ
Κορωνιῶν ἕστηκε· δριμὺ γὰρ βλέπων
Ὑψαυχενίζει, καὶ διηνεμωμένας
Κορυφῆς ἐθείρας οὐρίωκεν εἰς δρόμον.
Δοκέω, χαλινοὺς εἴ τις ἡνιοστρόφος
Ἐναρμόσῃ γέννσσι, κἀπικεντρίσῃ,
Ὁ σὸς πόνος, Λύσιππε, καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας
Τάχ' ἐκδραμεῖται· τᾷ τέχνᾳ γὰρ ἐμπνέει.

PHILIPPI.

Vides, æreus arte dædaleâ
Cristam ut tollit equus superbientem!
Vides, acre tuens ut excitatas
Ventis impatiens jubas rejecit!
Tantum imponat eques lupata fræna,
Et calcaribus incitet volentem,
Extemplo ille tuus labor, Lysippe,
Cursu præpete provocabit auras.
Jam nunc vivit enim tuas per artes.

G. S.

Yon horse of bronze with nostril wide,
With eye of fire and tossing mane,
Mark how he rears his crest of pride,
And pants to scour the distant plain!
If in that mouth a bit there were,
If in that flank the spur were driven,
What speed, Lysippus, would be there!
For life thy master hand hath given.

G. S.

CCCCXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οἵδε παρ' Εὐρυμέδοντά ποτ' ἀγλαὸν ὤλεσαν ἥβην
Μαρνάμενοι Μήδων τοξοφόρων προμάχοις
Αἰχμηταί, πεζοί τε καὶ ὠκυπόρων ἐπὶ νηῶν·
Κάλλιστον δ' ἀρετῆς μνῆμ' ἔλιπον φθίμενοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Eurymedonta prope, hi dulcem liquere juventam
Cominus in Medi marte sagittifero,
Præfortes animæ, pedites ac nautica pubes,
Nobile virtutis funere nomen habent.

G. F. D. T.

Kämpfend im vorderſten Glied am Eurymedon gegen die Bogner
Persiens, wurden wir hier strahlender Jugend beraubt;
Schwinger der Lanzen wir selbst, und der eilenden Schiffe Regierer
Liessen wie sterbend ein Mal herrlicher Tugend zurück.

Jacobs.

These by the streams of fam'd Eurymedon
Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run:
In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field,
Alike they forc'd the Median bows to yield,
Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,
Their names inscrib'd on rolls of victory.

Merivale.

These along Eurymedon,
Foremost in the arrowy fray,
Persia's mighty host upon
Threw their golden youth away;
Warriors thus, by land and sea,
Fam'd for aye in chivalry!

G. F. D. T.

CCCCXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἐσβέσθης, γηραιὲ Σοφόκλεες, ἄνθος ἀοιδῶν,
Οἰνωπὸν Βάκχου βότρυν ἐρεπτόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Ergo exstincta tua est, Sophocles divine, senectus;
Occludit fauces uva inimica tuas.

G. S.

Ah Sophocles! choice minstrel of the stage!
The vine's dark grape extinguish'd thy old age.

W.

CCCCXIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσός,
Ἁβρά τε λειμώνων πορφυρέων πέταλα·
Πηγαὶ δ' ἀργινόεντος ἀναθλίβοιντο γάλακτος,
Εὐῶδες δ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἡδὺ χέοιτο μέθυ,
Ὄφρα κέ τοι σποδιή τε καὶ ὀστέα τέρψιν ἄρηται,
Εἰ δή τις φθιμένοις χρίμπτεται εὐφροσύνα,
Ὦ τὸ φίλον στέρξας, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὦ σὺν ἀοιδᾷ
Πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Cingat, Anacreion, quadruplex tua busta corymbus,
Et quæ vernantes purpura vestit agros.
Fontibus emanet nivei bona copia lactis,
Fundat odorati pocula terra meri,
Ut cineres habeant quo delectentur, et ossa,
Si quid dulce tamen manibus esse potest.
O cui cara fuit semper lyra, vitaque amores
Inter, et argutos velificata modos.

Grotius.

Circumfusa hederæ te mollis, Anacreon, umbra
Protegat, et flores præbeat omnis ager;
Naiadesque mero fundant redolentia dulci
Pocula, et argenteî flumina lactis eant;
Unde assueta tuos cineres atque ossa voluptas
Impleat, exanimes tangere siqua potest.
O, cui tantus amor citharæ! O, cui tota peracta est
Vita in carminibus, tota in amore, vale!

W.

Um dich müsse mit vollen Beeren der frischeste Epheu
  Grünen! Es müssen um dich schönere Blumen erzieh'n
Diese Purp urwiesen! Es strömen Ströme von Milch dir;
  Ströme von süssem Wein dufte die Erde dir zu,
Dass noch deine Asche, dass deine Gebeine sich laben,
  O Anakreon, wenn Asche der Todten geniesst.

Herder.

Epheu, Traubengeschmückt, o Anakreon, kränze das Grabmal,
  Und der erblühende Schmuck purpurner Wiesen umher,
Bäche von schäumender Milch aufströme die sprudelnde Erde,
  Und vom Hügel herab quelle der duftende Most;
Dass dein modernd Gebein und die Asche noch Freude geniesse;
  Wenn im Schattengefild Freude den Todter noch naht.
O wie liebtest du, Süsser, das Barbiton! unter Gesängen,
  Und von der Liebe gekrönt strömte dein Leben dahin.

Jacobs.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise:
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

Anon. Spectator.

Paraphrase.

Around the tomb, O bard divine!
  Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
  And summer pour his waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
  And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
  And every fount yield milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom nature taught
  To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
  Who gave to love his fondest measure;

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
  Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
  And live again in blissful dreaming.

T. Moore.

CCCCXV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΧΟΥ.

Μή με τὸν Αἰάντειον ἀνοχμάσσειας, ὁδῖτα,
Πέτρον, ἀκοντιστὴν στήθεος Ἑκτορέου.
Εἰμὶ μέλας τρηχύς τε· σὺ δ' εἴρεο θεῖον Ὅμηρον,
Πῶς τὸν Πριαμίδην ἐξεκύλισα πέδῳ.
Νῦν δὲ μόλις βαιόν με παροχλίζουσιν ἀρούρης
Ἄνθρωποι, γενεῆς αἴσχεα λευγαλέης.
Ἀλλά με τις κρύψειεν ὑπὸ χθονός· αἰδέομαι γὰρ
Παίγνιον οὐτιδανοῖς ἀνδράσι γιγνόμενος.

AGATHIÆ, SCHOLASTICI,

In lapidem Ajacis.

Ajacis lapidem me tangere parce viator,
Incussum quondam pectus in Hectoreum.
Sum scaber atque niger, fateor: sed dicat Homerus
Ut vis Priamiden straverit ista solo.
At qui nunc vivunt homines, opprobria secli,
Vix ab humo modicum pondera nostra levent.
Nunc aliquis condas me pulvere, namque pusillis
Usque adeo ludum me pudet esse viris.

Grotius.

Rear me not, traveller! The weapon I,
That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly!
Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold
How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd!
Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length
With levers; shame on their degen'rate strength!
But hide me, Earth! for 'tis indeed disgrace,
To be the jest of such a puny race.

W. Cowper.

CCCCXVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εὗρε Φύσις, μόλις εὗρε· τεκοῦσα δ' ἐπαύσατο μόχθων,
Εἰς ἕνα μοῦνον Ὅμηρον ὅλην τρέψασα μενοινήν.

INCERTI.

Post longos vix est Natura enixa dolores,
Et parto æternum genetrix requievit Homero.

G. S

Kaum schuf ihn die Natur, und ruhete nach der Geburt aus;
Weil sie die ganze Kraft wandt' auf den einen Homer.

Voss.

Long Nature travailed, till at last she bore
Homer: then ceased from bearing evermore.

G. S.

CCCCXVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἤθελον ἂν πλουτεῖν, ὡς πλούσιος ἦν ποτε Κροῖσος,
Καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίης.
Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνορα τὸν σοροπηγόν,
Καὶ γνῶ, πρὸς τί ποιεῖ ταῦτα τὰ γλωσσόκομα,
Ἀκτήν που πάσσας, καὶ ταῖς κοτύλαις ὑποβρέξας,
Τὴν Ἀσίην πωλῶ πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.

INCERTI.

Optarem Phrygias opesque Crœsi
Totiusque Asiæ tenere regna;
Sed Nicanora quando molientem
Intuor capulos, satisque novi
Quid velint loculi malè ominati.
Jam liba adpeto, vina, serta, odores;
Præque istis Asia ipsa tota sordet.

G. F. D. T.

Je voudrois de Crœsus posseder les trésors;
Je voudrois être roi de la puissante Asie;
Mais, quand je vois batir le sépulchre des morts,
Je quitte ces grandeurs pour une douce vie.

Clovis Hesteau.

Wealth, such as Crœsus erst could own,
I'd ask, or mighty Asia's throne:
But, at Nicanor's shop hard by,
When I the undertaker spy,
Making those cupboards, you know why;
All Asia's grandeurs I resign
For garlands, odours, cates and wine.

W.

I could wish to be rich, as was Crœsus the famed;
And to reign like the greatest Mogul ever named:
But I scan in the face of that old undertaker
What he means by the boxes of which he's the maker:
So I mix me a porridge, and wet me with wine,
And forget the Mogul to be jolly and dine.

G. F. D. T.

CCCCXVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ναυηγόν με δέδορκας· ὃν οἰκτείρασα θάλασσα
Γυμνῶσαι πυμάτου φάρεος ᾐδέσατο,
Ἄνθρωπος παλάμῃσιν ἀταρβήτοις μ' ἀπέδυσε,
Τόσσον ἄγος τόσσου κέρδεος ἀράμενος.
Κεῖνο μὲν ἐνδύσαιτο, καὶ εἰν 'Αΐδαο φέροιτο,
Καί μιν ἴδοι Μίνως τοὐμὸν ἔχοντα ῥάκος.

PLATONIS.

Naufragus ante oculos jacui tibi: veste relicta
Noluerat miserans quem spoliâsse mare,
Nil veritis homo me manibus nudavit, adeptus
Addita tantillo tanta piâcla lucro.
Induat, et manes inter ferat ille, meisque
Horreat in pannis judicis ora reus!

G. B.

Mich Schiffbrüchigen trag des Meeres Welle zum Ufer
Todt; doch liess sie das Kleid ihrem Entseelten und floh.
Siehe da kam ein Räuber, und was die Welle nicht wagte,
That er; er nahm das Kleid einem Entseelten und floh.
Wohl dann! Trag' es o Räuber und trag's hinab in den Orkus,
Dass dich Aeakus gleich, Räuber des Todten, erkennt.

Herder.

Schiffbruch litt ich im Meer; doch hatt' er Erbarmen, und liess mir
Schonend das letzte Gewand in dem Gewühle der Fluth.
Doch auch dieses entriss mir ein Mensch mit den freuelnden Händen,
Und für den kleinen Gewinn scheut' er nicht grässliche Schuld.
Stieger doch also bekleidet hinab in des Aïdes Nachtreich,
Dass dort Minos ihn schaue in meinem Gewand!

Jacobs

A shipwreck'd corse behold! the pitying sea
Spared one remaining vest to cover me;
But a wretch stripped it off with hand profane:
Oh how great guilt incurr'd for that vile gain!
For he shall wear it to his dying day,
And stand before his judge in my array.

W.

CCCCXIX.

ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ.

Θειονόης ἔκλαιον ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς
'Ελπίσι κουφοτέρας ἔστενον εἰς ὀδύνας.
Νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ παιδὸς φθονερή μ' ἀπενόσφισε Μοῖρα·
Φεῦ, βρέφος ἐψεύσθην καὶ σὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.
Περσεφόνη, σὺ δὲ πατρὸς ἐπὶ θρήνοισιν ἄκουσον,
Θὲς βρέφος ἐς κόλπους μητρὸς ἀποιχομένης.

BIANORIS.

Conjugis ingemui letho; sed blanda relicti
Spes pueri luctûs triste levabat onus.
Invida nunc etiam te funere mersit acerbo
Parca, puer, nobis qui super unus eras.
Mors, precor, hoc misero saltem concede parenti,
Matris ut in noto dormiat ille sinu.

G. S.

Io della cara sposa il fin piagnea.
Un figlio pur vivente
Alcun conforto al mio dolor porgea.
Ora l' invida a me Parca inclemente
Sì dolce speme ha tolta.
Proserpina, deh ascolta
D' un affannoso padre i voti almeno:
Poni all' estinta madre il figlio in seno.

Pagnini.

Mutter und Kind.

Meine Theone beweint' ich herbe; doch liess sie
Ihrer Grazie Bild mir noch zum lindernden Trost,
Unsern Sohn; auch diesen hat mir die Parze geraubet;
Auch du hast mich getäuscht, freundliches, tröstendes Kind.
Göttinn des Todtenreiches, o hör' die Thräne des Vaters,
Lege der Mutter das Kind sanft in den zärtlichen Schooss.

Herder.

I wept Theonoe's loss; but one fair child
His father's heart of half its woe beguiled.
And now, sole source of hope and solace left,
That one fair child the envious fates have reft.
Death! hear a father's prayer, and lay to rest
My little one on its lost mother's breast.

G. S.

CCCCXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἤμην ἀχρεῖον κάλαμος φυτόν· ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῖο
  Οὐ σῦκ', οὐ μῆλον φύεται, οὐ σταφυλή.
Ἀλλά μ' ἀνὴρ ἐμύησ' Ἑλικωνίδα, λεπτὰ τορήσας
  Χείλεα, καὶ στεινὸν ῥοῦν ὀχετευσάμενος.
Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εὖτε πίοιμι μέλαν ποτόν, ἔνθεος οἷα,
  Πᾶν ἔπος ἀφθέγκτῳ τῷδε λαλῶ στόματι.

INCERTI.

Vile fui gramen calamus: non ficus edulis,
  Malave, non partu nascitur uva meo.
Imbuit Aonidum sacris, et docta canali
  Diffidit angusto tenuia labra manus.
Inde, satur nigri laticis, divinus ut implet
  Quem furor, hoc muto quidlibet ore loquor.

G. B.

La penna da scrivere.

Io fui già canna sterile,
  Non bei pomi graditi,
  Nè fichi a produr abile,
  Nè i frutti delle viti.

Or delle Muse all' opere
  Consacro i miei sudori.
  Col terso labbro tenue
  Neri diffondo umori.

E se mi lasci bevere,
  Poich' ebbra d' estro io sono,
  Scorro le bianche pagine,
  E mutola ragiono.

Felici.

Roseau, j' étais une plante inutile
Car aucun fruit ne croît sur les roseaux.
Mais, pour m' initier à ses doctes travaux,
L' homme un beau jour me fait deux lèvres qu' il affile,
Et dans l' espace vide ouvre un étroit couloir.
Depuis, dès que je bois certain breuvage noir,
J' entre en verve; orateur, philosophe, poëte,
Je parle en toute langue, et ma bouche est muette.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

On the reed.

I was of late a barren plant,
Useless, insignificant,
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,
A native of the marshy shore;
But gather'd for poetic use,
And plunged into a sable juice
Of which my modicum I sip
With narrow mouth and slender lip,
At once, although by nature dumb,
All eloquent I have become,
And speak with fluency untired,
As if by Phœbus' self inspired.

W. Cowper.

A reed I am, I cannot bear
Grape or apple, fig or pear
  For gastronomic uses;
But mine is a divine estate,
When man doth me initiate
  A priest of all the Muses.
My point he pares and splits and nips,
And frames a throat and narrow lips,
  And fills with sable wine;
Then though my mouth is ever dumb,
Like one inspir'd I straight become;
  A world of words is mine.

G. C. S

CCCCXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰ θεός ἐστιν Ὅμηρος, ἐν ἀθανάτοισι σεβέσθω·
Εἰ δ' αὖ μὴ θεός ἐστι, νομιζέσθω θεὸς εἶναι.

INCERTI.

Si deus est, quo more deos, veneremur Homerum:
Et si non deus ille, tamen deus esse putetur.

Grotius.

Se Omero è un dio, fra gl' Immortai si adori;
  Se un dio non è, pur come un dio s' onori.

M.

To Homer, if he be a god, be godlike honours done:
Again, if he be not a god, let him bë reckoned one.

W.

CCCCXXII.

ΘΕΟΓΝΙΔΟΣ.

Ἆ δειλὴ πενίη, τί μένεις προλιποῦσα παρ' ἄλλον
Ἄνδρ' ἰέναι; μὴ δή μ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα φίλει,
Ἀλλ' ἴθι, καὶ δόμον ἄλλον ἐποίχεο, μηδὲ μεθ' ἡμῶν
Αἰεὶ δυστήνου τοῦδε βίου μέτεχε.

THEOGNIDIS.

Cur sic, Pauperies, cunctis inimica relictis
Me colis, invitum me male semper amas?
Vade, aliam tibi quære domum; non omnibus annis
Has mecum ærumnas participare velis.

G. S.

Why linger here, sad Poverty? Go, dwell
With whom thou wilt; I woo thee not, farewell!
Go seek another home, nor stay with me,
Only to share this life of misery.

W.

CCCCXXIII.

ΙΩΝΟΣ.

Χαῖρε μελαμπέπλοις, Εὐριπίδη, ἐν γυάλοισιν
Πιερίας τὸν ἀεὶ νυκτὸς ἔχων θάλαμον·
Ἴσθι δ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς ὤν, ὅτι σοι κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται,
Ἶσον Ὁμηρείαις ἀενάοις χάρισιν.

IONIS.

O qui Pieriæ thalamis, Euripida, vallis
Non cessatura nocte quiescis, ave!
Hoc sub humo te scire velim, tibi surgere laudes
Perpetuas, quantas magnus Homerus habet.

Grotius.

Nelle Pierie oscure valli, Euripide,
In tomba ascosa a' rai del sol ti stai;
Ma sappi nondimen, che immortal gloria
Al par d' Omero, anco sotterra, avrai.

W.

Sey mir gegrüsst auch hier in Pierias düsterumhüllter
Flur, wo, Euripides, dich Dunkel des Todes umfing,
Aber vernimm, dass dir auch im Aïdes unter der Erde
Nimmervergänglicher Ruhm, gleich dem Homerischen, blüht.

Jacobs.

**Euripides, thy dark abode thou hast,
Pieria's funereal dells among;
Yet know, though laid in earth, thy fame shall last
Immortal as the charms of Homer's song.**

W.

CCCCXXIV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

*Οὕτως ὑπνώσαις, Κωνώπιον, ὡς ἐμὲ ποιεῖς
Κοιμᾶσθαι ψυχροῖς τοῖσδε παρὰ προθύροις.
Οὕτως ὑπνώσαις, ἀδικωτάτη, ὡς τὸν ἐραστὴν
Κοιμίζεις· ἐλέου δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ ἠντίασας.
Γείτονες οἰκτείρουσι· σὺ δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ. ἡ πολιὴ δὲ
Αὐτίκ' ἀναμνήσει ταῦτά σε πάντα κόμη.*

CALLIMACHI.

Sit talis somnus, Conopion, et tibi, qualem
Me super hoc gelidum limen habere facis.
Sic injusta cubes, ut me requiescere cogis:
Quippe nec umbra levis de pietate tibi est.
Vicinos miseret, sed te nihil. Advenit alba,
Quæ te horum immemorem non sinit esse, coma.

Grotius.

Also mögest du schlummern, Konopion, wie du auf diesen
Frostigen Schwellen erstarrt jetzo zu Schlafen mich zwingst.
Also mögest du schlummern, Verrätherin! wie du den Freund hier
Einwiegst; Mitleid naht selber im Traume dir nicht.
Nachbarn jammern um mich; du im Traum nicht. Aber das graue
Haar ruft künftig auch diess dir in's Gedächtniss zurück.

Jacobs.

**Such sleep, Conopion, on thy eyelids wait,
As sits on his now shivering at thy gate!
Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bidst him prove,
Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move!
Not ev'n a shade of pity thou'lt bestow:
The neighbours weep to see me suffer so;
But thou, not ev'n a shade. O cruel fair!
Be this remember'd with thy first gray hair!**

Merivale.

CCCCXXV.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Τοῦ γρυποῦ ῥητῆρος ὁρῶ τὴν ῥῖνα, Μένιππε·
Αὐτὸς δ' οὐ μακρὰν φαίνεται εἶναι ἔτι.
Πλὴν ἥξει, μείνωμεν ὅμως· εἰ γὰρ πολὺ, πέντε
Τῆς ῥινὸς σταδίους, οἴομαι, οὐκ ἀπέχει.
'Αλλ' αὐτὴ μὲν, ὁρᾷς, προπορεύεται· ἢν δ' ἐπὶ βουνὸν
'Υψηλὸν στῶμεν, καὐτὸν ἐσοψόμεθα.

NICARCHI.

Conspicio nostro magnum de rhetore nasum,
Utque reor non est ipse, Menippe, procul;
Jam veniet: maneamus adhuc; nam quinque profecto
Non hinc jam stadiis longius esse potest.
Nonne vides ut jam procedat nasus? et ipsum
Cernere sit celsa, si lubet, e specula.

Grotius.

Menippus! the counsellor's beak I espy;
He can't be far from us himself; by and by
He'll be here; let us stop; for at most, I suppose,
He's not more than half a mile off from his nose.
But see! it advances! the heights let us climb,
And the gentleman's self we shall see in good time.

W.

CCCCXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἴθ' ἄνεμος γενόμην, σὺ δὲ δὴ στείχουσα παρ' αὐγὰς
Στήθεα γυμνώσαις, καί με πνέοντα λάβοις.
Εἴθε ῥόδον γενόμην ὑποπόρφυρον, ὄφρα με χερσὶν
'Αραμένη χαρίσῃ στήθεσι χιονέοις.

INCERTI.

O ego si fierem ventus, nimiosque per æstus
Exciperes laxo tu mea flabra sinu!
Suave rubens O si fierem rosa, meque prehensam
Poneret in niveo pectore blanda manus!

G. B.

Oh s' io fossi un zeffiretto!
Ed allor chè il sol t' offende,
Il candore del tuo petto
Mi volessi, o Nice, aprir!

Una rosa fossi almeno!
Di tua man colta potrei
Sulla neve del tuo seno
Riposandomi morir.

E. C. H.

Imitation en rondeau.

Heureux Zephyr!
Que je t' envie
Ce doux plaisir,
Quand ma Célie
Découvre au soleil la blancheur
D' un cou d' ivoire, avec ton aile
D' en modérer l' ardeur,
Et là fidèle
Pouvoir mourir!
Heureux Zephyr!

Rose plus fortunée
De cette main touchée!
Toi qui pourras t' épanouir
Sur ce beau sein que la cruelle
A mes yeux jamais ne révéle,
Et là mourir,
De cette main touchée,
Rose plus fortunée!

E. C. H.

Möcht' ich ein Westwind seyn, und du gingst in den Strahlen der Sonne,
Und mit entschleyerter Brust nähmst du den Hauchenden auf!
Möcht' ich die Rose doch seyn, und du pflücktest mich dann mit der Hand ab;
Und an der blendenden Brust liefst du die purpurne ruhn!

Jacobs.

O that I were some gentle air;
That, when the heats of summer glow,
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow!

O that I were yon blushing flower,
Which even now thy hands have press'd,
To live, though but for one short hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast!

Merivale

CCCCXXVII.

ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΥ.

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροῖσιν ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοισιν
Ἁδεῖαν μέλπων ἐκπροχέεις ἰαχάν·
Ἀλλά σε γηρύοντα κατήναρεν, ἠχέτα τέττιξ,
Παιδὸς ἀπ' ἠϊθέου χεὶρ ἀναπεπταμένα.

PAMPHILI.

Non in fronde sedens, quam flexilis exserit arbor,
Fundis adhuc molles, blanda cicada, modos.
Sed fugere aggressam pueri, vix puberis ævi,
Cantantem quamvis, te necuere manus.

Grotius.

Suave virescentis sylvæ non amplius hærens
Frondibus effundis, læta cicada, melos:
Nec pueri arguto potuisti flectere cantu
Pectus, et injectam, qua cadis icta, manum.

W.

No longer, nestling the green leaves among,
Dost thou trill forth a sweet melodious song,
Tuneful cicada! Thee, despite thy strain,
Some wanton urchin's out-spread palm hath slain!

E. S.

CCCCXXVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἦ σεῦ καὶ φθιμένας λεύκ' ὀστέα τῷδ' ἐνὶ τύμβῳ
Ἴσκω ἔτι τρομέειν θῆρας, ἀγρῶστι Λυκάς·
Τὰν δ' ἀρετὰν οἶδεν μέγα Πήλιον, ἅ τ' ἀρίδαλος
Ὄσσα, Κιθαιρῶνός τ' οἰονόμοι σκοπιαί.

SIMONIDIS.

Mortua sis quamvis, tamen ad tua candida credo
Nunc etiam cervos contremere ossa, Lycas.
Sola Cithæronis te saxa, et Pelion ingens,
Ossæ conspicuus te bene norat apex.

G. S.

Tremare ancor su la tua tomba antica
Veggio le fiere, o cacciatrice Lica,
La cui preclara memorabil possa
Ammirâr Pelio, Citerone ed Ossa.

Pagnini.

Erde bedeckt dein bleichend Gebein, lautbellender Lykas;
  Dennoch bebet das Wild auch dem Gestorbnen im Grab.
Pelion weiss, wie viel du vermocht, auch weiss es Kithärons
  Einsam ragend Gebirg; waldiger Ossa, auch du.

Jacobs.

Hound Lycas, even now thy white bones cold
  Within this tomb must needs the stags arouse:
Thy worth great Pelion knew, and Ossa's wold,
  And all Cithæron's solitary brows.

Sterling.

Lycas, thy bleaching bones from out this mound
Startle the deer, I ween, much dreaded hound.
Huge Pelion, and the far-seen Ossa speak
Thy prowess, and Cithæron's lonely peak.

W.

CCCCXXIX.

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ.

Ἁ σύριγξ, τί τοι ὧδε παρ' Ἀφρογενείαν ὄρουσας;
  Τίπτ' ἀπὸ ποιμενίου χείλεος ὧδε πάρει;
Οὔ τοι πρῶνες ἔθ' ὧδ', οὔτ' ἄγκεα· πάντα δ' Ἔρωτες
  Καὶ Πόθος· ἁ δ' ἀγρία Μοῦσ' ἐν ὄρει νέμεται.

MNASALCÆ.

Cur huc ad pulcram venisti, o fistula, Cyprin?
  Pastorum positis cur ades hucce labris?
Nec colles, nec habes hîc valles; omnia amores.
  Vivit in excelsis rustica Musa jugis.

Q. S. Fl. Christianus.

Ländliche Flöte, was thust du hier in der goldenen Cypris
  Pallast, wo du verstummt, eine Verachtete hängst?
Hier sind keine Gebürge, noch wiederhallende Thale,
  Amor und Wohllust nur tanzen und buhlen umher.
Kehre zurück, Verirrte, zurück zur Aue des Hirten:
  Töne der Unschuld freu'n nur ein unschuldiges Herz.

Herder.

Say, rustic pipe! in Cytheræa's dome
Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
Nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;
But all is Love. Go, seek thy hills again.

F. H.

CCCCXXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἔγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἡλιοδώρας,
  Εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα.
Καί μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἐόντα,
  Μναμόσυνον κείνας, ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.
Δακρύει φιλέραστον, ἰδού, ῥόδον, οὕνεκα κείναν
  Ἄλλοθι, κοὐ κόλποις ἡμετέροις ἐσορᾷ.

MELEAGRI.

Infunde, atque iterum atque iterum dic, Heliodora,
  Et confunde mero nomina blanda Deæ.
Tum illius monumentum, hesterna et molliter uncta
  Accedat capiti plexa corona meo.
Ecce tibi, rosa plorat amantibus æqua; quod illam
  Absentem, et nostro non videt in gremio.

Dan. Heinsius.

Quiero mas; echa vino;
  Llena, llena la copa;
  Que bebermela quiero
  Al nombre de Eliodora:
  Y tú quando la llenes,
  Su dulce nombre, Dorcas,
  Repite á mis oidos,
  Y traeme la corona
Que texiéron sus manos
  De azucenas y rosas:
  A mis sienes la ciñe;
  Mas ay! tal vez ahora
  Ella en agenos brazos
  Descuidada se goza,
  Que mustias me lo dicen
  Las flores amorosas.

Conde.

Die weinende Rose.

Schenke mir ein, und ruf', ruf' nochmahls: Heliodora!
  Mische den Nahmen süss-klingend zum fröhlichen Wein.
Setze mir auf den Kranz, der noch von den gestrigen Salben
  Duftet; es gab ihn mir ihre holdselige Hand.
Doch sieh da! es weinet an ihm die Rose der Liebe—
  Gute Rose, du weinst, dass mir die Liebliche fehlt.

Herder.

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name!
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there;
  It was but last delicious night
It hung upon her wavy hair,
  And caught her eyes' reflected light!
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow;
It breathes of Heliodora now!

The loving rose-bud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

T. Moore.

CCCCXXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Μηδείας ἐν Ῥώμῃ.

Τέχνη Τιμομάχου στοργὴν καὶ ζῆλον ἔδειξε
  Μηδείης, τέκνων εἰς μόρον ἑλκομένων.
Τῇ μὲν γὰρ συνένευσεν ἐπὶ ξίφος, ᾗ δ' ἀνανεύει,
  Σώζειν καὶ κτείνειν βουλομένη τέκεα.

INCERTI.

Dum rapit in letum pueros Medea, parentis
  Æmula nunc rabies, nunc amor ora tenet.
Timomachi fuit ars. Renuit, simul annuit ensi,
  Jam parsura, eadem jam nocitura, suis.

G. F D. T.

Di Timomaco l' arte al vivo espresso
  Ha l' amore e il furor, onde Medea
  Inverso i figli ardea.
  Ve' come al tempo stesso
  Salvar la prole, e trucidar bramando,
  Strigne e rigetta il brando.

Pagnini.

Eifersucht und Muttergefühl, grausame Medea,
  Sind von Timomachus Hand dir in das Auge gemischt.
Wüthend lächelt sie an den blinkenden Dolch; und Erbarmen
  Hält sie zurück; sie will tödten und retten das Kind.

Herder.

Timomachus Medea's image made,
Which all her sternness, all her love displayed.
She lifts the sword; assents, and yet refuses:
At once to slay, and save, the mother chooses.

J. W B.

CCCCXXXII.

ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ.

Εἰς ξενοδοχεῖον.

Ἀστὸς ἐμοὶ καὶ ξεῖνος ἀεὶ φίλος· οὐ γὰρ ἐρευνᾷν
Τίς, πόθεν, ἠὲ τίνων, ἐστὶ φιλοξενίης.

MACEDONII.

Civis et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

Sam. Johnson.

Comune ospizio son; nè a me conviene
Chiedere altrui chi, quale o d' onde ei viene.

Pagnini.

Townsman and stranger, both I greet, nor deem it hospitality
To ask my guest, who, whence he is, his parentage and quality.

W.

CCCCXXXIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ Α. Υ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Κάλλος μέν, Κυθέρεια, χαρίζεαι· ἀλλὰ μαραίνει
Ὁ χρόνος ἑρπύζων σήν, βασίλεια, χάριν.
Δώρου δ' ὑμετέροιο παραπταμένου με, Κυθήρη,
Δέχνυσο καὶ δώρου, πότνια, μαρτυρίην.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Das formam, formosa Venus: sed serior ætas
Illud perpetuum non sinit esse bonum.
Cum tua defugiant me munera, quo mihi testis
Muneris, hunc etiam tu tibi, diva, cape.

Grotius.

Ben, Venere, tu doni la beltade;
Ma questo dono tuo guasta, o regina,
Col serpeggiante suo venir l' etade.
E poichè un dono tal, Dea di Citera,
Or mi trasvola, o veneranda, accetta
Pur questo, che del don testimon era.

Pompei.

Schönheit zwar, Kytherea, gewährest du, aber die Zeit nimmt
Deiner beglückenden Gunst Blüthe zerstörend hinweg.
Weil auch mir sie vorübergerauscht, o Kythere, so nimm auch
Deines verlornen Geschenks Zeugen, Erhabne, zurück.

Jacobs.

Beauty as Venus' gift I own :
  But stealthy time removes it;
And, Goddess, now thy gift is flown,
  O take the glass that proves it.

W.

CCCCXXXIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Τῷ πατρί μου τὸν ἀδελφὸν οἱ ἀστρολόγοι μακρόγηρων
  Πάντες ἐμαντεύσανθ' ὡς ἀφ' ἑνὸς στόματος·
'Αλλ' Ἑρμοκλείδης αὐτὸν μόνος εἶπε πρόμοιρον·
  Εἶπε δ', ὅτ' αὐτὸν ἔσω νεκρὸν ἐκοπτόμεθα.

LUCILLII.

Vaticinabantur quantum fuit astrologorum
  Ætatis patruo tempora longa meo:
Hermogenes unus, mors, inquit, acerba notatur:
  Sed tunc cum funus plangeret atra domus.

Grotius.

Al mio germano una ben lunga vita
  Fu da strolaghi molti presagita.
  Ermo solo assegnògli un viver corto,
  Ma quando in casa e' si piangea già morto.

Pagnini.

Il devoit vivre cent ans,
Disoient tous les charlatans,
Et triompher de l' envie:
Comme on l' alloit enterrer,
Un seul trouva sans errer,
Qu' il seroit de courte vie.

Pelisson.

The astrologers did all alike presage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age;
One only disagreed. But he was wise,
And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

W. Cowper.

Your uncle's sure to live through many a year:
  So, all but one, the fortune-tellers swore.
Says Hermoclides: he's short-lived I fear;
  But this was when the hearse was at the door.

W.

CCCCXXXV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀφροδίτην ὡπλισμένην.

Ἄρεος ἔντεα ταῦτα τίνος χάριν, ὦ Κυθέρεια,
Ἐνδέδυσαι, κενεὸν τοῦτο φέρουσα βάρος;
Αὐτὸν Ἄρη γυμνὴ γὰρ ἀφώπλισας· εἰ δὲ λέλειπται
Καὶ θεός, ἀνθρώποις ὅπλα μάτην ἐπάγεις.

LEONIDÆ.

Arma, Venus, Martis sunt hæc: quid inutile pondus,
Mortali bellum si meditare, subis.
Nil opus est ferro, ferri cum nuda potentem
Exueris spoliis omnibus ipsa Deum.

Lud. Ariostus

Hæc Martis sunt arma, Venus, cur cingeris istis?
Cur, Cytherea, geris tam grave pondus iners.
Mars est a nuda victus. Cum cesserit ipse
Vel Deus, hæc frustra nunc geris arma viris.

Natalis Comes.

Die gewaffnete Venus.

Mutter der Liebe, du hast die Waffen des schrecklichen Mavors
Angeleget? wozu trägst du die eherne Last?
Hast du den Gott nicht selbst in nackter Schöne besieget?
Und uns Sterblichen droht eine Gewaffnete Krieg?

Herder.

O Kythereia, weshalb umgürten dich Waffen des Ares?
Warum trägst du für ihn diese vergebliche Last?
Nackt entwaffnetest du den Gewaltigen. Wenn dir ein Gott weicht,
Traun, so rüstest du dich gegen die Menschen umsonst.

Jacobs.

The arms of Mars why, Cytherea, wear?
Why such an useless burthen bear?
Mars, though a god, thy naked charms
Spoiled of his arms:
Then, against mortals, spear and shield
How vain to wield!

J. W. B.

CCCCXXXVI.

ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ.

Ἕβρου χειμερίοις ἀταλὸς κρυμοῖσι δεθέντος
Κοῦρος ὀλισθηροῖς ποσσὶν ἔθραυσε πάγον,
Τοῦ παρασυρομένοιο περιῤῥαγὲς αὐχέν' ἔκοψεν
Θηγαλέον ποταμοῦ Βιστονίοιο τρύφος.
Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἡρπάσθη δίναις μέρος· ἡ δὲ τεκοῦσα
Λειφθὲν ὕπερθε τάφῳ μοῦνον ἔθηκε κάρα.
Μυρομένη δὲ τάλαινα, τέκος, τέκος, εἶπε, τὸ μέν σου
Πυρκαϊή, τὸ δέ σου πικρὸν ἔθαψεν ὕδωρ.

FLACCI.

Thrax puer, adstricto glacie dum luderet Hebro,
Frigore concretas pondere rupit aquas.
Dumque imæ partes rapido traherentur ab amne,
Abscidit heu tenerum lubrica testa caput.
Orba quod inventum mater dum conderet urna,
Hoc peperi flammis, cetera, dixit, aquis.

C. Cæsar Germanicus.

Sopra l' Ebro indurato a fanciul Trace,
Scherzando, sotto i piedi il gel si sface:
Cade fra l' onde rapide, e la testa
Risecata dal ghiaccio in alto resta:
La qual la madre ardendo: Di me nacque
Questa, disse, alle fiamme; il resto all' acque.

L. Alamanni.

On a Thracyan that was drownde by playing on the ise.

A Thracyan boy well tipled all the day
Upon a frozen spring did sport and play,
The slipper ise with hieft of bodies sway
On sodain brake, and swapt his head away:
It swam aloft, bylowe the carcas lay.
The mother came and bore the head away:
When shee did burie it thus gan shee say:
This brought I foorth in flame his hierce to have,
The rest amids the flood to finde a grave.

Turbervile.

CCCCXXXVII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Ἀργυρέῃ λιμῷ τις, ἐς εἰλαπίνην με καλέσσας,
Ἔκτανε, πειναλέους τοὺς πίνακας προφέρων.
Ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρ' ἔειπον ἐν ἀργυροφεγγέϊ λιμῷ·
Ποῦ μοι χορτασίη ὀστρακίνων πινάκων ;

PALLADÆ.

Dum tot, amice, cibo profers argentea nullo,
Regifica perimit me tua cœna fame:
Et dico indignans splendores inter inanes:
O qui fictilibus me saturem efficiat!

G. S.

A certain host, and at a grand repast,
Starved me to death with silver dishes bare.
Vex'd, famish'd, dazzled, I exclaimed at last:
O for a belly-full, and earthenware!

W.

CCCCXXXVIII.

ΜΥΡΙΝΟΥ.

Θύρσις ὁ κωμήτης, ὁ τὰ νυμφικὰ μῆλα νομεύων,
Θύρσις ὁ συρίζων Πανὸς ἴσον δόνακι,
Ἔνδιος οἰνοπότης σκιερὰν ὑπὸ τὰν πίτυν εὕδει·
Φρουρεῖ δ' αὐτὸς ἑλὼν ποίμνια βάκτρον Ἔρως.
Ἆ Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι, διεγείρατε τὸν λυκοθαρσῆ
Βοσκόν, μὴ θηρῶν κύρμα γένηται Ἔρως.

MYRINI.

Thyrsis oves solitus Nympharum pascere, Thyrsis
Par in cantando Panos arundinibus,
Luce meri potor, pinus cubat ecce sub umbra:
Ipse pedo pecudes ipse gubernat Amor.
Ah Nymphæ, Nymphæ, pastoris rumpite somnos
Intrepidi, ne sit præda Cupido feris.

Grotius.

Thyrsis, welcher den Nymphen der Flur zu der Weide das Wollvieh
Treibt, und den Flöten wie Pan liebliche Weisen entlockt,
Thyrsis schläft hier, trunken des Weins, in dem Schatten der Fichte;
Aber die Heerde bewacht Eros den Stab in der Hand.
Nymphen, erweckt, o Nymphen, den schlummernden, nimmererschreckten
Thyrsis! dass kein Wolf Kypriens knaben zerreisst.

Jacobs.

Thyrsis, employ'd by Nymphs their flocks to feed,
Thyrsis, who Pan could equal on the reed,
Drunken mid-day under a pine doth sleep,
And Cupid bears the crook, and tends the sheep.
Awake, ye Nymphs, awake the shepherd bold,
Or wolves will bear off Cupid with the fold.

T. F.

CCCCXXXIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Παῖδά με πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα,
Νηλειὴς Ἀΐδης ἥρπασε, Καλλίμαχον.
Ἀλλά με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχον
Παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιότοιο κακῶν.

LUCIANI.

Quinquennis puer, et curarum nescius, orco
Raptus ab immiti Callimachus perii.
Ne me flete tamen: cui vitæ tempora pauca,
Huic etiam vitæ pauca fuere mala.

Cunichius.

A cinqu' anni la spoglia io qui lasciai.
Non t' attristar: chè se del viver mio
Fur pochi i dì, pochi fur anche i guai.

Roncalli.

Libre de tous soucis, à l' âge de cinq ans
La lumière du jour vient de m' être ravie.
Va, ne me pleure point: j' ai vécu peu d' instants;
Mais aussi j' ai souffert peu des maux de la vie.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

On an Infant.

Bewail not much, my parents! me, the prey
Of ruthless Hades, and sepulchred here.
An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
Your young Callimachus; and if I knew
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

W. Cowper.

A child of five short years, unknown to woe,
Callimachus my name, I rest below.
Mourn not my fate: if few the joys of life,
Few were its ills, its conflicts, brief its strife.

T. F.

CCCCXL.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Δάκρυά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα,
Δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον, εἰς Ἀΐδαν,
Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ᾽ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων, μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.
Οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαγρος
Αἰάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
Αἶ αἴ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἅρπασεν Ἅιδας,
Ἅρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ᾽ ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.
Ἀλλά σε γουνοῦμαι, γᾶ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
Ἠρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

MELEAGRI.

Ipsam subter humum monumenta fidelis amoris
Has mitto lachrymas, Heliodora, tibi.
Heu dignas lachrymis lachrymas! ad flebile bustum
Hæc tibi amicitiæ pignora certa fero.
Nam misere nimium, misere Meleager ademptam
Te gemo: sed gemitus nil Acheronta movent.
Ah ubi dilectus mihi flos meus? abstulit Orcus,
Abstulit: in cinerem corporis ivit honos.
At tu depositum placide complectere nostrum,
Maternoque fove, te rogo, terra, sinu!

Grotius.

Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum,
In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum
Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.
O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.
Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.

T. Warton.

Has cape vel sub humo lacrymas, tribuenda sepultis
Unica quæ pietas, Heliodora, manet;
Has nimis ah tristes! tumulum libamen in udum,
Pignus amicitiæ, pignus amoris habe.

Nam misere et tacitis caram Meleagrus in umbris,
Te misere (ah Diti munus inane!) fleo.
Heu! ubi nunc dulcis mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus,
Abstulit; et vernans pulvere sordet honos.
At, precor, amplectens, penitus mihi, Terra, gemendam
Excipe materno leniter, alma, sinu.

G. B.

Das Todtenopfer.

Thränen bring' ich dir dar zum traurigen Todtenopfer
Unter der Erde, wo die, Heliodora, nun wohnst;
Bitterrinnende Thränen, das letzte, was Liebe dir geben,
Was im Grabe dir kann geben ein bangendes Herz;
Denn ich klage dich schwer, o schwer betrübet, indess du,
Süsse Schattengestalt, unter den Todten nun wohnst,
Mir entrissen. Wo bist du, schöne Sprosse? wer hat mir
Deine Blume geraubt? ach, der entstellende Staub.
Nun so fleh' ich dich an, du allerbarmende Mutter
Erde, die sanfteste Ruh' gönn' ihr in deinem Schooss.

Herder.

Thränen bring' ich dir, o süsse Freundinn! der Liebe
Einzige Gabe, die dir folgt in das einsame Grab.
Bittre Thränen! ich fleh' an deinem Maal', und es rinnen
Tropfen der Sehnsucht herab, Tropfen der Liebe herab.
Meine Klage folget dir nach in die Tiefen der Schatten,
Dort, wo die Jugend verblüht, dort, wo die Grazie fleucht!
Ach! wo ist sie nun, die schönste der Blumen? die Gruft hat
Sie verschlungen, es hat Asche die Blüthen entstellt!
Knieend fleh' ich dich an, o allesernährende Erde!
Lass, die ich liebe, sie sanft, Mutter, im Schooss dir ruhn!

Christian von Stolberg.

Thränen ach! wein' ich dir nach in dem Acheron, Heliodora,
Zärtlicher Liebe Geschenk, Reste des alten Vereins,
Thränen, dem bittersten Schmerze geweint. Am bejammerten Grabe
Spend' ich der Sehnsucht Nass, spend' ich der Zärtlichkeit Mal.
Schmerzvoll, schmerzvoll klag' ich dir nach, in dem Tode noch theure;
Aber der Sterblichen Schmerz rühret den Acheron nicht.
Ach, wo schwandest du Blume mir hin? Dich entführte des Hades
Neidische Hand, und ach! mischte die Blüthe dem Staub.
Aber vernimm du, Erde, mein Flehn, allnährende Mutter,
Drücke das zarte Gebild leis' an die liebende Brust.

Jacobs.

Tears, all that love has left to give the dead,
Take, Heliodora, e'en in earth's lone bed;
Tears, bitter tears, the glistening mound below,
Regret's, affection's fond memorial flow.
Thee sorely, sorely, loved though lost, laments
Meleager, nor Pluto's heart relents!
Ah! where's my soul's sweet blossom? reft! the tomb
Hath reft it! dust has stained her prime of bloom.
All-nursing Earth! O bid her softly rest,
And gently fold my mourned one to thy breast.

G. B.

Though the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora,
  All that is left me, I give, tears of my love, to thy grave,
Tears, how bitterly shed, on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,
  Pledge of my fond regret, pledge of affection for thee.
Piteously, piteously still, but in vain, grieves on Meleager:
  Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.
Where is the flower that I loved? Death has torn it away in the springtide,
  Torn it away, and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.
Genial Earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,
  Gently to hold in thine arms her whom I ever deplore.

E. C. H.

Tears, that through earth shall find their way,
  For thee, my Heliodora, flow;
The tears of bitter weeping they,
  Love's tribute to the realm of Woe.

Still shall around thy sacred tomb
  Her sad libations Memory shed,
And cherish still, 'mid sorrow's gloom,
  Affection lingering o'er the dead.

Yes, dearest still, though lost for ever,
  Meleager for thee shall mourn,
Though vain the Poet's fond endeavour
  To call thee from thy dark sojourn.

My pleasant plant! where is it, where?
  The grave hath rifled all its pride!
The flower that bloomed so full and fair,
  Is sunk to dust in summer-tide!

All-fostering Earth, behold me weep!
  Behold me bend the suppliant knee;
Lull'd on thy breast to gentle sleep,
  Clasp, mother, clasp thy child to thee.

H. H.

Tears, Heliodora! tears to thee, though under ground, I shed,
All that remains of yearning love, an offering to the dead!
Tears o'er thy loud-lamented tomb, which falling sadly prove
Memorials of affection fond, and longings of my love!
But vain are Meleager's woes, in vain he thee deplores,
His tears, unheeded offerings, fall on Acheron's dark shores.
Alas! where art, my much-lov'd flower? Thy bloom has Ades spoil'd,
And all thy beauteous primy hues in baleful dust defiled:
But thee, O Earth! I supplicate, to thy all-fost'ring breast
Clasp gently my lamented one in ever peaceful rest!

R. Swainson Fisher.

CCCCXLI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Θησαυρὸς μέγας ἐστ' ἀγαθὸς φίλος, Ἡλιόδωρε,
  Τῷ καὶ τηρῆσαι τοῦτον ἐπισταμένῳ.

INCERTI.

Nullus thesaurus præstantior, Heliodore,
  Quam, bene si serves, fidus amicus erit.

Grotius.

Felix, qui servare bonum sibi novit amicum!
  Ingentem thesaurum, Heliodore, tenet.

W.

A lui che sa serbarlo, Eliodoro,
  È un amico fedel grande tesoro.

M

Heliodorus, ja! Des Lebens grösseſter Schatz ist
  Freundsschaft; aber nur dem, der zu bewahren ihn weiss.

Herder.

Unter den Schätzen der Welt ist, Heliodoros, des Freundes
  Treue der grosste für den, der ihn zu hüten versteht.

Jacobs.

Hast thou a friend? Thou hast indeed
  A large and rich supply,
Treasure to serve your every need,
  Well managed, till you die.

W. Cowper.

CCCCXLII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τίς ξένος, ὦ ναυηγέ; Λεόντιχος ἐνθάδε νεκρὸν
Εὗρεν ἐπ' αἰγιαλούς, χῶσε δὲ τῷδε τάφῳ,
Δακρύσας ἐπίκηρον ἑὸν βίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς
Ἥσυχος, αἰθυίῃ δ' ἶσα θαλασσοπορεῖ.

CALLIMACHI.

Navita te, quemcunque, Leontichus hic prope littus
Inventum, hoc saltem condidit in tumulo;
Scilicet agnoscens propriæ discrimina vitæ,
Et maris incertas, quas subit ipse, vices.

Grenville, Baro.

A. Chi mai, naufraga salma, ha te riposta
In quest' avel? B. Leontico raccolta
M' ha dal lido vicino, e qui sepolta,
Non senza deplorar sua vita esposta
A mortal rischio. Anch' ei di pace in bando
Qual foliga pel mar si va aggirando.

Pagnini.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, found stranded here,
O'er thee Leontichus heaped up this grave,
Whilst at his own hard lot he dropped a tear:
He too, a restless sea-bird, roams the wave.

W.

CCCCXLIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ.

Τίς λίθον ἐψύχωσε; τίς ἐν χθονὶ Κύπριν ἐσεῖδεν;
Ἵμερον ἐν πέτρῃ τίς τόσον εἰργάσατο;
Πραξιτέλους χειρῶν ὅδε που πόνος, ἢ τάχ' Ὄλυμπος
Χηρεύει, Παφίης ἐς Κνίδον ἐρχομένης.

INCERTI.

De effigie Veneris in Cnido.

Quis lapidi spirare dedit? quis Cyprida vidit
In terris? quantum marmor amoris habet?
Praxitelis manus est: Venere, ut puto, regia cœli
Jam caret, ad Cnidios venit ut ipsa Venus.

Grotius.

Chi la pietra animò? Chi Citerea
  Vide, e tanta beltà sì al vivo rese?
  Di Prassitele è l' opra, oppur la Dea
  Vedovo il ciel lasciando in Gnido scese.

Pagnini.

Wer gab Seele dem Stein? Wer schaute Kytheren auf Erden?
  Oder ertheilte dem Fels sehnenerregenden Reiz?
Ist das ein Werk von der Hand des Praxiteles? oder verwaisste
  Jetzt der Olympos, und wohnt Kypris im Knidischen Hain?

Jacobs.

Who gave such life to stone,
  Nor life alone,
But such a pow'r of love?
Who upon earth hath seen
  The Cyprian queen
Descended from above?
Praxiteles alone
  To lifeless stone
The charms of Venus gives:
Else is Olympus left
  Of her bereft,
And she in Cnidos lives.

E. S.

CCCCXLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Πολλάκις οἶνον ἔπεμψας ἐμοί, καὶ πολλάκις ἔγνων
  Σοὶ χάριν, ἡδυπότῳ νέκταρι τερπόμενος.
Νῦν δ' εἴπερ με φιλεῖς, μὴ πέμψῃς· οὐ δέομαι γὰρ
  Οἴνου τοιούτου, μηκέτ' ἔχων θρίδακας.

LUCIANI.

Sæpe merum mihi misisti, gratesque peregi,
  Sparsus nectarei pectora rore meri.
At mihi ne mittas posthac, rogo. Quo mihi acetum!
  Lactucis et qui caulibus abstineam.

D' Orvillius.

Oft as you sent me wine, I gave you for't
  The thanks your nect'rous tipple claim'd in reason.
Now if you love me, send no more: that sort
  Is of no use;—salads are out of season.

W.

CCCCXLV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ Α. Υ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Πλούτων, δέξο, μάκαρ, Δημόκριτον, ὥς κεν, ἀνάσσων
Αἰὲν ἀμειδήτων, καὶ γελόωντα λάχοις.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Accipe Democritum, Pluton, ut rideat unus
In regno risum non capiente tuo.

Grotius.

Accipe Democritum, Pluto, precor, una sit ut quæ
Tot flentes inter rideat umbra tibi.

Fazakerley.

Varca Democrito
Lo Stigio fiume;
Lieto ricevilo,
Tartareo Nume.
Fosti de' miseri
Sempre fra i lai;
Con lui nell' Erebo
Or riderai.

Felici.

Epitaphe de Rabelais.

O Pluton, Rabelais recoy,
Afin que toy qui es le Roy
De ceux qui ne rient jamais,
Tu ais un rieur désormais.

Baif.

Seliger Pluto, nimm, nimm an den lachenden Weisen,
Unter der traurigen Schaar hast du jetzt Einen, der lacht.

Herder.

Heiliger Pluton, nimm den Demokritos, dass du in deiner
Stets unfreundlichen Schaar einen doch habest, der lacht.

Voss.

Herrscher der Schatten, empfang den Demokritos, dass sich dem ernsten
Volke, bey dem du regierst, endlich ein Lacher vereint.

Jacobs.

Pluto receive the sage, whose ghost
Is wafted to thy gloomy shore.
One laughing spirit seeks the coast,
Where never smile was seen before.

Merivale.

Greet, Pluto, greet Democritus, and have
One merry soul, thou monarch of the *grave.*

W.

CCCCXLVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ὁ φθόνος ἐστὶ κάκιστος, ἔχει δέ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῷ·
Τήκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδίην.

INCERTI.

Pessima res livor: sed habet laudabile quiddam,
Liventi quod cor exedit atque oculos.

Grotius.

Pessima è invidia; ma ha del buono ancora:
Gli occhi ed il cor dell' invido divora.

M.

L' envie est, dites vous, de mille maux la cause.
Hola! cher ami, parlez mieux;
L' envie est une bonne chose,
Elle fait crever l' envieux.

De la Monnoye.

Neid, du grosses Uebel! doch ist das Gute noch in dir,
Dass du mit eigenem Pfeil selber das Herz dir durchbohrst.

Herder.

Envy's detestable, but has this good;
The envious waste their eyesight and heart's blood.

W.

CCCCXLVII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ.

Εἰς ἰατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίοισι Ῥόδων λέπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἴρει·
Τἄλλα δὲ πάντ' αἴρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

CALLICTER.

Herbis tollenti strumam scabiemque Rhodoni,
Herbis, ut tollat cætera, non opus est.

Grotius.

On a pilfering quack.

Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,
Each bodily disaster:
But takes off spoons, without a pill;
Your plate without a plaister.

Graves.

With med'cines Rhodon carries off the gout,
But every other kind of thing without.

W.

CCCCXLVIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλος τὴν ῥῖν' ἀπομύσσειν,
Τῆς ῥινὸς γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χέρα μικροτέρην.
Οὐδὲ λέγει Ζεῦ σῶσον, ἐὰν πταρῇ· οὐ γὰρ ἀκούει
Τῆς ῥινός, πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπέχει.

INCERTI.

Ricardus nescit madidas emungere nares;
Tam longo est naso, tam brevis a cubito:
Nec si sternutat, 'fausto siet omine!' clamat;
Tam longe amotos non capit aure sonos.

H. Drury.

Proclo soffiarsi il naso tenta invano,
Perchè del naso è assai minor la mano;
Nè il naso suo lontan, quand' ei starnuta,
Udir ei può per dir: Giove, m' aiuta.

Pagnini.

Du Nez de Germain.

Il n' est possible que Germain
Son nez avec sa main touche,
Pource que sa trop courte main
De son nez la longueur n' approuche,
Même il ne s' oit éternuer,
Et si, Dieu nous aid, on luy crie,
Ne daigneroit s' en remuer,
Pensant que ce soit moquerie.

Baif.

Auf eine lange Nase.

O aller Nasen Nas'! Ich wollte schwören,
Das Ohr kann sie nicht schnauben hören.

Lessing.

On a great Nose.

Thy nose no man can wipe, Proclus, unless
He have a hand as big as Hercules:
When thou dost sneeze, the sound thou dost not hear,
Thy nose is so far distant from thine ear.

Anon. Mus. Del.

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,
His hand too little is his nose to gripe;
He sneezing calls not Jove; for why? he hears
Himself not sneeze, the sound's so far from 's ears.

Sir Thomas Brown.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes,
He cannot hear so distant a report.

Merivale.

CCCCXLIX.

ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΥ.

Καππαδόκην ποτ' ἔχιδνα κακὴ δάκεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Κάτθανε, γευσαμένη αἵματος ἰοβόλου.

DEMODOCI.

Vipera Cappadocem jam sæva momordit, at ipsa
Hausto lethifero sanguine rursus obit.

Salvinius.

Morse fier' aspe un Cappadoce un dì;
Ma il costui sangue velenoso appena
Ebbe l' aspide tocco, che morì.

M.

Imitazione.

Una vipera a Luca s' avventò:
Che cosa vi credete che seguisse?
Che Luca ne morisse?
La vipera crepò.

Pananti.

Imitation.

Un gros serpent mordit Aurèle;
Sais-tu ce qu' il en arriva?
Qu' Aurèle en mourut. Bagatelle!
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

Bruzen de la Martinière.

Hier auprès de Charenton
Un serpent mordit Jean Fréron.
Que croyez-vous qu' il arriva?
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

Voltaire.

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide;
And, poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

Merivale.

CCCCL.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Τῆς πολιῆς τόδε σῆμα Μαρωνίδος, ἧς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Γλυπτὴν ἐκ πέτρης αὐτὸς ὁρᾷς κύλικα.
Ἡ δὲ φιλάκρητος καὶ ἀεὶ λάλος οὐκ ἐπὶ τέκνοις
Μύρεται, οὐ τεκέων ἀκτεάνῳ πατέρι·
Ἓν δὲ τόδ' αἰάζει καὶ ὑπ' ἠρίον, ὅττι τὸ Βάκχου
Ἄρμενον οὐ Βάκχου πλῆρες ἔπεστι τάφῳ.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Hæc vetulæ sunt busta Maronidis, inque sepulcro
Ex lapide est sculptus, cernis ut ipse, calix.
Multibiba atque loquax: neque nunc de prole relicta,
Deque suæ prolis paupere patre, dolet.
Unam rem flendam putat et tumulata, quod aptum
Vas Bromio Bromii munera non habeat.

Grotius.

Sieh, hier decket, o Wandrer, das Grab die bejahrte Maronis,
Wo du den Becher erblickst, auch aus dem Steine geformt.
Aber des Weingotts Priesterinn, sie, die geschwätzige, klagt nicht
Ueber die Kinder und nicht über den dürftigen Mann;
Nur diess eine bejammert sie jetzt, dass leer von des Bacchos
Gabe des Gottes Gefäss hier auf dem Grab' sie erblickt.

Jacobs.

Epitaph on an old drunken crone.

This tomb Maronis holds, o'er which doth stand
A bowl, carv'd out of flint, by Mentor's hand;
The tipling crone while living, death of friends
Ne'er touch'd, nor husband's nor dear children's ends.
This only troubles her, now dead, to think,
The monumental bowl should have no drink.

Sir Edward Sherburne.

CCCCLI.

ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ.

Νικήτης ᾄδων τῶν ᾠδῶν ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων·
Ἂν δ' ἰατρεύῃ, τῶν θεραπευομένων.

AMMIANI.

Nicetas Pæan vere est novus; ut citharædus
Aures, ægrotos enecat ut medicus.

Grotius.

Nicetas sings, and without shame
 Murders the finest musick.
When he prescribes he does the same,
 And murders me or you sick.

W.

CCCCLII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ὦ γαστὴρ κυνόμυια, δι' ἣν κόλακες παράσιτοι
 Ζωμοῦ πωλοῦσιν θεσμὸν ἐλευθερίης.

INCERTI.

Improba res venter, parasitus sumine vili
 Si libertatis vendere jura potest.

G. S.

O ventre non saziabile, che vendi
 La libertà pel cibo che tu prendi.

L. Alamanni.

Der Bauch.

Bauch, du Unverschämter! Der Freyheit heilige Rechte
 Gibt der Smeichler hinweg um eine Suppe für dich.

Herder.

O shameless belly! parasites, through thee,
For a vile sop barter their liberty.

W.

CCCCLIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὗτος Ἀδειμάντου κείνου τάφος, οὗ διὰ βουλὰς
 Ἑλλὰς ἐλευθερίης ἀμφέθετο στέφανον.

SIMONIDIS.

Cernis Adimanti tumulum. Hoc duce et auspice facti
 Est libertatis Græcia nacta decus.

G. S.

Diess ist das Grab Adimants. Auf seinen rathenden Anschlag
 Setzte der Griechen Land Kränze der Freyheit sich auf.

Herder.

Here Adeimantus rests: the same was he,
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.

Merivale.

Here Adimantus lies, by whom led on
To fight, all Hellas freedom's garland won.

Sterling

CCCCLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Εἰς φυλακὴν βληθείς ποτε Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός, ἑκοντί,
Ὀκνῶν ἐξελθεῖν, ὡμολόγησε φόνον.

LUCILLII.

Carcere conclusus Marcus piger ille, fatetur
Cædem sponte sua; quippe illum exire pigebat.

Jac. Duportus.

Marco, celebre poltrone,
Per non prendersi il fastidio
D' uscir fuora di prigione,
S' accusò d' un omicidio.

Pagnini.

Lazy Mark, snug in prison, in prison to stay,
Thought confessing a murder the easiest way.

W.

Mark declares he's a murd'rer: who credits the tale?
He's only too lazy to come out of jail.

W.

CCCCLV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Τῆς νυκτὸς τροχάσας ἐν ὕπνοις ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός
Οὐκέτ' ἐκοιμήθη, μὴ πάλι που τροχάσῃ.

LUCILLII.

Cum semel in somnis Marcus piger ille cucurrit,
Ne rursum currat dormire haud amplius audet.

Jac. Duportus.

Heus! piger iste, modo in somnis sibi currere visus,
Non iterum, ne iterum curreret, it cubitum.

G. F. D. T.

Markos träumte, der Faule, vorlängst, als hab' er gelaufen,
Seitdem schläft er nicht mehr, weil vor dem Laufen ihm bangt.

Jacobs.

That dream about running gave Mark such a fright
About running again, that he sits up all night.

W.

Marcus dreamt he was running; so took in his head,
For fear he should run, not to get into bed.

G. B.

CCCCLVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Ἀΐδην ἰθεῖα κατήλυσις, εἴτ' ἀπ' Ἀθηνῶν
Στείχοις, εἴτε νέκυς νίσεαι ἐκ Μερόης.
Μή σέ γ' ἀνιάτω πάτρης ἄπο τῆλε θανόντα·
Πάντοθεν εἷς ὁ φέρων εἰς Ἀΐδην ἄνεμος.

INCERTI.

Ad manes æque prona est via, seu quis Athenis
Mittitur, exustâ seu venit a Meroë:
Nec procul a patriâ grave sit tibi claudere vitam:
Undique ad infernos prospera flabra ferunt.

Grotius.

Dritto all' Orco è il cammin sia che d' Atene
Morto tu parta, o dall' Etiopie arene.
Dalla patria morir lungi che importa?
Laggiù un sol vento ove che siam ci porta.

M.

Allenthalben führet der Weg zu den Schatten hinunter,
Gleich, ob du von Athen oder von Meroe kommst.
Also gräme dich nicht, wenn du weit in der Fremde davon musst;
Auch in der Fremde geht's g'rade zum Orkus hinab.

Herder.

Gradaus führet der Weg in den Aïdes, ob du von Pallas
Burg kömmst, oder im Tod nieder von Meroe steigst.
Kümmre dich nicht, wenn fern von dem heimischen Lande der Tod ruft!
Wo du auch seyst, Ein Wind führt dich zum Hafen der Ruh.

Jacobs.

Whether from Athens thou begin
Or Meroe thy road,
One trodden track still points the way
Unto the joyless god.
And though an exile's death thou die
And see thy home no more,
Blows from each clime one steady gale,
Swift to the Stygian shore.

Robert Tweddell.

From Athens or from Meroë
Your passage to the grave will be
Direct alike. Then cease to care
Far from your country if you die:
From every quarter of the sky
To our last home the wind sets fair.

W.

CCCCLVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὕτω τοι μελία ταναὰ ποτὶ κίονα μακρὸν
Ἧσο, Πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ μένουσ᾽ ἱερά·
Ἤδη γὰρ χαλκός τε γέρων, αὐτή τε τέτρυσαι
Πυκνὰ κραδαινομένα δηΐῳ ἐν πολέμῳ.

SIMONIDIS.

Sic gracilis longæ stabis suffixa columnæ
Hasta, Panomphæo rite dicata Jovi.
Nam tibi consenuit cuspis, vibrantis et ipsa
Attrita es multa per fera bella manu.

G. S.

On a soldier's spear dedicated to Jove.

Against this pillar tall thou taper spear
Repose, to Jove oracular offered here;
For now thy brass is old, and, worn at length
By warlike uses, thou hast lost thy strength.

Sterling.

Here, tapering lance, beneath the dome
Of Jove oracular, be thy home,
Yon column tall thy stay.
Dulled is thy point so keen and bright,
And brandished oft in mortal fight
Thy shaft is worn away.

G. S.

CCCCLVIII.

ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς κρύσταλλον ἔνδον ὕδωρ ἔχουσαν.

Εἴπ᾽ ἄγε μοι, κρύσταλλε, λίθῳ πεπυκασμένον ὕδωρ,
Τίς πῆξεν; Βορέης. ἢ τίς ἔλυσε; Νότος.

CLAUDIANI.

Dic, age, mi Crystalle, latex lapidescere jussus:
Quis strinxit? Boreas. Cui resoluta? Noto.

Barthius.

Dic aqua sub lapidis glaciati tegmine, quo tu
Compacta es? Borea. Vel resoluta? Noto.

Grotius.

Paraphrasis.

Lymphæ, quæ tegitis cognato corpore lymphas,
  Et quæ nunc estis, quæque fuistis aquæ,
Quod vos ingenium vinxit? qua frigoris arte
  Torpuit, et maduit prodigiosa silex?
Quis tepor inclusus securas vindicat undas?
  Interior glacies quo liquefacta Noto?
Gemma quibus claustris arcano mobilis æstu
  Vel concreta fuit, vel resoluta gelu?

Claudianus.

The Crystal having water within.

O Crystal! tell me, did the Northern blast
Upon thy waters petrifaction cast?
And thee the Southern wind to waves restore
Thy substance deliquated as before?

A. Hawkins.

Say, Crystal! are thy stone-girt drops the growth
Of melting South, or freezing North, or both?

W.

Humid Crystal! rock-bound water! prithee how were ye produc'd?
By the freezing north wind fasten'd, by the melting south unloos'd.

W.

CCCCLIX.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ.

Οὐδ' εἴ μοι γελόωσα καταστορέσειε Γαλήνη
  Κύματα, καὶ μαλακὴν φρῖκα φέροι Ζέφυρος,
Νηοβάτην ὄψεσθε· δέδοικα γὰρ οὓς πάρος ἔτλην
  Κινδύνους, ἀνέμοις ἀντικορυσσόμενος.

LEONIDÆ.

Non ego, ventorum quamvis freta blanda fruantur
  Pace, vel a Zephyro molliter acta tremant,
Scandam transtra ratis. Quæ namque pericula sensi
  Luctatus contra flamina sat memini.

Grotius.

Though smiling calms should smooth the glassy seas,
Or the light ruffling of the western breeze
Should skim their surface, with no venturous prow
Will I the dreary waste of waters plough.
By sad experience warn'd I tempt no more
The swelling billows and the tempest's roar.

W. Shepherd.

CCCCLX.

ΜΟΣΧΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα ἀροτριῶντα.

Λαμπάδα θεὶς καὶ τόξα, βοηλάτιν εἵλετο ῥάβδον
Οὖλος Ἔρως, πήρην δ' εἶχε κατωμαδίην·
Καὶ ζεύξας ταλαεργὸν ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αὐχένα ταύρων
Ἔσπειρεν Δηοῦς αὔλακα πυροφόρον.
Εἶπε δ' ἄνω βλέψας αὐτῷ Διΐ· πλῆσον ἀρούρας,
Μή σε τὸν Εὐρώπης βοῦν ὑπ' ἄροτρα βάλω.

MOSCHI.

In Amorem arantem.

Peram humeris habilem, posito nunc induit arcu,
Et positâ baculum lampade sumpsit Amor:
Subque jugum missos stimulo citat ecce juvencos
Improbus, et cultæ semina mandat humo:
Suspiciensque polos, imple, inquit, Jupiter arva,
Ne cogam Europæ te juga ferre bovem.

Politianus.

Rus petiit positis arcu facibusque Cupido:
Virga manu: tergo pendula pera fuit.
Hoc habitu sulcos glebæ Cerealis arabat,
Gnavus, agens domitos sub juga curva boves:
Respiciensque Jovem: terras, ait, ignibus ure,
Ne bos Europæ tu quoque factus ares.

Grotius.

Ille improbus Cupido
Quondam exuens pharetram,
Arcum, facem, sagittas,
Mentitus est colonum,
Et rustico paratu
Stimulum, sagumque gestans
Boves jugo revinxit,
Altisque operta sulcis
Frumenta deposivit.
Dein, verso ad astra vultu;
Cæli alme rector, inquit,
Nostro fave labori,

Lætasque redde messes.
Sin id negas; et ipsum
Te ferre aratra cogam
Tyriæ bovem puellæ.

N. S. Sanado.

Gitta il protervo Amor la face e i dardi,
Di veste umil si cuopre,
E di pungolo acerbo armato, i tardi
Bovi unisce all' aratro, e incalza all' opre;
E mentre il divin seme in suol felice
Spargendo va, si volge all' alto, e dice:
Fa, Giove, che la bionda
Messe germogli, e ai voti miei risponda;
O arar vedrassi per miracol mio,
In bue converso un altra volta un Dio.

Averardo de' Medici.

Posto giù face e strali, ad armacollo
Un zaino Amore e un pungolo in man tolse;
E avvinto al giogo il tollerante collo
De' buoi, un solco a seminar si volse.
Gridò poi volto a Giove: O i campi miei
Feconda, o bue d' Europa al giogo ir dei.

Pagnini.

Posti giu gli archi, e la face,
Un da buoi pungol tenea,
E su gli omeri un capace
Zaino il tristo Amor scotea:
Là de' tori al pertinace
Collo il giogo impor godea,
Poi di Cerere a un ferace
Solco il seme commettea.
E la faccia al cielo eretta,
Sì diss' ei rivolto a Giove:
Tu a scaldar quel suol t' affretta,
Se non vuoi, che in altre prove
All' aratro io ti sommetta,
Te d' Europa un giorno bove.

Luigi Rossi.

Fackel und Pfeil' ablegend, ergrif den Stecken des Treibers
  Eros der Schalk, und ein Sack hing ihm die Schulter herab.
Als in das Joch er gespannt den dulbenden Nacken der Stiere,
  Streuet' er Weizensaat über der Deo Gefild.
Auf zum Zeus nun blickt' er, und redete: Fülle die Furchen!
  Oder ich hole dich gleich, Stier der Europa, zum Pflug!

Voss.

Laying aside his bow and torch, a whip
Severe Love took, and at his side a scrip;
Then on the patient oxen doth impose
A yoke, and in the fertile furrow sows:
And looking up: Good weather, Jove, or thou
(Saith he) Europa's bull shalt draw my plough.

T. Stanley.

Cupid turned ploughman.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischiefs bent,
To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went.
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above,
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

Prior.

CCCCLXI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Δάφνην καὶ Νιόβην ὠρχήσατο Μέμφις ὁ σιμός,
  Ὡς ξύλινος Δάφνην, ὡς λίθινος Νιόβην.

PALLADÆ.

Daphnen et Nioben saltavit simius idem;
  Ligneus ut Daphne, saxeus ut Niobe.

Ausonius.

Daphnen et Nioben Memphis simunculus egit;
  Ligneus in Daphne, saxeus in Niobe.

Grotius.

Der Tänzer.

Tanzt ich die Niobe nicht und die Daphne recht nach dem Leben?
  Wahrlich! Jene wie Stein, diese wie starrendes Holz.

Herder.

Der Schauspieler.

Täuschend fürwahr stellt Daphnen und Nioben Memphis im Tanz dar;
  Hölzern die Daphne, und dich, Tantalos Tochter, wie Stein.

Jacobs

The dance of Memphis well portray'd
  Daphne and Niobe:
Like stone the Niobe he played,
  The Daphne like a tree.

W.

CCCCLXII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ.

Ἀνέρα τις λιπόγυιον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο λιπαυγὴς
  Ἦγε, πόδας χρήσας, ὄμματα χρησάμενος.

PLATONIS.

Aspice, cæci humeris fertur pede claudus utroque.
  Commodat hic oculos, commodat ille pedes.

G. S.

Mentre un cieco sul dorso un zoppo tiene,
  Dà in presto i piedi, e gli occhi in presto ottiene.

Pagnini.

Un boiteux des deux pieds sur un aveugle mis,
  Marche droit ou il veut; l' aveugle voit sa voye.
L' un prenant ce qu' a l' autre, et s' entr' aidant, amis.
  Le boiteux ses yeux prête à l' autre et le convoye:
L' aveugle prête après ses deux pieds au boiteux;
L' un change en yeux ses pieds, et l' autre en pieds ses yeux.

Antoine Mage.

Un aveugle porte un boîteux;
  Ils font prudemment tous les deux:
  L' un des yeux le guide en la sorte,
  L' autre des pieds ainsi le porte.

La Freshaye.

Un aveugle portait sur son dos un goutteux.
Comme il prêtait des pieds, il empruntait des yeux.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Said the lame to the blind, on your back let me rise:
So the eyes were the legs, and the legs were the eyes.

W. F.

CCCCLXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεί·
Ἓν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χῖος ἔειπεν ἀνήρ·
"Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν."
Παῦροί μιν θνητῶν οὔασι δεξάμενοι
Στέρνοις ἐγκατέθεντο. πάρεστι γὰρ ἐλπὶς ἑκάστῳ,
Ἀνδρῶν ᾗ τε νέων στήθεσιν ἐμφύεται.
Θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχῃ πολυήρατον ἥβης,
Κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ.
Οὔτε γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχει γηρασσέμεν, οὔτε θανεῖσθαι,
Οὐδ', ὑγιὴς ὅταν ᾖ, φροντίδ' ἔχει καμάτου.
Νήπιοι, οἷς ταύτῃ κεῖται νόος, οὐδέ τ' ἴσασιν,
Ὡς χρόνος ἔσθ' ἥβης καὶ βιότου ὀλίγος
Θνητοῖς. ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μαθὼν βιότου ποτὶ τέρμα
Ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Rebus in humanis nulla est constantia certa,
Veridico vates Chius ut ore canit:
Non minus est foliis hominum gens fluxa caducis.
Pauci ubi ceperunt auribus ista, suis
Pectoribus fixere: animis namque indita quondam
Spes teneris blandè credula corda fovet:
Et dum læta viret jucundo flore juventa,
Percursant animos irrita multa leves:
Nec senium, mortemve pavet: neque corpore sano
Provida venturi cura doloris adest.
O malè stultorum mens credula, qui brevis ævi
Tempora non norint quàm fugitiva volent:
At tu præmonitus, nigræ ad confinia mortis
Lætus age, et Genio gratificare tuo.

Buchananus.

Keines der Güter verbleibt bey den Sterblichen dauernd und immer;
Warlich ein trefliches Wort sagte der Chiische Mann:
"So wie der Blätter Geschlecht, so sind die Geschlechte der Menschen."
Viele vernahmen das Wort, doch mit den Ohren allein;
Wenige nahmen im Herzen es auf; stets gängelt die Hofnung
Alter und Jugend, und wächst wurzelnd im tiefen Gemüth.

Strahlet dem Sterblichen noch die erfreuliche Blüthe der Jugend,
  Denkt er mit flatterndem Sinn Vieles, so nie sich bewährt.
Nicht auch denkt er daran, dass Alter und Tod ihm bevorsteht;
  Krankheit kümmert ihn nicht, fühlt er sich eben gesund.
Kindisch traun ist solch ein Gemüth, das nie sich erinnert,
  Wie so dürftig und kurz Jugend und Leben uns ist.
Auf denn, Freund, diess denkend erfreue dich! bis zu des Lebens
  Grenze gewähre dem Geist seines Verlangens Genuss.

Jacobs.

Human Life.

Nought lasts for ever with man's changeful kind:
This truth the Chian bard has well defined;
'The human race is as the race of leaves.'
Though each this precept in his ears receives,
He lodges not within: for Hope's sweet tongue
Befools the old man as it did the young.
While youth's fair flower is blooming in its spring,
What dreams infatuate to the bosom cling
Of things impracticable! for we, forsooth,
Believe not age succeeds quick paced on youth,
That death is nigh! and, while we are at ease,
Health blooming laughs at troubles and disease:
Fools thus to dream! and not to understand
That life is short, that death is now at hand!
Ah, ye who know this truth, your souls employ
To life's last hour in every grateful joy!

R. Swainson Fisher.

CCCCLXIV.

ΖΗΝΩΝΟΣ.

Ἔστι πάτρα Φοίνισσα, τίς ὁ φθόνος; εἰμὶ δὲ Κάδμος
Κεῖνος, ἀφ' οὗ γραπτὰν Ἑλλὰς ἔχει σελίδα.

ZENONIS.

Ne me, quod Phœnix sum, despice; nam mihi debet
  Græcia quot scriptos nunc habet illa libros.

G. S.

Cadmus am I: then grudge me not, Phœnician though I be,
The boast, that every written page the Greeks have owed to me.

W.

Take it not ill that Cadmus, Phœnician though he be,
Can say that Greece was taught by him to write her A, B, C.

W.

CCCCLXV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
Καί, τί ποιεῖς, φησίν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;
Ἡδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδέν, φίλε, φησί, φοβηθῇς,
Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρῄζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.

LUCILLII.

Irrepsisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,
Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?
Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,
O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

Th. Gray.

Vide un topo entro il suo tetto
Asclepiade, e paventando
D' alcun danno: Ah maledetto,
Che, diss' egli, vai cercando?
Quegli a lui dolce ridendo:
Non temer danno o periglio;
Chè appo te non cibo intendo
Ritrovar, ma un nascondiglio.

Felici.

L' avare Hermon voyant trotter une souris,
Eh! chez moi, lui dit-il, que fais-tu, ma petite?
Ne crains rien, reprit-elle avec un doux souris:
Mon cher, je cherche ici, non du pain, mais un gîte.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Der Geizhals und die Maus.

Der Hungerleider Asklepiades
Sah eine Maus in seinem Hause. "Was?
Was bringst du mir, mein Mäuschen?" sprach er süss.
Sey ruhig, lieber Freund, antwortet sie:
In deinem Hause sucht ein Mäuschen selbst
Zwar etwa Wohnung, aber keinen Tisch.

Herder.

Als ein Mäuschen der Knicker Amynt in dem Hause gewahrte,
Rief er verwundert ihm zu: Kleine, was willst du bey mir?
Spöttisch lächelnd erwiedert die Maus: Sey ruhig, o Lieber!
Futter erwart' ich nicht hier; wohnen nur lass mich im Haus.

Jacobs.

Of a covetous niggard, and a needie mouse.

Asclepiad that greadie carle, by fortune found a mouse
(As he about his lodgings lookte) within his niggish house.
The chiding chuffe began to chafe, and (sparefull of his cheere)
Demaunded of the siely beast and sayde what makste thou heere?
You neede not stand in feare (good friend) the smyling mouse replide:
I come not to devoure your cates but in your house to bide.

Turbervile.

As Pedro stalk'd around his house,
The jealous miser spy'd a mouse:
How now, cries he, what dost thou here?
Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear;
I come not with the hopes of food,
But for the sake of solitude.

Graves.

A miser traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive address'd:
Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit?
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied:
Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!
I come to lodge, and not to board.

W. Cowper.

A mouse miser Elwes once found in his house:
What occasions your visit to me, pretty mouse?
Says the mouse, sweetly smiling: My friend, do not fear,
I expect not a meal but a solitude here.

Sir Alexander Croke.

Parody.

As —— was stepping out of bed,
  A lurking mouse he spies;
And thus, alarm'd with sudden dread,
  Aloud to Tony cries:
Tony make haste—the trap prepare—
  I see the rascal dodging.

Friend, quoth the mouse, you need not fear,
  I come but for a lodging;
Nor plant that dreadful engine there,
  To catch me by the neck fast;
For surely I had ne'er come here,
  If I had wanted breakfast.

Richard Owen Cambridge.

CCCCLXVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Νιόβης.

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεῦξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο
Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἔμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

INCERTI.

Vivebam: sum facta silex, quæ deinde polita
  Praxitelis manibus, vivo iterum Niobe.
Reddidit artificis manus omnia, sed sine sensu.
  Hunc ego, cum læsi numina, non habui.

Ausonius.

Me saxum e viva potuerunt reddere Divi:
  E saxo vivam reddere Praxiteles.

Vavassor.

Vivam olim in lapidem verterunt numina, sed me
  Praxiteles vivam reddidit ex lapide.

Cælius Calcagninus.

Fecerat e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter; at me
  Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

Th. Gray.

Ex viva lapidem Dii me fecere; retroque
  E saxo jussit vivere Praxiteles.

G. F. D. T.

In sasso un dì conversa,
  Niobe, la vita hai persa:
In sasso oggi scolpita
  Ricuperi la vita.

Aurelio Bertola.

Me viva i numi in sasso han convertita;
  Prassitel me dal sasso or torna in vita.

M.

Par les Dieux irritez, de vivante autrefois
  Je fus en pierre transformée;
  Et Praxitèle une seconde fois,
De pierre que j' étois m' a renduë animée.

Longepierre.

Le fatal courroux des Dieux
Changea cette femme en pierre.
Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux;
Il a fait tout le contraire.

Voltaire.

Des dieux la jalouse colère
Fit de mon corps vivant jadis un bloc de pierre.
Praxitèle, ton art savant
D' un bloc de pierre a su me faire un corps vivant.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Lebend war ich, da wandelten mich die Götter zum Stein um;
Aber Praxiteles schuf wieder zum Leben den Stein.

Herder.

Lebend ward ich versteint von den Himmlischen; aber aus Steine
Schuf Praxiteles mich wieder zur Lebenden um.

Voss.

The gods to stone transform'd me; but again,
I from Praxiteles new life obtain.

John Addison.

To stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

Anon. Elegant Extracts.

The gods the living Niobe
To marble turned: in vain!
Praxiteles arose, and, see,
The marble lives again.

G. S.

CCCCLXVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Λείψανα Λουκίλλης διδυματόκου ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
Ἧς μεμέριστο βρέφη, ζωὸν πατρί, θάτερον αὐτῇ.

INCERTI.

Hic Lucilla jacet mater de prole gemella,
Quorum viva patri pars obtigit, altera matri.

Grotius.

Di due gemelli madre
Lucilla uscì di vita:
L' un d' essi ha lei seguita,
L' altro è rimasto al padre.

Pagnini.

De son mari Lucile uniquement chérie,
A deux jumeaux donna la vie
Et la perdit en même tems.
Le sort aux deux époux partagea les enfans:
L' un au tombeau suivit sa mère,
L' autre vécut pour consoler son père.

Anon. Anthologie Française.

Mother of twins Lucilla died, whose relics here we lay:
One babe, the father's share, yet lives, and one she takes away.

W.

CCCCLXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Ὥπλισμαι πρὸς Ἔρωτα περὶ στέρνοισι λογισμόν,
Οὐδέ με νικήσει, μοῦνος ἐὼν πρὸς ἕνα.
Θνατὸς δ' ἀθανάτῳ συστήσομαι· ἢν δὲ βοηθὸν
Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνος πρὸς δύ' ἐγὼ δύναμαι;

RUFINI.

Arma in corde meo rectæ rationis amori
Objiciens uni par satis unus ero.
Mortalis certabo Deo: sed si comes illi
Bacchus erit, contra quis ferat arma duos?

Grotius.

D' armatura di senno ho il petto cinto
Incontro Amore; ed essend' egli solo
Contra un solo non fia ch' io resti vinto.
Uom con un Dìo pugna farò: ma s' ei
Abbia poi Bacco in suo soccorso, allora
Un solo contra due, che far potrei?

Pompei.

Je m' arme de raison, contre Amour et ses traits;
Et seul à seul sans doute, il ne vaincra jamais.
Oui mortel, contre un Dieu, ce Dieu sous qui tout cède,
J' éprouverai sans crainte un combat hazardeux;
Mais si Bacchus vient à son aide,
Que pourrai-je seul contre deux?

Longepierre.

Gegen den Amor bin ich in meinem Busen gewaffnet
Durch die Vernunft; ich steh' Einer dem Einen zur Wehr,
Ich ein Sterblicher ihm dem Unsterblichen. Aber ist Bacchus
Ihm zur Seite, wer mag gegen zwey Götter bestehn?

Herder.

With Love I war, and Reason is my shield,
Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:
If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
One mortal cannot combat two such gods.

Fawkes.

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

T. Moore.

CCCCLXIX.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Εὐκαίρως μονάσασαν ἰδὼν Προδίκην, ἱκέτευον,
Καὶ τῶν ἀμβροσίων ἀψάμενος γονάτων,
Σῶσον, ἔφην, ἄνθρωπον ἀπολλύμενον παρὰ μικρόν,
Καὶ φεῦγον ζωῆς πνεῦμα σύ μοι χάρισαι.
Ταῦτα λέγοντος, ἔκλαυσεν· ἀποψήσασα δὲ δάκρυ,
Ταῖς τρυφεραῖς ἡμᾶς χερσὶν ὑπεξέβαλεν.

RUFINI.

Cum Prodicen solam, nullo comitante, viderem,
Lapsus ad ipsius, supplice more, pedes,
Serva hominem, dixi, cui mors gravis imminet, et fac
Muneris hanc animam, quæ fugit, esse tui.
Flebat, ut audierat: sed flentia lumina siccans
Nos a se tenera repulit illa manu.

Grotius.

Sola in buon punto io Prodica mirando,
Supplice a lei dicea:
Deh salva un uom ch' è di sè stesso in bando,
E il fuggente mio spirto in me rappella.
Al suon di mia favella
Pietosa ella piangea.
Poi gli occhi asciuga, e con l' eburnee braccia
Lungi da sè mi scaccia.

Pagnini

Während ich Prodiken jüngst zur erwünschtesten Stunde allein fand,
Schlang ich die flehende Hand um das umbrosische Knie.
Rette, so fleht' ich, o rette den Liebenden, welchem nur wenig
Athem und Leben noch blieb; gönn' ihm den fliehenden Rest.
Thränen entfielen ihr, während ich sprach; dann, trocknend die Augen,
Warf sie mit lieblicher Hand mich zu der Thüre hinaus.

Jacobs.

Prodice finding alone and at leisure,
I knelt and I touched her ambrosial knee:
O pity a man all but dying, my treasure,
And save him the breath that is hast'ning to flee.
I spake and she wept: when the weeping was o'er,
She rose, and with lily hands shewed me the door.

G. C. S.

CCCCLXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς τὴν ἐν Σπάρτῃ ἔνοπλον Ἀφροδίτην.

Παλλὰς τὰν Κυθέρειαν ἔνοπλον εἶπεν ἰδοῦσα·
Κύπρι, θέλεις οὕτως ἐς κρίσιν ἐρχόμεθα;
Ἡ δ' ἁπαλὸν γελάσασα, τί μοι σάκος ἀντίον αἴρειν;
Εἰ γυμνὴ νικῶ, πῶς ὅταν ὅπλα λάβω;

INCERTI.

Armatam vidit Venerem Lacedæmone Pallas.
Nunc certemus, ait, judice vel Paride.
Cui Venus: Armatam tu me, temeraria, temnis;
Quæ, quo te vici tempore, nuda fui?

Aliter.

Armatam Pallas Venerem Lacedæmone visens,
Visne, ut judicium sic ineamus? ait.
Cui Venus arridens: Quid me galeata lacessis?
Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma gerens?

Ausonius.

Armatam ut vidit Venerem dea bellica, Rursum
Judicium Paridis vis subeamus? ait.
Cui Venus arridens: non est opus ense nec hasta.
Vincere te potui nuda; quid arma gerens?

P. Francius.

Vide Vener armata Palla, e disse:
Combattiam' ora, e giudichi Parisse.
A cui Vener: Tu stolta armata spregi
Chi già nuda ti vinse, e porta pregi?

L. Alamanni.

Pallas trouve Vénus endossant le harnois,
Et l' appelle au combat: Ah! c' est à cette fois
Qu' il faut venger une injure reçue:
Comment, répond Vénus, téméraire, oses-tu,
Me voyant l' arme au poing, défier ma vertu
Que j' ai su vaincre alors que j' étois toute nue.

Antoine de Cotel.

Als die kriegende Pallas die Liebesgöttin in Waffen
  Sahe: "Wohlan," sprach sie, "lass uns versuchen den Kampf."
Lächelnd erwiederte diese: "bedarf's gewaffneter Kämpfe?
  Trug ich nicht über dich nackt schon die Krone davon?"

Herder.

Pallas, als sie Kytheren geschmückt mit den Waffen erblickte,
  Sagte: Wofern dir's gefallt, treten wir so vor Gericht.
Lächelnd erwiederte Kypris: Wozu wohl hülfe der Schild dir?
  Wurde mir Nackten der Sieg, fehlt der Bewehrten er nicht.

Jacobs.

Of Venus in armour.

In complete armour Pallas saw
  The Ladie Venus stande;
Who said: Let Paris now be judge,
  Encounter we with hande.

Replide the goddesse: What?
  Scornst thou in armour mee,
That naked earst in Ida mount
  So foylde and conquerde thee?

Turbervile.

Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd:
  Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd.
Why fool! says Venus, thus provok'st thou me,
  That being nak'd thou know'st could conquer thee?

Crashaw.

When Pallas arm'd met Venus in the field,
Will you, said she, the prize of beauty yield?
Venus reply'd: If naked with my charms
I can prevail, what need have I of arms?

Charles Goodall.

Parody.

When Venus, loose in all her naked charms
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms,
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
Yield, sister, rival, yield: naked you see
I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest,
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.

Prior.

CCCCLXXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰς τὴν ἀδελφὴν αὐτοῦ Εὐγενίαν.

Τὰν πάρος ἀνθήσασαν ἐν ἀγλαΐᾳ καὶ ἀοιδᾷ,
Τὰν πολυκυδίστου μνάμονα θεσμοσύνας,
Εὐγενίαν κρύπτει χθονία κόνις· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Κείραντο πλοκάμους Μοῦσα, Θέμις, Παφίη.

AGATHIÆ,

de sorore sua Eugenia.

Quæ formæ cantusque simul florebat honore,
Cui super et leges discere cura fuit;
Eugeniam tellus tegit hæc: in funere vulsis
Crinibus adstabant Cypria, Musa, Themis.

Grotius.

Quella che in mente ben serbò da pria
Le gloriose inclite leggi, e in canto
Ed in fulgore di beltà fioria,
Quell' Eugenia qui sotto al suol si chiuse;
E sulla tomba sua le trecce loro
Troncaron Citerea, Temi e le Muse.

Pompei.

Eugenia, a cui la rosea guancia, il canto,
E delle leggi il gran saper diè vanto,
Qui giace. A lei con raso crin gli estremi
Uffici fer Ciprigna, Euterpe e Temi.

Pagnini.

Giace in quest' urna Eugenia,
Cui diè Calliope il canto,
Temi ogni legge, e Venere
Sopra le belle il vanto.
Rase le chiome, al tumulo
Or la sua sorte rea
Piangon Temi, Calliope
E l' alma Citerea.

Felici.

In loveliness' and poetry's full bloom,
And fam'd in jurisprudence, we laid here
Eugenia in the dust. Upon her tomb
Venus, the Muse, and Themis dropp'd a tear.

W.

CCCCLXXII.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤ.

Γνώσομαι εἴ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοῖς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς
Ἐκ σέθεν ὡσαύτως ἶσον, ὁδοιπόρ', ἔχει.
Χαιρέτω οὗτος ὁ τύμβος, ἐρεῖς, ἐπεὶ Εὐρυμέδοντος
Κεῖται τῆς ἱερῆς κοῦφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.

THEOCRITI.

Jam dabitur cerni fortesne, viator, honores,
Fortis an et timidus sint tibi jure pari.
Huic tumulo bene sit, dices, reor, Eurymedontis
Incumbit sancto qui levis in capite.

Grotius

Mi avvedrò, viatore,
Se agli uomini dabbene
Dai tu qualche vantaggio, o pari onore
L' empio da te si ottiene.
Dirai: Dia grazia e pace
Il ciel benigno a questa
Tomba, che lieve giace
Di Eurimedonte sulla sacra testa.

Cesare Gaetani della Torre.

Or fia ch' io riconosca di leggiero
Se a' buoni e a' rei tu fai lo stesso onore,
Quando questo sepolcro, o passeggiero,
Avverrà che tu sì dicendo onore:
Pace a la tomba che d' Eurimedonte
Lieve sta sopra a la sacrata fronte.

Vicini.

Now shall I know if craven hearts, and brave,
Alike thou honourest, or brave hearts more:
Else, traveller, before thou passest on,
Thou sure wilt say: Thrice hail unto this grave,
Which lightly lieth thy blest ashes o'er,
Eurymedon!

J. W. B.

CCCCLXXIII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ.

Ἦν ὁπότε γραμμαῖσιν ἐμὴν φρένα μοῦνον ἔτερπον,
Οὐδ' ὄναρ εὐγενέταις γνώριμος Ἰταλίδαις·
Ἀλλὰ τανῦν πάντεσσιν ἐράσμιος· ὀψὲ γὰρ ἔγνων,
Ὁππόσον Οὐρανίην Καλλιόπη προφέρει.

LEONIDÆ.

Cum struerem varias in docto pulvere formas,
Ausonidum nulli nomine notus eram.
At nunc me tellus amat Itala, sero videntem
Quanto est Urania Calliopea prior.

Grotius.

D' Ausonia ai grandi ignoto vissi intanto
Che tra circoli e quadri il tempo spesi.
A tutti or piaccio; e tardi alfin compresi
Che sovra Urania tien Calliope il vanto.

Pagnini.

My mind intent on diagrams alone,
I to th' Italian nobles lived unknown;
Now they all love me; for at length I see
Urania is not worth Calliope.

W.

CCCCLXXIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Οὐδετέρης ὅλος εἰμὶ θανὼν νέκυς, ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
Καὶ χθὼν τὴν ἀπ' ἐμεῦ μοῖραν ἔχουσιν ἴσην.
Σάρκα γὰρ ἐν πόντῳ φάγον ἰχθύες· ὀστέα δ' αὖτε
Βέβρασται ψυχρῇ τῇδε παρ' ἠϊόνι.

ANTIPATRI.

Non tellus totum, non me tenet unda, sed æquam
Terra mei partem, nec minus æquor habet.
Piscibus esca caro facta est mea: littore summo
Huc ejecta maris fluctibus ossa jacent.

Grotius.

Nè mar nè terra intero hanno il mio frale;
Ma l' uno e l' altra han di me parte uguale.
Mangiaro i pesci in mar la carne, e in questo
Lido gittato fu dall' onde il resto.

Pagnini.

Nor land nor sea hath all of me
Now that I'm dead;
But equal shares have sea and land.
For when upon my flesh at sea
The fish had fed;
My bones were cast on this bleak strand.

W.

CCCCLXXV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Μὴ τρέσσῃς, ὅτι τόξον, ὁδοιπόρε, καὶ νεοθηγεῖς
Ἰοὺς γυμνώσας πρόσθε ποδῶν ἐθέμην,
Μηδ' ὅτι βαστάζω ῥόπαλον χερί, μηδ' ὅτι δέρμα
Ἀμφ' ὤμοις χαροποῦ τοῦτο λέοντος ἔχω.
Πημαίνειν οὐ πάντας ἐπίσταμαι, ἀλλὰ κακούργους,
Καὶ σώζειν ἀγαθοὺς ἐξ ἀχέων δύναμαι.

INCERTI.

Signum Herculis Averrunci.

Cornua ne quoniam cernis sinuata, viator,
Spiculaque ante pedes nuda jacere, time;
Nec quia nodosam gestat mea dextera clavam,
Terga Cheronæa nec quia pelle tegor;
Lædere non cunctos, sed solos ista nocentes
Arma, bonis eadem vim prohibere solent.

Grotius.

Zittre nicht, weil du den Bogen, o Wanderer, oder der Pfeile
Eben geschliffnes Geschoss nackt mir zu Füssen erblickst;
Auch nicht, weil mir die Keule die Hand füllt, oder des grausen
Unthiers zottiges Fell Rücken und Schultern umfliesst.
Denn nicht Jeden bedroht der Gerüstete, sondern die Freuler;
Aber den Guten gewährt Herakles Schutz in Gefahr.

Jacobs.

Let not my bow, O traveller, cause you fright,
And newly sharpen'd arrows placed in sight,
Nor fear the club I wield, nor, 'tis my pride,
That I stand wrapt in this grim lion's hide.
None would I injure but the bad alone,
The good distress'd my saving prowess own.

T. F.

CCCCLXXVI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Ῥύγχος ἔχων τοιοῦτον, Ὀλυμπικὲ, μήτ' ἐπὶ κρήνην
Ἔλθῃς, μήτ' ἐν ὄρει πρός τι διαυγὲς ὕδωρ·
Καὶ σὺ γὰρ, ὡς Νάρκισσος, ἰδὼν τὸ πρόσωπον ἐναργὲς,
Τεθνήξῃ, μισῶν σαυτὸν ἕως θανάτου.

LUCILLII.

Insignis rostro ingenti fuge, Pyrame, fontem,
Et cave lucidulos ne videas latices:
Ut quondam ille sui periit Narcissus amore,
Sic tu forte odio ne moriare tui.

Cunichius.

In puellam deformem.

Narcissus vitreis cum se vidisset in undis
Interiit formæ captus amore suæ.
Tu quoque te speculo videas vel fonte, caveto:
Tunc odio vultus interitura tui es.

Paulus Thomas.

Se ami te stesso, Aronte,
Fuggi lo stagno e il fonte:
Che, come il bel Narciso
Già vi perì d' amor,
Tu con quel brutto viso
Vi puoi morir d' orror.

Roncalli.

Avendo ceffo tu di tal figura,
Non appressarti, Olimpico, a fontana,
Ne per monte mirar dentro onda pura;
Chè qual Narciso, nel vedere espresso
Il tuo sembiante, ne morrai tu pure
Sino a morte portando odio a te stesso.

Pompei.

Imitation.

Il est certain ruisseau, miroir trop peu flatteur,
Qui peint aux yeux, sans artifice,
Et les attraits et la laideur:
Fuis ce miroir; en s' y voyant, Narcisse
Mourut d' amour, tu mourrais de frayeur.

Imbert.

Dass du mit diesem Gesicht, o Olympikos, nimmer dem Brunnen
  Nahst, und auf dem Gebirg nimmer dem spiegelnden See!
Denn wie Narkissos einst, erblickst du dein wirkliches Antlitz,
  Stirbst du darob. Zum Tod würde dir grausen vor dir.

Jacobs

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook,
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
  Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou would'st pine,
  As self-enamour'd he.

W. Cowper.

No more near yonder fountain stray,
Nor in yon stream your face survey,
Reversing sad Narcissus' fate:
  He was by idle love betray'd
  To languish for a beauteous shade;
But you will pine with grief and hate.

Ph. Smyth.

Olympius, with such a snout, beware of every fountain,
Or pool of limpid water, such as stand on any mountain.
For as when fair Narcissus gazed, his beauty was his bane,
You'd die of sheer disgust to see your countenance so plain.

G. C. S.

CCCCLXXVII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Πᾶς τις ἀπαίδευτος φρονιμώτατός ἐστι σιωπῶν,
* Τὸν λόγον ἐγκρύπτων, ὡς πάθος αἰσχρότατον.*

PALLADÆ.

Vir rudis est una prudens ratione, tacendo:
  Comprimit ut morbum dum sua verba gravem.

Grotius.

Cum tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
  Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Sam. Johnson.

The greatest of fools, if he keeps himself still,
With the worst of disease, may be wise if he will.

W. F.

A blockhead, as long as he's silent, is wise;
For his talk is a sore he should hide from all eyes.

W.

CCCCLXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Στέφος πλέκων ποθ', εὗρον
'Εν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἔρωτα·
Καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχὼν,
'Εβάπτισ' εἰς τὸν οἶνον.
Λαβὼν δ' ἔπιον αὐτόν·
Καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου
Πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Cum necterem corollam,
Inter rosas repertum
Cupidinem prehendi
Alâ, meroque mergens
Unà imbibi procacem.
Nunc ille sævit imis
Puer mihi in medullis.

Ph. Melancthon.

Nel fare un serto
Di rose belle,
Colgo fra quelle
Nascosto Amor.
Per l' ali il prendo,
Che porta al tergo,
Nel vino immergo
Quel traditor.

Invan le piume
Scuote il tiranno,
Io lo tracanno
Fra il buon liquor.
Per questo avviene,
Che ognora io provo
Un grato, un nuovo
Palpito al cor.

Rogati.

Guari non ha che standomi
Una ghirlanda a tessere,
Fra rose Amor trovai,
E per l' ali acchiappatolo,
Di vino in una ciotola
L' immersi, e 'l trangugiai:
Ora coll' ale il rio
Titilla il dentro mio.

M.

Tejiendo unas guirnaldas
  Ví á Amor entre las rosas,
  Y el batiendo las alas
  Vertió vino en mi boca;

Io bebí Amor y vino:
  Y desde aquella hora
  Se apoderó el muchacho
  De mis entrañas todas.

Villegas

Entre unas frescas rosas
  Tejendo unas guirnaldas
  Hallé al Amor un dia:
  Cojile de las alas,
  Y en vino sumergido
  Me lo bebí con ansia,
  Tal que hora voltea
  En torno á mis entrañas.

Canga Arguelles.

A table faisant l' autre jour
Des couronnes de fleurs nouvellement écloses,
Je trouvai le petit Amour
Parmi de delicates roses:
Par l' aile je le pris soudain,
Et je le plongeai dans du vin.
J' avalai tout ensuite, et des peines nouvelles
Me le font sentir dans mon sein,
Qui me chatouille avec ses ailes.

Longepierre.

Ich flocht ein Rosenkränzchen,
Und fand im Röschen Amor.
Schnell fass't ich seine Flügel,
Und warf ihn in den Becher,
Und trank im Wein ihn nieder.
Nun sitzt er mit im Herzen,
Und schwirret mit den Flügeln.

Herder.

Jüngst wand ich mir ein Kränzchen
  Fand in den Rosen Amor,
  Und fasst' ihn bei den Flügeln
  Warf ihn in meinen Becher,
  Und trank ihn mit hinunter.
  Nun kützelt er mich innen
  Im Herzen mit den Flügeln.

J. Fried. Degen.

As a rosy wreath I bound,
'Mongst the roses Love I found;
Swift I seiz'd his pinions fast,
And in wine the wanton cast;
Taking then the laughing cup,
Swift I drank the wanton up.
Now with ever-tickling wings
Up and down my breast he springs.

John Addison.

As once a flowery wreath I wove,
I found among the roses Love;
By both his wings the god I bound,
And in a cup of nectar drowned:
I pledged my fair, and took the cup,
And mad with rapture drank him up.
Ah! ever since on tickling wings
About my throbbing heart he springs!

R. Swainson Fisher.

CCCCLXXIX.

ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Ἕλκε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρὸς ὃν οὐκέτι μαζὸν ἀμέλξεις,
Ἕλκυσον ὑστάτιον νᾶμα καταφθιμένης·
Ἤδη γὰρ ξιφέεσσι λιπόπνοος· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς
Φίλτρα καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδῃ παιδοκομεῖν ἔμαθεν.

ÆMILIANI.

Sume, puer, tibi quæ præbent dona ultima lactis
Materni, vita deficiente, sinus!
Sume, miser! tua te non ipsa in morte relinquit,
Sed vivum exanimo pectore mater alit.

Grenville, Baro.

Exprime,—non posthac misero dabit,—exprime lactis
Quod tibi supremum dat moribunda parens.
Exanimis jam cæsa jacet; sed morte sub ipsa
Dulcis opem natis scit dare matris amor.

G. B.

Lac de matre, miser, lac extrahe fonte benigno,
Quod moriens rursus non dabit alma parens.
Et jam vita sub ense fugit, sed morte vel ipsa
Maternus quod alat reddere discit amor.

T. F.

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
  Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!
She dies: her tenderness survives her breath;
  And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb.

CCCCLXXX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Μηκέτι, μηκέτι, Μάρκε, τὸ παιδίον, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ κόπτου,
  Τὸν πολὺ τοῦ παρὰ σοὶ νεκρότερον τεκνίου.
Εἰς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐλέγους ποίει πάλιν, εἰς ἐμὲ θρήνους,
  Δήμιε, τὸν στιχίνῳ σφαζόμενον θανάτῳ.
Τοῦ σοῦ γὰρ πάσχω νεκροῦ χάριν, οἷα πάθοιεν
  Οἱ καταδείξαντες βιβλία καὶ καλάμους.

LUCILLII.

In Marcum versificatorem, qui elegos in filii obitum recitans, auditorem fere enecaverat.

Non puerum jam, Marce, tuum; mea funera plange;
  Pejori nam sum morte peremptus ego.
In me nunc elegos et carmina tristia verte,
  Cui tua dira fuit pagina causa necis.
O! qui primus erat chartæ calamique repertor,
  Di dent ut versus audiat ille tuos.

G. S.

Cease, Marcus, cease your infant to deplore;
I'm much more dead, and should be pitied more.
On me compose dirge, ode, and elegy,
Me, whom you rhyme to death so cruelly,
All through that boy! Like suff'rings be their due,
Who furnish'd paper, pens, and ink to you!

W.

Bewail no more that brat of thine,
Marcus, the deadlier death is mine.
To me is due thy elegy
That murdered by thy stanzas lie.
Whoe'er he was that shewed to men
The use of paper and of pen,
Heaven grant, to expiate his crimes,
He may be doomed to hear thy rhymes.

G. S.

CCCCLXXXI.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Τὰν ὀλοὰν Μήδειαν ὅτ' ἔγραφε Τιμομάχου χείρ,
Ζάλῳ καὶ τέκνοις ἀντιμεθελκομέναν,
Μυρίον ἄρατο μόχθον, ἵν' ἤθεα δισσὰ χαράξῃ,
Ὧν τὸ μὲν εἰς ὀργὰν νεῦε, τὸ δ' εἰς ἔλεον.
Ἄμφω δ' ἐπλήρωσεν· ὅρα τύπον. ἐν γὰρ ἀπειλᾷ
Δάκρυον, ἐν δ' ἐλέῳ θυμὸς ἀναστρέφεται.
Ἀρκεῖ δ' ἁ μέλλησις, ἔφα σοφός· αἷμα δὲ τέκνων
Ἔπρεπε Μηδείᾳ, κοὐ χερὶ Τιμομάχου.

ANTIPHILI.

In Medeæ imaginem, nobile Timomachi opus.

Medeam vellet cum pingere Timomachi mens,
Volventem in natos crudum animo facinus;
Immanem exhausit rerum in diversa laborem,
Fingeret affectum matris ut ambiguum.
Ira subest lachrymis, miseratio non caret irâ.
Alterutrum videas, ut sit in alterutro.
Cunctantem satis est: nam digna est sanguine mater
Natorum; tua non dextera, Timomache.

Ausonius.

En ubi Medeæ varius dolor æstuat ore,
Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent!
Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris
Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

Th. Gray.

Als Timomachus dich, o grauße Medea, dem Bilde
Gab: wie kämpfte die Kunst deiner Empfindungen Kampf!
Den sie weiße vollendet! Im zornigen funkelnden Auge
Hängen Thränen; die Wuth schmilzt in der Mutter Gefühl—
Weiter mahlte sie nicht. "Der Kinder Blut zu vergiessen,
Sprach der Künstler, geziemt nur der Medea, nicht mir."

Herder.

The fell Medea's soul to trace,
Its conflict waging in her face,
To paint the wife's, the mother's mind,
At once to hate and love inclined,

Timomachus, might task thy skill;
Yet could thy hand its part fulfil;
Pity and rage are mingling here,
The menace struggling with the tear.
Painter, the murderous thought we see.
Enough! The deed beseems not thee.

G. S.

CCCCLXXXII.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ.

Ὀκτώ μευ πήχεις ἄπεχε, τρηχεῖα θάλασσα,
Καὶ κύμαινε βόα θ', ἡλίκα σοι δύναμις·
Ἢν δὲ τὸν Εὐμάρεω καθέλῃς τάφον, ἄλλο μὲν οὐδὲν
Κρήγυον, εὑρήσεις δ' ὀστέα καὶ σποδιήν.

ASCLEPIADIS.

Ut vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.
Si forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers,
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

Sam. Johnson.

Otto cubiti, o mar, ti scosta, e poi
Fremi e t' alza in furor quanto più puoi.
Chè se mia tomba a depredar verrai,
Null' altro che nud' ossa e polve avrai.

Pagnini.

Nur acht Ellen zurück entferne dich, feindliche Meerfluth;
Braus' und schaume dann auf, wie du nur immer vermagst.
Wenn du auch Eumares Hügel zerstörst, so entdeckest du doch nichts
Taugliches drinne verwahrt, sondern nur Staub und Gebein.

Jacobs.

Eight cubits from me keep, rough wave!
There, swell and roar with might and main.
E'en should'st thou whelm Eumáres' grave,
His bones and dust is all thou'lt gain.

J. W. B.

Keep off, rude sea! if but eight cubits' length,
And roar and rage and swell with all thy strength.
Whelm'st thou the grave of Eúmares? thou'st gained
Nought but the bones and ashes it contained.

W.

CCCCLXXXIII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εὔρου με τρηχεῖα καὶ αἰπήεσσα καταιγὶς,
Καὶ νύξ, καὶ δνοφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης
Ἔβλαψ᾽ Ὠρίωνος· ἀπώλισθον δὲ βίοιο
Κάλλαισχρος, Λιβυκοῦ μέσσα θέων πελάγευς.
Κἀγὼ μὲν πόντῳ δινεύμενος, ἰχθύσι κύρμα,
Οἴχευμαι· ψεύστης δ᾽ οὗτος ἔπεστι λίθος.

LEONIDÆ.

Euri me rabies hyemosa, et nox, et Orion
In caligantes præcipitatus aquas
Demisere neci. Sic luminis excidit oris
Callæschrus, Lybici dum secat alta maris.
Fluctibus ipse feror, pascoque cadavere pisces;
Mentita hæc cineres stant tibi busta meos.

G. S.

The rough and blustering East wind's sudden sway,
As set in storm and wrack Orion's ray,
And pitchy night fell on the Libyan wave,
Hurled down Callæschrus to a watery grave.
The billows bear my corse, to fish a prize,
And this my tomb its title but belies.

G. S.

CCCCLXXXIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἷς δύ᾽ ἀδελφειοὺς ἐπέχει τάφος· ἓν γὰρ ἐπέσχον
Ἦμαρ καὶ γενεῆς οἱ δύο καὶ θανάτου.

INCERTI.

Unus habet fratres tumulus duo, quippe gemellos
Protulit una dies, abstulit una dies.

Grotius.

Quest' urna ha duo german, cui diè la sorte
Nel giorno stesso e nascimento e morte.

Pagnini.

Hanno un solo sepolcro
Qui due fratelli, cui dal ciel concesso
Fu l' aver vita e morte il giorno istesso.

M.

One grave these twins entombs: one day their breath
They both received, and both one day their death.

W.

CCCCLXXXV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Οὐ σὸν μνῆμα τόδ' ἔστ', Εὐριπίδη, ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῦδε·
Τῇ σῇ γὰρ δόξῃ μνῆμα τόδ' ἀμπέχεται.

INCERTI.

Umbram non urna hæc Euripidis, ipsa sed urnam
Condecorat magni nominis umbra suam.

G. S.

Imitazione.

Questo marmo, Luisa alma e gradita,
Non memoria è di te, ma tu di lei,
Perchè solo il tuo nome il tiene in vita.

L. Alamanni.

Nicht dein Mal ist dieß, Euripides, sondern du seines;
Denn dein herrlicher Ruhm, Edler, umstrahlet das Mal.

Jacobs.

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy name and lasting praise adorns the stone.

Anon. Spectator.

This marble is no monument of thine,
Euripides; thou mak'st the stone a name.
What though the tomb thine ashes here enshrine?
That tomb itself is circled with thy fame.

G. F. D. T.

Imitation.

On Drayton's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

Doe pious marble, let thy readers knowe
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protecte his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;
And when thy ruines shall disclame
To be the treas'rer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

Ben. Jonson

CCCCLXXXVI.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Εἰς βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Ἔκφρονα τὴν βάκχην οὐχ ἡ φύσις, ἀλλ' ἡ τέχνη
Θήκατο, καὶ μανίην ἐγκατέμιξε λίθῳ.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Baccha quod insanit, non hoc natura, sed ars est,
Vivit enim lapidi mixtus ab arte furor.

Grotius.

Credite, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:
Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

Th. Gray.

'Twas Art, not Nature, made this Bacchant rave,
And inwrought phrensies to the marble gave.

W.

This Bacchant is no work of Nature, Art
Maddened the stone, it raves in every part.

W.

CCCCLXXXVII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

Δοῦλος ἐγὼ, ναὶ δοῦλος, ἐλευθερίῳ δέ με τύμβῳ,
Δέσποτα Τιμάνθη, τὸν σὸν ἔθεν τροφέα.
Εὐαίων ἀσινῆ τείνοις βίον· ἢν δ' ὑπὸ γήρως
Πρός με μόλῃς, σὸς ἐγώ, δέσποτα, κὴν Ἀΐδῃ.

DIOSCORIDIS.

Servus eram; tumulo sed me decoravit honesto
Timanthes: gremio luserat ille meo.
Longa, here, sit felixque ætas tibi: quin gravis annis
Ad me si venias, hic quoque crede tuum.

G. S.

Io servo fui. Tu, donna mia Timata,
A me tuo balio ergesti urna onorata.
Vivi felice, e quando al fin verrai
Quaggiù, me servo anchè tra l' ombre avrai.

Pagnini.

Lebend war ich ein Knecht; doch meine Gebieterin gönnet
Mir dieſſ beſſere Grab, weil ich ihr gerne gedient.
Lebe denn wohl, du edle Timanthe. Kommſt du im Alter
Einſt zu den Todten hinab, dien' ich auch unten dir gern.

Herder.

Timanthes, master dear! albeit a slave,
To me, thy nurse, thou gav'st a freeman's grave.
Heav'n spare thee long! and when thou com'st to me,
E'en *there* thou'lt find me faithful still to thee!

J. W. B.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Ἄστρα μὲν ἠμαύρωσε καὶ ἱερὰ κύκλα σελήνης
Ἄξονα δινήσας ἔμπυρος ἠέλιος·
Ὑμνοπόλους δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἀπημάλδυνεν Ὅμηρος,
Λαμπρότατον Μουσῶν φέγγος ἀνασχόμενος.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Ceu jubar astrorum, lunæ ceu deficit orbis,
Fertur ubi rapido flammeus axe dies;
Sæcla poetarum sic tota extinxit Homerus:
Pierii sol est unicus ille chori.

G. S.

Come spuntando il sol, con l' ignea forza
L' argentea luna e l' auree stelle ammorza;
Così, quando il cantor Meonio apparve,
Degli altri vati ogni chiaror disparve.

Pagnini.

Wenn auf feurigem Wagen die Sonn' an dem Himmel herauffährt,
Schwinden die Sterne dahin, und es erblaffet der Mond.
Also erloschen vor dir, Melesigenes, Schaaren der Sänger,
Als du das strahlende Licht himmlischer Musen erhobst.

Jacobs.

Nor stars, nor the moon's sacred orb gives light,
When from his fiery car the sun shines bright:
So fares each bard when Homer strikes the lyre,
Himself of song the brightness and the fire.

T. F.

Rolling his chariot round, the fiery sun
Blots out the stars and the moon's holy light.
The host of bards thus Homer has outdone,
Holding the Muses' torch so high and bright.

F. H.

CCCCLXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Διδοῦς.

Ἀρχέτυπον Διδοῦς ἐρικυδέος, ὦ ξένε, λεύσσεις,
Εἰκόνα θεσπεσίῳ κάλλεϊ λαμπομένην.
Τοίη καὶ γενόμην, ἀλλ' οὐ νόον οἷον ἀκούεις,
Αἰσχρὸν ἐπ' εὐφήμοις δόξαν ἐνεγκαμένη.
Οὐδὲ γὰρ Αἰνείαν ποτ' ἐσέδρακον, οὐδὲ χρόνοισι
Τροίης περθομένης ἤλυθον εἰς Λιβύην·
Ἀλλὰ βίας φεύγουσα Ἰαρβαίων ὑμεναίων
Πῆξα κατὰ κραδίης φάσγανον ἀμφίτομον.
Πιερίδες, τί μοι ἁγνὸν ἐφωπλίσσασθε Μάρωνα;
Τοῖα καθ' ἡμετέρης ψεύσατο σωφροσύνης.

INCERTI.

Illa ego sum Dido vultu, quem conspicis, hospes,
Assimilata modis pulchraque mirificis.
Talis eram: sed non, Maro quam mihi finxit, erat mens;
Vita nec incestis læta cupidinibus.
Namque nec Æneas vidit me Troius unquam,
Nec Libyam advenit classibus Iliacis.
Sed furias fugiens atque arma procacis Iarbæ,
Servavi, fateor, morte pudicitiam,
Pectore transfixo: castus quod perculit ensis,
Non furor, aut læso crudus amore dolor.
Sic cecidisse juvat: vixi sine vulnere famæ.
Ulta virum, positis mœnibus, oppetii.
Invida cur in me stimulasti Musa Maronem,
Fingeret ut nostræ damna pudicitiæ?
Vos magis historicis, lectores, credite de me,
Quam qui furta Deûm concubitusque canunt
Falsidici vates; temerant qui carmine verum,
Humanisque Deos assimilant vitiis.

Ausonius.

Quam cernis, vera est magnæ Didonis imago,
Hæc Paphiam formæ vincit honore Deam.
Talem me Tyrii quondam genuere parentes;
Nec mea, quem credis, corda perussit amor.

Nunquam etenim Æneam vidi, neque tempore eodem,
  Quo cecidit Priami regia, Byrsa fuit.
Ipsa mihi, ne me Libycus poteretur Hyarbas,
  Conscivi mortem fortiter ausa manu.
At vos impuro Musæ favisse Maroni
  Non pudet, et tantum sustinuisse nefas?

P. Angelius Bargæus.

Didone dipinta.

In questa viva immagine
  Vedi la Tiria Dido,
  Che di valor, di grazia
  Sparse già tanto grido.
L' arte trionfa ingenua
  Nella beltà del volto;
  Ma il bello più pregevole
  Fu dall' error sconvolto.
Del pio figliuol di Venere
  Dido non mai s' accese.
  Fu Troja eran già secoli,
  Allorchè in Libia scese.
Sol per fuggire il talamo
  Dell' amator Numida
  S' immerse in core intrepida
  La sua spada omicida.
Muse, e al cantor di Mantova
  Spiraste un sì bel foco
  Perchè la donna Punica
  Volgesse a turpe gioco?

Felici.

Yo soy la casta Dido celebrada,
  Y no que Virgilio infama en vano,
  Porque jamas me vio Eneas Troyano,
  Ni a Libia descendiò su Teucra armada.
No fue lascivo amor, fue casta espada
  La que me hiriò por Hiarbas el tyrano.
  Vivi, y mateme con mi propria mano,
  Mis muros levantados, y vengada.
Pues yo vivi sin ofender las glorias,
  De mi fama, y hazañas, porque infamas
  Mi castidad, Virgilio, en versos tales?
Pero creed los que leys historias
  Que no es mucho disfame humanas famas
  Quien se atreve a los Dioses celestiales.

Lope de Vega Carpio.

Diess ist, Wandrer, die wahre Gestalt der gefeyerten Dido;
  Schönheit göttlicher Art strahlt von dem holden Gebild.
Wie du mich siehst, so war ich vordem; was aber von meinem
  Sinne du hörtest, erfand mich zu verleumden der Neid.

Niemals sah' mein Aug' den Aeneas; auch zu der Zeit, wo
  Hellas Troja zerstört, kam ich nach Libyen nicht.
Aber Jarbas Hand zu entfliehn und des Hymen Gewaltthat,
  Stieff ich das schneidende Schwerd muthig mir selber in's Herz.
Musen, weshalb nur gabt ihr gegen mich Waffen dem Maro,
  Das er der Keuschheit Ruf so mir durch Lüge befleckt?

Jacobs.

Of Dido and the truth of hir death.

I Dido and the Quene of Carthage ground,
Whose limmes thou seest so lively set to sight:
Such one I was, but never to be found
So farre in love as Vergill seemes to wright,
I livde not so in lust and fowle delight.
  For neither he, that wandring Duke of Troie,
Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie land arivde:
But to escape Jarbos that did anoie
Mee sore, of lyfe my carcasse I deprivde,
To keep my hest that he would tho have rivde.
  No storme of love nor dolour made me die,
I slue myselfe to save my sheete of shame
Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie:
Then Vergill then the greater be thy blame,
That so by love doest breede my fowle defame.

Turbervile.

CCCCXC.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Οὕτως ἔστ' ἀργὸς Πανταίνετος, ὥστε πυρέξας
  Μηκέτ' ἀναστῆναι παντὸς ἐδεῖτο θεοῦ.
Καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἐθέλων μὲν ἐγείρεται, ἐν δέ οἱ αὐτῷ
  Κωφὰ θεῶν ἀδίκων οὔατα μεμφόμενος.

LUCILLII.

Tam piger est, ut febre calens Pantænetus omnes
  Orarit, nunquam surgere posse, Deos.
Nunc quoque quod surgit procul est ut gaudeat; ipsa
  Incusat precibus numina surda suis.

Grotius.

So lazy is Pantænetus, to all the gods he prayed,
  His fever they would never cure, nor set him on his legs.
And now perforce recover'd, he does nothing but upbraid
  The partial gods, whose cruel ears are deaf to all he begs.

W.

CCCCXCI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Οἱ τοῖχοι, Διόφαντε, τὰ κύματα πάντα δέχονται,
  Καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων Ὠκεανὸς φέρεται.
Δελφίνων δ' ἀγέλαι, καὶ Νηρέος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα
  Ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ σου νηχόμενα βλέπεται.
Ἂν δ' ἀναμείνωμεν, πλεύσει τάχα καί τις ἐν ἡμῖν·
  Οὐ γὰρ ἔνεστιν ὕδωρ οὐκέτι τῷ πελάγει.

LUCILLII.

En quassum, Diophante, omnes latus accipit undas,
  Perque foros laxos æquora tota ruunt.
Delphinumque greges, et Nerei lucida proles
  Nant per navigium luxuriantque tuum.
Utque expectemus, cito navita velificabit
  Per nostram, pelago deficiente, ratem.

G. S.

Ueber die Wände des Schiffs, Diophantos, stürzet der Meer schwall;
  Und der Okeanos bringt wild zu den Fenstern herein.
Nereus wimmelnde Brut und des Delphins glänzende Heerden,
  Schwimmen in deinem Gefäss munter hinauf und hinab.
Warten wir nur, so segelt auch wohl noch ein Schiff in dem unsern;
  Denn es beginnt schon, Freund, Wasser zu mangeln im Meer.

Jacobs.

Through your timbers, Diophantus, not a wave but freely goes,
In and out, and through your hatches Ocean pouring ebbs and flows,
While you see the shoals of Dolphins and the beauteous Nereid train
Swim about in all directions in your ship as in the main.
Wait a little, and some other ships will sail in us may-be,
For there *can* be no more water left to float them in the sea.

W.

CCCCXCII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Ποῦ τὸ περίβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε ;
Ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων ; ποῦ τὰ πάλαι κτέανα ;
Ποῦ νηοὶ μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα, ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες
Σισύφιαι, λαῶν θ' αἵ ποτε μυριάδες ;
Οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἴχνος, πολυκάμμορε, σεῖο λέλειπται,
Πάντα δὲ συμμάρψας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος.
Μοῦναι ἀπόρθητοι Νηρηΐδες, Ὠκεανοῖο
Κοῦραι, σῶν ἀχέων μίμνομεν ἀλκυόνες.

ANTIPATRI.

Heu! ubi conspicuæ, tua Dorica mœnia, turres?
Heu! veteres ubi opes, pulchra Corinthe, tuæ?
Fana Deûm, atque ædes, et Sisyphiæ Matronæ,
Et, quæ nunc nulla est, maxima turba fori?
Cuncta quidem, miseræ nec enim vestigia restant,
Absumpsit Mavors improbus ingluvie.
Nos solæ indomitæ Nereides Oceaninæ,
Tantâ strage tuâ, linquimur Halcyones.

G. F. D. T.

Das zerstörte Korinth.

Dorische Schöne, wo bist du hin, du hohe Korinthus?
Wo ist dein Thurmhaupt jetzt? deine so reiche Gestalt?
Wo die Tempel der Götter und deine stolzen Palläste?
Myriaden von Volk, Sisyphus altes Geschlect?
Keine Spuren, o Arme, sind von dir übergeblieben;
Alle vertilgete sie wüthend der grausame Krieg.
Uns nur schont' er, die Nereiden, Oceanus Tochter,
Und mit der Welle Geräusch klagen wir immer um dich.

Herder.

Where is thy grandeur, Corinth! shrunk from sight,
Thy ancient treasures, and thy ramparts' height;
Thy god-like fanes and palaces! Oh where
Thy mighty myriads, and majestic fair!
Relentless war has pour'd around thy wall,
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall!

Edward Dodwell.

Where are thy splendours, Dorian Corinth, where
  Thy crested turrets, thy ancestral goods,
The temples of the blest, the dwellings fair,
  The high-born dames, the myriad multitudes?
There's not a trace of thee, sad doom'd one, left,
By rav'ning war at once of all bereft.
We the sad Nereids, offspring of the surge,
Alone are spared, to chaunt thy halcyon dirge.

W.

Paraphrase.

Where, Corinth, are thy glories now,
Thy ancient wealth, thy castled brow,
Thy solemn fanes, thy halls of state,
Thy high-born dames, thy crowded gate?
There's not a ruin left to tell,
Where Corinth stood, how Corinth fell.
The Nereids of thy double sea
Alone remain to wail for thee.

G. S.

CCCCXCIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Ἦν βραδὺς Εὐτυχίδας σταδιοδρόμος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον
  Ἔτρεχεν, ὥστε λέγειν· Εὐτυχίδας πέταται.

LUCILLII.

Eutychides cursu tardus fuit; at celer idem
  Cænipeta, ut dicas: en volat Eutychides.

Grotius.

Eutychides tardus cursu: sed currere novit
  Ad mensam, ut dicas, jam volat Eutychides.

Obsopœus.

Pigro alla lizza è Coridon: se mai
  Lo inviti a cena, un volator vedrai.

Pagnini.

Langsam war als Läufer Eutychides; aber zur Mahlzeit
  Lief er, und wer ihn sah, sagte: Eutychides fliegt.

Jacobs.

Eutychides was no swift runner. True;
But as a diner-out you'd say he flew.

W.

CCCCXCIV.

ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἡρακλέους.

Ἡρακλες, ποῦ σοι πτόρθος μέγας, ἥ τε Νέμειος
Χλαῖνα, καὶ ἡ τόξων ἔμπλεος ἰοδόκη;
Ποῦ σοβαρὸν βρίμημα; τί σ' ἔπλασεν ὧδε κατηφῆ
Λύσιππος, χαλκῷ τ' ἐγκατέμιξ' ὀδύνην;
Ἄχθῃ γυμνωθεὶς ὅπλων σέο· τίς δέ σ' ἔπερσεν;
Ὁ πτερόεις, ὄντως εἷς βαρὺς ἆθλος, Ἔρως.

GEMINI.

De Herculis imagine.

Alcide, quo clava tibi, telisque pharetra
Dives, et e Nemea raptus amictus abit?
Fastus ubi? quis te tam tristi fronte figurat?
Lysippus. Paret multus in ære dolor.
Arma tibi mœres detracta. Quis abstulit illa?
Unum certamen, sed grave, præpes Amor.

Grotius.

Viandante ed Ercole.

V. Ercole ov' è la tua gran clava e il manto
Nemeo? ove di strali il pien turcasso?
Ov' è sparito ogni tuo fasto e vanto?
Chi ti foggiò sì gramo, afflitto e lasso?
E. Lisippo fu ch' espresse
Nel rame di mia sorte il rio tenore.
Tolse a me l' armi, e sì mi vinse e oppresse
Quel fero volatore,
Quel più penoso mio travaglio, Amore.

Pagnini.

Herakles, wo nur hast du die mächtige Keule gelassen;
Köcher und Bogen und Pfeil, und das Nemeïsche Fell?
Wo dein drohender Blick? Weshalb nur formte Lysippos
Dich so niedergedrückt, mischend die Schaam mit dem Erz?
Aber du trauerst der Waffen entblösst.—Wer hat dich geplündert?—
Eros, den du allein nicht zu besiegen vermocht.

Jacobs.

Dialogue between Hercules and a Traveller.

TRA. Where now the club by great Alcides borne?
The skin from the Nemean lion torn?
Where, the bent bow? The full-fraught quiver, where?
The walk majestic, and disdainful air?
Who dar'd the mighty Hercules debase,
With abject posture and dejected face?
HER. In molten brass Lysippus made me bow,
And cast this cloud of sorrow on my brow.
TRA. Spoil'd of your arms, you mourn the secret shame!
But who the mighty son of Jove could tame?
HER. Love of his arms the son of Jove despoils;
The only heavy toil of all my Toils.

Ogle

CCCCXCV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἡρακλέους.

Ἥρη τοῦτ' ἄρα λοιπὸν ἐβούλετο, πᾶσιν ἐπ' ἄθλοις
Ὅπλων γυμνὸν ἰδεῖν τὸν θρασὺν Ἡρακλέα.
Ποῦ χλαίνωμα λέοντος, ὅ τ' εὐροίζητος ἐπ' ὤμοις
Ἰὸς, καὶ βαρύπους ὄζος ὁ θηρολέτης;
Πάντα σ' Ἔρως ἀπέδυσε· καὶ οὐ ξένον, εἰ, Δία κύκνον
Ποιήσας, ὅπλων νοσφίσαθ' Ἡρακλέα.

PHILIPPI.

Cernere præ cunctis certamen maluit unum
Alciden armis Juno carere suis.
Illa sonans humeris pharetra, exuviæque leonis,
Clavaque monstrorum sanguine turpis, ubi?
Despoliavit Amor: qui de Jove fecit olorem,
Quid mirum nato si rapit arma Jovis.

Grotius.

Dieß nur wünschte die Gattin des Zeus, nach der Thaten Vollendung
Nackt und Waffenberaubt Herakles Schultern zu sehn.
Wo denn hast du die Hülle des Leun, und des klirrenden Köchers
Pfeil', und der Keule Gewicht, welche den Löwen erschlug?
Eros plünderte dich. Er, welcher zum Schwane den Zeus schuf,
Mochte die Waffen dir wohl, Sohn der Alkmene, entziehn.

Jacobs.

Each toil attempted, and each toil surpast,
Juno reserv'd this Labor for the last.
Spoil'd of his arms she wish'd him: and she view'd,
And smil'd to see, the son of Jove subdu'd.
No more Alcides formidably drest,
Arms with the lion's skin his milder breast.
His winged quiver seems an useless freight!
Nor feels he, of his club the force, but weight!
Depos'd by Love, apart each weapon lies.
Nor wonder thou, dread empress of the skies!
If Jove was humbled to a swan by Love;
Why may not Love disarm the *son* of Jove.

Ogle.

CCCCXCVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς αἶγα θηλάζουσαν λύκον.

Τὸν λύκον ἐξ ἰδίων μαζῶν τρέφω οὐκ ἐθέλουσα,
Ἀλλά μ' ἀναγκάζει ποιμένος ἀφροσύνη·
Αὐξηθεὶς δ' ὑπ' ἐμοῦ, κατ' ἐμοῦ πάλι θηρίον ἔσται.
Η ΧΑΡΙΣ ΑΛΛΑΞΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΟΥ ΔΥΝΑΤΑΙ.

INCERTI.

Fœtum invita lupæ sed jussu nutrit herili,
Et sua lacte suo pignora fraudat ovis:
Scilicet ut meritam bene de se perdat adultus;
Mutare ingenium gratia nulla potest.

Lud. Ariostus.

Ecce capella lupum non sponte hunc ubere pasco,
Mens pastoris heri sic malesana jubet:
Lacte meo nutritus ut in me sæviat olim.
Mutare ingenium gratia nulla potest.

G. S.

Da l' inuman desio
Del mio pastor forzata,
Lupa di fresco nata
Nudrii del latte mio.

Meco ella crebbe, e fiera
Visse così com' era;
Che un amorosa cura
Non fa cangiar natura.

Averardo de' Medici.

À un loup, malgré moi, je donne nourriture;
 À cela me contraint le vouloir d' un pasteur;
 Car l' ayant allaité, je lui serai pâture.
 Le bienfait ne peut pas changer un méchant cœur.

Tamisier.

I' allaite un louveteau. Berger, quelle folie!
Malgré moi tu le veux. Mon lait le fortifie.
Bientôt c' est tout mon sang qu'il boira, le cruel!
Les bienfaits peuvent-ils changer le naturel?

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Das Schaf, das einen Wolf nähret.

Wozu zwingest du mich? mit meinen friedlichen Brüsten,
 Soll ich mein Lamm nicht mehr, muss ich ernähren den Wolf.
Hirte, du wirst's erfahren, wenn Du, wenn ich erzogen:
 Keine Wohlthat und Gunst ändert des Bösen Natur.

Herder.

Ungern nähr' ich den Wolf an dem schwellenden Euter und säug' ihn;
 Aber mich zwinget des Herrn thörigter Wille dazu,
Jetso erwächst er durch mich; dann wird er sich gegen mich richten;
 Kein Wohlthun noch Gunst ändert die schlimme Natur.

Jacobs.

A wolf reluctant with my milk I feed,
 Obedient to a cruel master's will;
By him I nourish'd soon condemned to bleed,
 For stubborn nature will be nature still.

Bland.

CCCCXCVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΥ.

Εἴ τις γηράσας ζῆν εὔχεται, ἄξιός ἐστι
 Γηράσκειν πολλῶν εἰς ἐτέων δεκάδας.

LUCILLII, vel MENECRATIS SAMII.

Optârit quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,
 Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.

Sam. Johnson.

Le vieillard que cent ans n' ont pu rassasier,
Mérite de vieillir encore un siècle entier.

Poan-Saint-Simon

When dotards pray for further life, they should
Go through ten thousand years' decrepitude.

W.

CCCCXCVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Κάλλος ἔχεις Κύπριδος, Πειθοῦς στόμα, σῶμα καὶ ἀκμὴν
Εἰαρινῶν Ὡρῶν, φθέγμα δὲ Καλλιόπης,
Νοῦν καὶ σωφροσύνην Θέμιδος, καὶ χεῖρας Ἀθήνης·
Σὺν σοὶ δ' αἱ Χάριτες τέσσαρές εἰσι, Φίλη.

RUFINI.

Os Suadæ; Veneris species tibi; corpus in Horis
Quale viget vernis; vox tibi Calliopes:
Sancta, Phile, Themidis mens, et manus ipsa Minervæ,
Teque sibi quartam Gratia terna vocat.

Grotius.

La beltà della diva di Citera,
Della Suasïon la bocca, i membri
E il fior dell' Ore hai tu di primavera,
Il senno ed i pensier di Temi, il suono
Di Calliope, e le mani di Minerva:
Quattro, o cara, con te le Grazie sono.

Pompei.

Vous avez de Vénus la beauté ravissante;
La bouche que fait voir la Persuasion,
D' une Muse la voix touchante,
L' éclat de la Saison naissante,
De Thémis la prudence et la discretion.
Les mains de Minerve elle même;
Des Graces l' on vous voit enfin la quatriéme.

Longepierre.

Kypriens Schönheit hast du, der Peitho Lippen, der Horen
Frühlingsblüth' und Gestalt; auch der Kalliope Ton;
Themis Sinn und sittliches Maass, und die Hände der Pallas.
Jetzt sind also mit dir, Holde, der Chariten vier.

Jacobs.

Persuasion's lips, the bloom of beauty's queen;
Calliope's sweet voice; the spring's gay mien;
Minerva's hands are yours, and Themis' mind;
Four are the Graces to my charmer join'd.

John Addison.

Cypris in beauty, Persuasion in tone,
  Fresh as the Hours in exuberant May,
Endued with a voice like Calliope's own,
  Prudent as Themis thy counsel to weigh,
Nimble at work as Athene! 'tis clear
The Graces are four for the future, my dear.

G. C. S.

CCCCXCIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἂν περιλειφθῇ μικρὸν ἐν ἄγγεσιν ἡδέος οἴνου,
  Εἰς ὀξὺ τρέπεται τοῦτο τὸ λειπόμενον.
Οὕτω ἀπαντλήσας τὸν ὅλον βίον εἰς βαθὺ δ' ἐλθὼν
  Γῆρας ὁ πρεσβύτης, γίγνεται ὀξύχολος.

INCERTI.

Exiguum vini servat si testa relicti,
  Acre fit hoc, dulcis cui fuit ante sapor:
Sic, prius exhausta vitæ dulcedine, fæcem
  Qui tetigit, querulo fit jecur acre seni.

G. B.

Quando entro a' vasi il dolce vin finisce,
  Quel poco che rimanvi inacetisce.
  Così brusco diviene e pien d' asprezza
  Uom che al colmo arrivò della vecchiezza.

Pagnini.

Qu' on laisse dans un vase un reste de bon vin,
Il se change en vinaigre. Hélas! c' est notre image.
La vitale liqueur chez nous s' épuise enfin:
Le fond qui tourne à l' aigre, est le lot du vieil âge.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

In chalice left the sweetest wine
  To sourest vinegar will change.
So hearts of men when years decline
  From sweet to sour too surely range.

T. P. R.

If in the cask some generous drops remain;
  To vinegar 'twill turn from sweetest wine.
And thus, if to the dregs life's joy thou drain,
  The peevishness of sour old age is thine.

W.

D.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Ὀρφέα.

Οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας
Ἄξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέλας·
Οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμον, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν,
Οὐ νιφετῶν συρμούς, οὐ παταγεῦσαν ἅλα.
Ὤλεο γάρ· σὲ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο θύγατρες
Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.
Τί φθιμένοις στοναχεῦμεν ἐφ' υἱάσιν, ἁνίκ' ἀλαλκεῖν
Τῶν παίδων Ἀΐδην οὐδὲ θεοῖς δύναμις.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Non quercus posthac, Orpheu, non saxa movebis,
Non festinantes ad tua fila feras:
Non nivibus, non insanis cum grandine ventis,
Non somnum æquoreæ conciliabis aquæ!
Interiisti etenim. Leto gemuere Camœnæ,
Ante alias mater Calliopea, tuo.
Quid natos flemus nostros? avertere natis
Fatalem Superi non potuere diem.

Petrus Francius.

Non più selve e sassi e fere
Trarti appresso, Orfeo, ti lice
Con le note lusinghiere
Della Diva genitrice;
Nè arrestar del ciel cruccioso
Stretto nembo o rio vapore,
Nè dell' Euro procelloso,
O del mar l' insano orrore.

Tu se' morto. Di Parnaso
Versò lagrime ogni Dea,
E più ch' altra al duro caso
La tua madre Calliopea.
Ahi de' figli il tristo fato
Ahi che giova il pianger tanto,
Se a chi pur de' Numi è nato
Non giovò de' Numi il pianto!

Felici.

Nicht mehr wirst du die Eicher, nicht mehr die Felsen, o Orpheus
Nicht das horchende Wild lenken mit süssem Gesang;
Nicht besängstigen mehr der Winde Brausen, des Hagels
Schwarzen, woltigen Zug, an das erzurnete Meer.
Der du bist todt! Es weinen um dich des Gedächtnisses Töchter
Alle; doch bitterer weint um dich Kalliope jetzt
Deine Mutter. O wir, wir Sterbliche klagen der Unsern
Tod, der selber ja auch Söhne der Götter nicht schont.

Herder.

Ach, nun lockt nicht mehr dein Zauber die Eichen o Orpheus!
  Und den Fels und des Hains freie Bewohner um dich!
Ach, nun hemmst du den Hagel nicht mehr, und die Güsse der Wolken,
  Schweigest den brausenden Sturm, ach! und die Wogen nicht mehr!
Ach, du starbst, du göttlicher Seher! da flossen der Musen
  Thränen, und bittrer Gram füllte Kalliope's Herz!
Und wir murren bei'm Tode der Unsern, da selber der Götter
  Macht vor Schicksal und Tod ihre Söhne nicht schützt?

Christian von Stolberg.

Nicht mehr wirst du hinfort anflauschende Bäume, den Fels nicht,
  Orpheus, rufen, und nicht irrender Thiere Geschlecht.
Nicht mehr zähmst du des Sturms lauttosendes Rauschen, des Hagels
  Heftigen Sturz, und den Schnee, oder das hallende Meer;
Denn du erblichst. Laut weinten um dich der Mnemosyne Töchter;
  Aber Kalliope weint lauter als alle dem Sohn.
Sollen wir denn noch trauern um Sterbliche, während der Götter
  Allmacht selber den Tod nicht von den Söhnen entfernt?

Jacobs.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains;
No longer sooth the boist'rous winds to sleep,
Or still the billows of the raging deep:
For thou art gone: the Muses mourn'd thy fall
In solemn strains; thy mother most of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,
If thus a goddess could not save her own.

Anon. Spectator.

Orpheus, 'tis thine no more the charmed wood,
Nor rocks, nor herds of wild beasts unsubdued
  To lead with minstrelsy;
No more to lay in sleep the pelting hail,
Or howling winds, or snows that sweep the vale,
  Or lull the roaring sea.
For thou art gone; and o'er thee tears were shed:
For Memory's daughters wept the minstrel dead;
  Wept most Calliope,
Thy mother. Why then mourn our sons that die,
When not the children e'en of gods can fly
  From Pluto's destiny?

T. P. R.

DI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Διονύσου καὶ Ἡρακλέους.

Ἀμφότεροι Θήβηθε, καὶ ἀμφότεροι πολεμισταί,
Κὴκ Ζηνός· θύρσῳ δεινός, ὁ δὲ ῥοπάλῳ.
Ἀμφοῖν δὲ στῆλαι συντέρμονες. εἴκελα δ' ὅπλα,
Νεβρίς, λεοντῆ· κύμβαλα δέ, πλαταγή.
Ἥρη δ' ἀμφοτέροις χαλεπὴ θεός. οἱ δ' ἀπὸ γαίης
Ἦλθον ἐς ἀθανάτους, ἐκ πυρὸς ἀμφότεροι.

INCERTI.

De imagine Bacchi et Herculis.

Ambo belligeri, Thebarumque ambo propago,
Et Jovis: hic clavam, thyrson at ille gerit.
Vicini effigie, cultus paris: hunc leo vestit,
Hunc nebris: hic crotalo ludit, hic æra crepat.
Juno potens utrique gravis Dea: venit uterque
Ad superos: ignis fecit utrique viam.

Grotius.

Thebis orti ambo, clari armis, ex Jove nati
Ambo, thyrsiger hic, claviger ille Deus.
Stant pariter metæ amborum. Hic spolia hirta leonis;
Nebrida at hic gerit: hic cymbala; at hic crotala.
Junonem sunt passi ambo: venere beatas
Ambo deum ad sedes ignibus e mediis.

Cunichius.

Ercole e Bacco.

Ambo figli di Giove, ambo Tebani,
Un la clava, uno il tirso ha nelle mani:
Vïaggiatori illustri ambo e guerrieri
Pari han colonne agli ultimi emisferi:
Uno ha il cembalo, e veste da leone;
Un la nacchera, e veste da caprone:
Soffriron per Giunon ambi non poco:
Ambi saliro al cielo in mezzo al foco.

Roncalli.

On the image of Bacchus and Hercules.

Both sons of Jove; both Thebans; in the field
Mighty, the thyrsus or the club to wield;
Their pillars coupled; their accoutrements,
The fawn's or lion's hide; their instruments,
Cymbals and rattles; how their fates conspire!
From earth to heav'n, both, spite of Juno's ire,
Ascend immortal through the cleaving fire.

W.

DII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Ἐκλήθην ἐχθές, Δημήτριε· σήμερον ἦλθον
Δειπνεῖν. μὴ μεμψῃ, κλίμακ' ἔχεις μεγάλην.
Ἐν ταύτῃ πεποίηκα πολὺν χρόνον· οὐδ' ἂν ἐσώθην
Σήμερον, ἀλλ' ἀνέβην κέρκον ὄνου κατέχων.
Ἥψαι τῶν ἄστρων. Ζεὺς ἡνίκα τὸν Γανυμήδην
Ἥρπασε, τῇδ' αὐτόν, φαίνετ', ἔχων ἀνέβη.
Ἔνθεν δ' εἰς Ἀΐδην πότ' ἀφίξεαι; οὐκ ἀφυὴς εἶ·
Εὕρηκας τέχνην πῶς ἔσῃ ἀθάνατος.

NICARCHI.

Ad cœnam quod heri, Demetrie parce, vocatus
Nunc venio, in scalis est ea culpa tuis.
Longa via et durus labor est: asinique tenerem
Cum caudam, scandi sic quoque vix hodie.

Grotius.

'Twas yesterday, Demetrius, you bade me come and dine:
I'm come to-day, as you observe: the fault was none of mine.
'Twas that unending flight of stairs of yours that made me fail:
Nor had I reached the top to-day; but by an ass's tail
I held when all my breath was gone. Why, sir, you're in the sky:
This way, I think, the bird of Jove with Ganymede did fly.
So low as Hades from this height you'll never surely fall:
So you're immortal it would seem. Sharp fellow after all!

G. C. S.

DIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ.

Ἀμητὸς πολύς ἐστι τεὴν κατὰ δάσκιον ὄψιν·
Τῷ σε χρὴ δρεπάνοισι, καὶ οὐ ψαλίδεσσι καρῆναι.

JULIANI ANTECESSORIS.

Tam gravis hirsuto surgit tibi messis in ore,
Ut te non valeat tondere novacula, sed falx.

Grotius.

With such a crop your muzzle is o'ergrown,
You cannot shave yourself; you must be mown.

W.

DIV.

ΝΕΙΛΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Σατύρου ἀπὸ ψηφῖδος ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ.

A. Πάντες μὲν Σάτυροι φιλοκέρτομοι· εἰπὲ δὲ καὶ σύ,
Τί πρὸς ἕκαστον ὁρῶν τόνδε γέλωτα χέεις;
B. Θάμβος ἔχων γελόω, πῶς ἐκ λίθου ἄλλοθεν ἄλλης
Συμφερτός, γενόμην ἐξαπίνης Σάτυρος.

NILI.

Semper amat risum Satyrorum turba: sed ejus
Materia est ut quem conspicis ecqua tibi?
Miror tesserulis quî de tot et undique lectis
Compositus, factus tam cito sim Satyrus.

Grotius.

A. Tutti i Satiri son burlieri assai;
Ma tu di che ad ognun ridendo vai?
B. Rido di maraviglia, come a un tratto
Di piu ciottoli un Satiro son fatto.

M.

Auf das Bild eines lachenden Satyrs,
das aus vielen Steinen zusammen gesetzt war.

Alles, was Satyr heißt, ist Spötter; aber warum doch
Sage mir, Satyr, warum lachst du auch immer für dich?
"Wandrer, ich staune mich an, wie aus der Menge von Steinen
Ich zum Bilde gedieh und nun ein Satyr bin."

Herder.

Der lachende Satyr.

Alle Satyre zwar sind Schäkerer; sage mir dennoch,
Warum blickst du auf uns so mit Gelächter umher?
"Vor Verwunderung lacht' ich, wie schön aus mancherlei Steinen
Ich zusammengefügt plötzlich zum Satyre ward."

Voss.

A. Zwar Spottlust hegt jeder von euch; doch sage mir, Satyr,
Was dich zum Lachen bewegt, wen du auch immer erblickst?
B. Muss ich nicht staunen und lachen zugleich, dass aus Steinen und wieder
Steinen zusammengefügt, plötzlich zum Satyr ich ward?

Jacobs.

A. Satyrs deal in pert grimaces;
Saucy Satyr, prithee say,
Why you look in all our faces,
Thus to laughter giving way?
B. When was such a laughing-matter,
When was such a wonder known?
All at once I'm grown a Satyr,
Out of these odd bits of stone.

W.

DV.

ΦΩΚΥΛΙΔΟΥ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΥ.

*Καὶ τόδε Φωκυλίδεω· Λέριοι κακοί· οὐχ ὁ μέν, ὃς δ' οὔ·
Πάντες, πλὴν Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλέης Λέριος.*

PHOCYLIDIS.

Pessima gens Leria est: non partim; pessima tota.
Excipio Procleem: sed Proclees Lerius.

G. S.

Παρῳδία.

*Νήϊδές εἰσι μέτρων οἱ Τεύτονες· οὐχ ὁ μέν, ὃς δ' οὔ·
Πάντες· πλὴν Ἕρμαννος· ὁ δ' Ἕρμαννος μάλα Τεύτων.*

R. Porson.

The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek:
Not five in five score
But ninety-five more;
All but friend Hermann,
And Hermann's a German.

R. Porson.

DVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἅδε τοι, Ἀρχίου υἱέ, Περίκλεες, ἁ λιθίνα 'γὼ
Ἕστακα στάλα, μνᾶμα κυναγεσίας·
Πάντα δέ τοι περὶ σᾶμα τετεύχαται, ἵπποι, ἄκοντες,
Αἱ κύνες, αἱ στάλικες, δίκτυ' ὑπὲρ σταλίκων,
Αἴ, αἴ, λάϊνα πάντα· περιτροχάουσι δὲ θῆρες·
Αὐτὸς δ' εἰκοσέτας νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχεις.

INCERTI.

Hic lapis, Archiada, Pericles, tibi ponitur, artem
Venandi referens militiamque tuam.
Omnia, quicquid erat, circa stant, spicula, equique,
Amite cum levi retia juncta, canes.
Ast heu! saxea cuncta; feræ circum undique cursant;
Te viginti annos natum habet alta quies.

G. S.

Des Jägers Grab.

Dir, o Archias Sohn Perikleeß, ward ich errichtet,
Eine Seule von Stein, als ein Gedächtniß der Jagd.
Alles bereitete man um das Denkmal: Pferd' und Geschosse,
Hund' und Gaffeln und Netz', über die Gaffeln gespannt.
Aber von Stein ist alles! Wie viel des Gewildes umherlauft;
Du, ein Zwanziger, schläfst ach! unerweckliчhen Schlaf!

Voss.

Dir, o Perikles, Archias Sohn, ragt hier mit des Waidmanns
Zeichen geschmückt, dieß Mal, deinem Gedachtniß geweiht.
Alle Geräthe der Jagd umringen es, flüchtige Rosse,
Lanzen und Hund' und Gestäng; neben den Stangen das Netz;
Aber ach! Alles von Stein. Dreist irrt das Gewild um das Grabmal,
Und du, Jüngling, schläfst nimmer erwecklichen Schlaf.

Jacobs.

To thee, O son of Archias,
In token that the chace,
Periclees, thy pastime was,
This tomb of stone we place.

And all around thy monument
We've carved thy hunting-gear,
The dogs, the steeds, each implement,
The pole, the net, the spear;

All, all, of stone, alas! un-scared
  The deer run tripping by;
Whilst thou, for twenty brief years spared,
  Sleep'st here eternally!

W.

DVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Ἠχήεσσα θάλασσα, τί τὸν Τιμάρεος οὕτως
  Πλώοντ' οὐ πολλῇ νηῒ Τελευταγόρην,
Ἄγρια χειμήνασα, κατεπρηνώσαο πόντῳ
  Σὺν φόρτῳ, λάβρον κῦμ' ἐπιχευαμένη;
Χὼ μέν που καύηξι καὶ ἰχθυβόροις λαρίδεσσιν
  Τεθρήνητ' ἄπνους εὑρεῖ ἐν αἰγιαλῷ·
Τιμάρης δὲ κενὸν τέκνου κεκλαυμένου ἀθρῶν
  Τύμβον, δακρύει παῖδα Τελευταγόρην.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Cur ita Timaris, resonum mare, per freta prolem
  Tam modica vectum nave Teleutagoram
Præcipitem egisti violenta desuper unda,
  Sæva furens, tenues et leve pondus opes?
Littore quem vasto, mergi fulicæve, marinæ
  Exanimem luxit nil nisi clangor avis.
Sed, vacuum nati spectans lacrymabile bustum,
  Flet pater erepti fata Teleutagoræ.

G.B.

Wherefore, ye sounding seas, in tempest wild,
On that small bark that bore Timares' child,
With all its freight, hurl down th' impetuous surge?
Breathless he lies on some lone beach, his dirge
  The cormorant and rav'ning sea-mew's cry;
Whilst poor Timares gazing on the bier,
  Where Teleutagoras, his child, should lie,
Pours on his empty tomb full many a tear.

W.

DVIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τῆδε Σάων, ὁ Δίκωνος, Ἀκάνθιος ἱερὸν ὕπνον
Κοιμᾶται. θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς.

CALLIMACHI.

Hac tellure Saon requiescit Acanthius, ortus
Patre Dicone: mori dicere turpe bonos.

N. Frischlinus.

Hic sacro fruitur somno Sao, civis Acanthi,
Patre Dicone; bonos parce putare mori.

Grotius.

Patre Dicone Saon prognatus; civis Acanthi,
Hic placide dormit. Vir bonus haud moritur.

G. S.

Compiuto alfine il suo mortal viaggio,
D'anni e di merti carco
Qui riposa Clearco:
Io morto nol dirò: non muore il saggio.

Cesare Montalti.

Saon Acanzio, di Dione il figlio,
Chiuso in pio sonno il ciglio,
Qui dorme: indegno fora
Il dir che un buono mora.

M.

Cy gît Saon. Tranquillement il dort.
Il fut homme de bien. Ne dis pas qu' il est mort.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Saon, Dikons Sohn, der Akanthier, schlummert den heil'gen
Schlaf hier; nenne ja nie Tod des Redlichen Schlaf.

Herder.

Hier schläft Saon heiligen Schlaf! Dass der Redliche sterbe
Sage nicht! denn der Tod eines Gerechten ist Schlaf!

Christian von Stolberg.

Saon, Dikons Sohn, der Akanthier, schlummert im Grab hier
Heiligen Schlaf; nicht Tod nenne der Seligen Ruh.

Jacobs.

With sacred slumbers bless'd, here Saon lies;
For think not, reader, that the good man dies.

Graves.

Here Saon, wrapp'd in holy slumber, lies:
Thou canst not say, the just and virtuous dies.

Merivale.

Beneath this tomb Acanthian Saon lies
In holy sleep: the good man never dies.

F. H.

Here Dicon's son Acanthian Saon lies
In blessed sleep: say not, the good man dies.

W.

Parody.

Here sleeps Sam Dickonson, of Thorney.
You must not say he's dead, I warn ye;
Its actionable, and he's an attorney.

DIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Κλυταιμνήστρα Ὀρέστου μέλλοντος αὐτὴν σφάξαι.

Πῆ ξίφος ἰθύνεις; κατὰ γαστέρος, ἢ κατὰ μαζῶν;
Γαστὴρ ἥ σ' ἐλόχευσεν, ἀνεθρέψαντο δὲ μαζοί.

INCERTI.

In ventremne tuum vel mammas dirigis ensem?
Hæc te mamma aluit, venter at iste tulit.

Janus Pannonius.

En mammam! En ventrem! Sævum quo verteris ensem?
Hæc te mamma aluit, tulit hic te venter, Orestes.

G. S.

Dove portar t' appresti
Quel ferro? Al ventre, o al sen? Dal ventre l'essere,
Dal seno il latte avesti.

M.

Ou frapperont tes mains cruelles,
Par le ventre ou par les mammelles?
Le ventre, Oreste, t' a porté,
Les mammelles t' ont alaité.

La Fresnaye.

Klytamnestra zu Orestes.

Wohin kehrst du das Schwert? Zum Leib? Er hat dich geboren.
Oder zur Brust? Es hat, Mörder, die Brust dich genährt.

Herder.

Where wilt thou point the deadly steel?
Shall breast or womb thy vengeance feel?
The womb that bare thee, or the breast
To which thy infant lips were prest?

E. S.

DX.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Μουσῶν.

Ὑμῖν τοῦτο, Θεαὶ, κεχαρισμένον ἄνθετο πάσαις
Τὤγαλμα Ξενοκλῆς, τοῦτο τὸ μαρμάρινον,
Μουσικός· οὐχ ἑτέρως τις ἐρεῖ. σοφίᾳ δ' ἐπὶ τᾷδε
Αἶνον ἔχων, Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιλανθάνεται.

THEOCRITI.

Hanc vobis Xenocles statuam de marmore puro
Dedicat, Aonides, turba novena, Deæ,
Musicus. Haud quisquam negat hoc, cui parta canendo
Fama, Camœnarum par meminisse fuit.

Grotius.

A tutte voi questo di marmo eletto
Simulacro ha Senocle, o Muse, eretto.
Ei Musico, e per tale arte in onore
Venuto, non oblia l' Aonie Suore.

M.

On a monument erected to the Muses.

Here Xenocles hath rais'd this marble shrine,
Skill'd in sweet music, to the tuneful Nine:
He from his art acquires immortal fame,
And grateful owns the fountain whence it came.

Fawkes.

DXI.

ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ.

Ἀντίον ἠελίου στήσας ῥίνα καὶ στόμα χάσκον,
Δείξεις τὰς ὥρας πᾶσι παρερχομένοις.

TRAJANI IMPERATORIS.

Si tuus ad solem statuatur nasus, hiante
Ore, bene ostendas dentibus, hora quota est.

Th. Morus.

Si nasum radiis obvertas solis, et hiscas
Ore, videbit ibi, qui volet, hora quota est.

Grotius.

Stande with thy nose against the sunne with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we shall discerne what 'tis o'clock perhaps.

Turbervile.

To a Nose and Teeth very long.

Gape 'gainst the sun, and by thy teeth and nose
'Tis easie to perceive how the day goes.

Anon. Mus. Del.

If open-mouth'd, thy Nose to the sun did stand,
Wee by thy teeth the houres might understand.

Leximos Uthalmus.

An Epigram in praise of John Pig's diminutive Nose, in imitation of the Emperour Trajan's.

Well, all the Dyal-makers are undone!
Let Pig but turn his Nosle to the Sun,
'Twill serve for both steeple and Weather-cock,
And on his teeth tell travellers what's a clock.

Charles Goodall.

Let Dick some summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws:
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

Merivale.

DXII.

ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΥ.

Ἑρμοκράτης τᾶς ῥινός· ἐπεὶ τὰν ῥῖνα λέγοντες
  Ἑρμοκράτους, μικροῖς μακρὰ χαριζόμεθα.

THEODORI.

Hermocrates nasi. Parvis aptamus iniqui
  Grandia, si nasum dicimus Hermocratis.

U. Velius.

On John Pig, who was very famous for his great Nose.

To say the nose of Pig! that cannot be;
There's no comparison, 'tis all Hyperbole!
But he that would the naked truth expose,
Must for distinction say, Pig of the Nose!

Charles Goodall.

DXIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν ἔλιπεν βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν
Ὃν λίπεν οὐχ εὑρὼν, ἧψεν ὃν εὗρε βρόχον.

PLATONIS.

Thesauro invento qui limina mortis inibat
Liquit ovans laqueum quo periturus erat.
At qui, quod terra abdiderat, non repperit aurum,
Quem laqueum invenit, nexuit: et periit.

Ausonius.

Qui laqueum collo nectebat, repperit aurum:
Thesaurique loco deposuit laqueum.
At qui condiderat, postquam non repperit aurum:
Aptavit collo, quem reperit laqueum.

Ausonius.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit laqueum.

Sam. Johnson.

Un che impiccarsi per povertà intende,
Trova un tesor: lascia il laccio, e quel prende.
L' altro che 'l suo tesor trova furato,
Impicca sè col laccio ivi trovato.

L. Alamanni.

Chi strozzar si volea, trovò un tesoro:
Se 'l prese, e lasciò il laccio ov' era l' oro.
Chi l' oro non trovò quivi lasciato,
Col laccio si strozzò da lui trovato.

Pagnini.

Un pobre, de miseria ya aburrido,
Se iba á ahorcar; mas encontró un tesoro;
Y sacándole alegre, en vez del oro
El lazo del cordel dexó escondido.
Vino el rico, que oculto le tenia,
Gozoso; pero al verse sin dinero,
Tomó el cordel, y se ahorcó severo.
He aquí como la suerte se varía.

Arroyal.

Un fol attachant à son col
Pour s' éstrangler, un fier licol,
Trouva sous l' arbre, d' avanture,
Un beau thrésor, en lieu duquel
Il jetta le cordeau mortel,
Ou jà branloit sa mort future.
L' autre venant chercher son or,
Trouvant en lieu de son thrésor
Le licol, le prend et le noue
De rage à son col, et soudain
S' en pendit de sa propre main.
Ainsi de nous le sort se joue.

Maclou de la Haye.

Un qui la corde en main s' en alloit pour se pendre
Trouve un riche trésor; laisse la corde la.
Le maître du trésor allant pour le reprendre,
Et ne le trouvant plus, du licol s' étrangla.

Tamisier.

Celui qui pauvre s' alloit pendre,
Trouve un trésor dans un poteau;
Pour le trésor qu' il alla prendre,
Il laissa là son vil cordeau.
Mais celui, qui riche avoit mise
Sa pécune au poteau fendu,
A du pauvre la corde prise,
Et, misérable, s' est pendu.

La Fresnaye.

Un jour le malheureux Lindor,
Etant sur le point de se pendre,
Vint à découvrir un trésor,
Qui du coup avec joie eut l' heur de le défendre;
Mais Chrisophon triste et touché
De ne plus retrouver l' or qu' il avoit caché
Eut bien une autre destinée;
Car ce désespéré, que la fureur surprit,
En se mettant au col la corde abandonnée,
Serra le nœud dont il périt.

Maultrot.

Un homme allait se pendre. Il découvre un trésor,
Jette sa corde, et prend la somme.
Le maître vient, ne trouve plus son or,
Mais bien la corde. Elle pendit mon homme.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Das Gold und der Strick.

Gold lag hier begraven; ein Dürftiger, der in Verzweiflung
Sich schon knüpfte den Tod, fand das begrabene Gold,
Nahm's und vergaß den Strick, den er zum Tode sich knüpfte.
Du, der das Gold begrub, such' es und finde den Strick.

Herder.

For shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,
In depe dispaire as did a wretch go,
With ready corde out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foote did finde an horde, lo,
Of gold, I say, where he preparde this dede,
And in exchange he left the corde tho.
He that had hid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.

Sir Thomas Wyat.

Of two desperate men.

A man in deepe despaire with hempe in hand
Went out in haste to end his wretched dayes:
And where he thought the Gallotree should stand
He found a pot of gold: he goes his wayes
Therewith eftsoone, and in exchaunge he left
The rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie carle came within a space
That ownde the gold and saw the pot behinde
Where ruddocks lay, and in the ruddocks place
A knottie corde, but ruddocks could not finde.
He caught the hemp and hoong himselfe on tree,
For griefe that he his treasure coulde not see.

Turbervile.

A man found a treasure, and what's very strange,
Running off with the cash left a rope in exchange:
The poor owner at missing his gold, full of grief,
Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.

Sir Alexander Croke.

DXIV.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς λουτρὸν ὀνομαζόμενον Ἔρωτα.

Μητέρα Κύπριν ἔλουσεν Ἔρως ποτὲ τῷδε λοετρῷ,
Αὐτὸς ὑποφλέξας λαμπάδι καλὸν ὕδωρ.
Ἱδρὼς δ' ἀμβροσίοιο χυθεὶς χροὸς ἄμμιγα λευκοῖς
Ὕδασι, φεῦ, πνοιῆς ὅσσον ἀνῆψεν ἔαρ·
Ἔνθεν ἀεὶ ῥοδόεσσαν ἀναζείουσιν ἀϋτμήν,
Ὡς ἔτι τῆς χρυσῆς λουομένης Παφίης.

MARIANI SCHOLASTICI.

Laverat hoc quondam genitricem fonte Cupido,
Subjiciens undis mollibus ipse facem.
Ambrosius nitido manans e corpore sudor
Quam plenas rosei fecit odoris aquas?
Ex illo sic semper aquis ver spirat in illis,
Ceu se prolueret nunc quoque pulchra Venus.

Grotius.

Amor und Cypris badeten hier in der lieblichen Quelle;
Amor scherzte darin, tauchte die Fackel hinein,
Siehe, da mischten sich Funken der Liebe zur glanzende Welle,
Und von der Göttinn floss süsser ambrosischer Duft
Immer noch blinkt und duftet die Quelle von rosiger Liebe:
Amor und Paphia, sie baden noch immer in ihr.

Herder.

As in this fount Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,
His touch the water tinged with subtle flame;
And, while his busy hands his mother lave,
Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave,
And all the undulating bason fill;
Such dews as her celestial limbs distil.
Hence how delicious float these tepid streams!
What rosy odours! what nectareous steams!
So pure the water, and so soft the air,
It seems as if the goddess still were there.

Ogle.

Once on a time Love bathed his mother here,
First heating with his torch the waters clear.
Lo from her goddess form what dews distil!
And wake fresh odours in the mingling rill!
E'en now, such roseate fumes ascend, you'd swear
That golden Venus still was bathing there.

W.

DXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

Φίλταθ' Ἁρμόδι', οὔ τί που τέθνηκας·
Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σέ φασιν εἶναι,
Ἵνα περ ποδώκης Ἀχιλεύς,
Τυδεΐδην τέ φασιν Διομήδεα.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις
Ἄνδρα τύραννον Ἵππαρχον ἐκαινέτην.

Ἀεὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν,
Φίλταθ' Ἁρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτι τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην,
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

CALLISTRATI.

Scolium.

Harmodii ritu myrto cingam ilicet ensem,
  Rituque Aristogeitonis,
Libera quùm justâ ferrent nece jura tyranni
  Legesque Athenis liberas.

Harmodii pietas, non te mors occupat atra:
  Jam per beatorum insulas
Crederis ire comes felix velocis Achillei,
  Tydidis et felix comes.

Harmodii ritu myrto cingam ilicet ensem,
  Rituque Aristogeitonis,
Pallados Hipparchum quando inter sacra tyrannum
  Demitterent ferro neci.

Virtus Harmodii, vivet per secula: vivet,
  Aristogeiton, et tua;
Libera qui justâ tuleris nece jura tyranni,
  Legesque Athenis liberas.

G. F. D. T.

Ich bekränze mein Schwert mit Myrtenzweigen,
Wie Harmodios that, und Aristogiton,
  Da sie tödteten den Tyrannen, da sie
  Schenkten Athen Gerechtigkeit, und Freiheit!

O, ihr Freiheitgeber, euch hohen Helden
War der Tod nicht Tod! in der Seligen Inseln
  Lebt ihr! dort wo der Göttinn Sohn Achilleus
  Lebt, und der tapfere Tydides Diomedes!

Ich bekränze mein Schwert mit Myrtenzweigen,
Wie Harmodias that, und Aristogiton,
  Da den Tyrannen sie, den Mann Hipparchos
  Tödteten bei Athene's Opferfeste!

Ewig wird auf Erden tönen euer
Ruhm, Harmodios und Aristogiton,
  Die ihr tödtetet den Tyrannen, die ihr
  Schenktet Athen Gerechtigkeit und Freiheit!

Christian von Stolberg.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Minerva's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good;
You dar'd to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

D.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
  Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
  And to Athens equality gave.

Lov'd Harmodius, thou never shalt die!
  The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy,
  Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
  Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
  And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seiz'd
  While Minerva he vainly implor'd,
And the goddess of wisdom was pleas'd
  With the victim of liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
  Among men as your glory shall be!
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,
  And bade our dear country be free.

D.

Paraphrase.

Wreath'd with myrtles be my glave,
Like the falchion of the brave,
Death to Athens' lord that gave,
  Death to tyranny!

Yes! let myrtle-wreaths be round
Such as then the falchion bound,
When with deeds the feast was crown'd,
  Done for liberty!

Voiced by Fame eternally,
Noble pair! your names shall be,
For the stroke that made us free,
  When the tyrant fell.

Death, Harmodius! came not near thee,
Isles of bliss and brightness cheer thee,
There heroic breasts revere thee,
  There the mighty dwell!

D. K. Sandford.

DXVI.

ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ.

Λοκρίδος ἐν νέμεϊ σκιερῷ νέκυν Ἡσιόδοιο
Νύμφαι κρηνίδων λοῦσαν ἀπὸ σφετέρων,
Καὶ τάφον ὑψώσαντο· γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν
Ἔῤῥαναν, ξανθῷ μιξάμενοι μέλιτι·
Τοίην γὰρ καὶ γῆρυν ἀπέπνεεν, ἐννέα Μουσέων
Ὁ πρέσβυς καθαρῶν γευσάμενος λιβάδων.

ALCÆI.

Hesiodi corpus silvæ sub Locridos umbra
Laverunt Nymphæ fonte nitente suo,
Et tumulum fecere super, quem lacte rigarunt
Pastores, memores addere nectar apis.
Fuderat his rebus similes quia pectore voces,
Aonidum puro potus ab amne senex.

Grotius.

Als im Lokrischen Hain der Hirt Hesiodus abschied,
Wuschen im klaren Quell Nymphen den heiligen Leib
Und errichteten ihm sein Grabmal. Schäfer und Hirten
Gossen zum Opfer ihm Milch und Honig hinan:
Denn das athmeten einst des Lebenden süsse Gesänge;
Musen, es trank der Greis euren reinsten Quell.

Herder.

Deep in a shady Locrian glade
The wood-nymphs Hesiod's funeral made:
They washed his corse, they raised a mound;
While shepherds on that hallowed ground
The tide of milk and honey poured
To him whom all their hearts adored.
For why? Because the Muses nine
Once fed him from their fount divine;
And from that hour the poet's song
Like milk and honey flowed along.

J. W. B.

DXVII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Οἷος ἔης φεύγων τὸν ὑπήνεμον, ἔμπνοε Λάδα,
  Θῦμον, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ πνεύματι θεὶς ὄνυχα,
Τοῖον ἐχάλκευσέν σε Μύρων, ἐπὶ παντὶ χαράξας
  Σώματι Πισαίου προςδοκίην στεφάνου.
Πλήρης ἐλπίδος ἐστίν, ἄκροις δ' ἐπὶ χείλεσιν ἆσθμα
  'Εμφαίνει κοίλων ἔνδοθεν ἐκ λαγόνων.
Πηδήσει τάχα χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στέφος, οὐδὲ καθέξει
  'Α βάσις· ὦ τέχνη πνεύματος ὠκυτέρα.

INCERTI.

Qualis eras, celerem certans ubi vincere Thymum
  Verrebas rapido flamina summa pede,
Talem, et sic toto expectantem præmia palmæ
  Corpore te, Ladas, finxit in ære Myron.
Spe tumet instinctum pectus; singultibus ora
  Summa simul crebris et latera ima tremunt.
Prosilit æs vivum, spretaque crepidine palmam
  Præripit: O ventos vincere docta manus!

G. S.

Wie du zum Ziel' hinflogst mit schwebendem Fuss in der Lüften,
  Wie mit athmender Brust auf zum Pisäischen Kranz
Du dich habest: so hat dich, Ladas, Myron gebildet:
  So schwingt, leicht wie die Luft, deine Gestalt sich empor
Voll von Hoffnung.—Es schwebt auf äusserster Lippe der Hauch ihm:
  Seine gehöhlte Brust wölbet Verlangen hinauf.
Fast schon hüpfet das Bild von dem Fussgestelle zum Kranz auf:
  O der lebenden Kunst, leicht wie der athmende Geist.

Herder.

'Tis Lades, as with foot of wind
  When o'er the course he flew,
And e'en swift Thymus left behind,
  Each part to nature true.

In Myron's bronze again he lives,
  Again the eager soul
For Pisa's chaplet pants and strives,
  And fires the glorious whole.

Of hope each quivering muscle tells:
Mark but the straining hip,
The bosom that with ardour swells,
The hot breath on the lip!

Its stand no more the metal keeps,
But bounding from its base,
Forward to grasp the crown it leaps.
Art, thou hast won the race!

G. S.

DXVIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Λάδας τὸ στάδιον εἴθ' ἥλατο, εἴτε διέπτη,
Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος, οὐδὲ φράσαι δυνατόν.

INCERTI.

Ladas per stadium saltaverit, an volitarit,
(Tam cito confecit) dicere nemo potest.

Grotius.

Such was the speed of Ladas, no one knew
Whether he leapt across the course or flew.

W.

DXIX.

ΣΠΕΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς Πλάτωνα.

Σῶμα μὲν ἐν κόλποις κατέχει τόδε γαῖα Πλάτωνος·
Ψυχὴ δ' ἰσοθέων τάξιν ἔχει μακάρων.

SPEUSIPPI.

De Platone.

Terra sinu magni complectitur ossa Platonis,
Par superis animus regna beata tenet.

Grotius.

Ha in sen la terra di Platon la salma,
Ma immortal fra' beati alberga l' alma.

M.

Platons Hülle verbirgt in dem heiligen Schooſſe die Erde;
Aber der Seligen Chor hat ſich die Seele vereint.

Jacobs.

Plato's dead form this earthy shroud invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.

Merivale

DXX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Αἰσώπου.

Εὖγε ποιῶν, Λύσιππε γέρων, Σικυώνιε πλάστα,
Δείκελον Αἰσώπου στήσαο τοῦ Σαμίου
Ἑπτὰ σοφῶν ἔμπροσθεν, ἐπεὶ κεῖνοι μὲν ἀνάγκην
Ἔμβαλον, οὐ πειθώ, φθέγμασι τοῖς σφετέροις·
Ὃς δὲ σοφοῖς μύθοις καὶ πλάσμασι καίρια λέξας,
Παίζων ἐν σπουδῇ, πείθει ἐχεφρονέειν.
Φευκτὸν δ᾽ ἡ τρηχεῖα παραίνεσις· ἡ Σαμίου δὲ
Τὸ γλυκὺ τοῦ μύθου καλὸν ἔχει δέλεαρ.

AGATHIÆ.

Ære tuo Septem Sapientes ponere jussus
Æsopi effigiem sede priore locas,
Et dignè, Lysippe, facis, Sicyonie; ab illis
Scilicet invito cogimur esse boni;
Ast hic vera joco dicens apteque repertis
Fabellis recti suadet inire viam.
Admonitus duros fugiendum est: allicit ultro
Captum animum Samii fabula blanda senis.

G. S.

Äsopus im Bilde.

Löblich hast du gethan, o Lysippus, dass du vor alle
Sieben Weisen das Bild unsers Aesopus gesetzt.
Jene lehren die Pflicht in schwer aufzwingenden Sprüchen;
Dieser, fabelnd mit uns, spielet uns Weisheit in's Herz.

Herder.

On Æsop's statue placed at the head of those of the seven sages of Greece.

Lysippus, well has your discerning taste,
Before yon sages, Æsop's statue plac'd:
Our reason they with logic's power assail,
And scorn by gentler methods to prevail;
Whilst Æsop, with acuteness more refin'd,
At once instructs and entertains the mind:
Each hearer's pride and fancy he beguiles;
Whilst wisdom borrows fiction's airy smiles.

Ph Smyth.

Well done! old Sicyonian sculptor famous!
Well hath Lysippus grouped Æsop of Samus
Before the Sages seven, whose sayings stern
Oblige, while his persuade, wisdom to learn.
By tale or fiction apt, a word in season
Draws us, 'twixt play and earnest, back to reason,
When counsel rude we'd shun; with bait more sure
The pleasant Samian's fable can allure.

W.

DXXI.

ΝΙΚΙΟΥ.

Ἵζευ ὑπ' αἰγείροισιν, ἐπεὶ κάμες, ἐνθάδ' ὁδῖτα,
Καὶ πίε θᾶσσον ἰὼν πίδακος ἁμετέρας·
Μνᾶσαι δὲ κράναν καὶ ἀπόπροθι, τὰν ἐπὶ Γίλλῳ
Σῖμος ἀποφθιμένῳ παιδὶ παριδρύεται.

NICIÆ.

Populea (fessus namque es) requiesce sub umbra,
Deque mea potum sume, viator, aqua:
Sisque memor fontis longe quoque, flebile Gilli
Ad bustum Simus quem pater apposuit.

Grotius.

Grabschrift am Quell.

Setze dich, auszuruhn, o Wanderer, unter den Pappeln
Hier, und schöpfe dir schnell einen erfrischenden Trunk.
Aber gedenke des Quells auch ferne noch, welchen am Gillos
Seinem gestorbenen Sohn Simos zur Seite gebaut.

Voss.

Bist du ermüdet, o Wandrer, so setze dich unter die Pappeln,
Und von der Quelle Krystall trinke das Kühlende Naß.
Sey auch fern noch des Brunnens gedenk, den neben des Sohnes
Gillos ragendem Grab Simos der Vater gebaut.

Jacobs.

Beneath these poplars rest thee, passer by!
And cool thy parch'd lips in my gushing wave:
Nor let this fountain fade from Mem'ry's eye,
Which Simus built to mark his Gillus' grave!

J. W. B

DXXII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Εἰ καὶ ἐπὶ ξείνης σε, Λεόντιε, γαῖα καλύπτει,
Εἰ καὶ ἐρικλαύτων τῆλ' ἔθανες γονέων,
Πολλά σοι ἐκ βλεφάρων ἐχύθη περιτύμβια φωτῶν
Δάκρυα, δυστλήτῳ πένθεϊ δαπτομένων.
Πᾶσι γὰρ ἦσθα λίην πεφιλημένος, οἷά τε πάντων
Ξυνὸς ἐὼν κοῦρος, ξυνὸς ἐὼν ἕταρος.
Αἲ αἴ, λευγαλέη καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἔπλετο Μοῖρα,
Μηδὲ τεῆς ἥβης, δύσμορε, φεισαμένη.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Multa tuo tristes lachrymas fudere sepulchro
Lumina: multa ob te pectora luctus habet.
Nam cunctis dilectus eras, quasi filius esses
Omnibus, aut junctus lege sodalitii.
Ah nimium crudelis erat, nimis impia Parca,
Ætatem quæ non est miserata tuam.

Grotius.

Sæpe tuum in tumulum lachrymarum decidit imber,
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam.

Sam. Johnson.

Grabschrift auf einen Jüngling.

Viele Thränen benetzen dein Grab, sie träufeln uns allen,
Uns, die der Jammer verzehrt, über die Wangen herab.
Allen warest du theuer, und warest allen, o Jüngling,
Freund, und Bruder, und Sohn, da du auf Erden noch warst;
Ach, es erbarmte sich nicht das unerbittliche Schicksal
Deiner Jugend, und, ach! unseres Jammers sich nicht.

Christian von Stolberg.

Far from his native land Leontius lies;
Far from his parents' sight he closed his eyes.
Yet tears for him, unnumber'd tears were shed;
And many a breaking heart bewailed him, dead.
For all in him beheld a loved one's end:
A son, the aged; and the young, a friend.
Alas, dear youth! how stern the doom must be,
How cold and stern, which spared not even thee!

J. W. B.

DXXIII.

ΕΥΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ.

Οὐ Τρηχὶς λιθιαῖος ἐπ' ὀστέα κεῖνα καλύπτει,
Οὐδ' ἡ κυάνεον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρη·
Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν δολιχῆς τε καὶ αἰπεινῆς Δρακάνοιο
Ἰκάριον ῥήσσει κῦμα περὶ κροκάλαις·
Ἀντὶ δ' ἐγὼ ξενίης πολυμήδεος ἡ κενεὴ χθὼν
Ὠγκώθην Δρυόπων διψάσιν ἐν βοτάναις.

EUPHORIONIS.

Non lapidosa viri Trachis complectitur ossa,
Nulla tegunt nigris indita saxa notis;
Sed Drepani in longum surgentia littora circum
Icarii volvens conterit unda maris.
Me tumulum mœrens hospes congessit inanem,
Pascua ubi Dryopum torrida sole patent.

G. S.

No native Trachis, land of many stones,
Nor rock with dark inscription shrouds his bones;
Tall Drepanum, thy promontoried steep
Beneath, he welters in th' Icarian deep,
And I his cenotaph by friendship's hand
Upreared 'mid parch'd Dryopian pastures stand.

G. S.

DXXIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἀπόλλων περὶ Ὁμήρου.

Ἤειδον μὲν ἐγών, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

INCERTI.

Hæc ego dictabam magnus scribebat Homerus.

G. S.

Omero scrisse: dettò Febo Apollo.

Salvinius.

Cantava Apollo: l' udì Omero, e scrisse.

Angelo d' Elci.

Quand Apollon vit le volume
Qui sous le nom d' Homère enchantoit l' univers:
Je me souviens, dit-il, que j' ai dicté ces vers,
Et qu' Homère tenoit la plume.

Charpentier.

Sur Homère.

Quand la derniere fois dans le sacré vallon,
La troupe des neuf Sœurs, par l' ordre d' Apollon,
Leut l' Iliade et l' Odyssée,
Chacune à les louer se montrant empressée,
Apprenez un secret qu' ignore l' univers,
Leur dit alors le Dieu des vers.
Jadis avec Homère aux rives du Permesse,
Dans ce bois de lauriers, où seul il me suivoit,
Je les fis toutes deux, plein d' une douce yvresse.
Je chantois; Homère écrivoit.

Boileau.

J' entonnai le premier ces chansons sur ma lyre,
Homère qui m' ouït eut l' art de les écrire.

De la Monnoye.

Voici le double ouvrage en tous lieux si vanté,
Homère l' écrivit, c' est moi qui l' ai dicté.

Id.

A. M. le Marquis de La Fare.

L' autre jour la Cour du Parnasse
Fit assembler tous ses bureaux
Pour juger au rapport d' Horace,
Du prix de certains vers nouveaux:
Après maint arrêt toujours juste
Contre mille ouvrages divers,
Enfin le courtisan d' Auguste
Fit rapport de vos derniers vers.
Aussi-tôt le Dieu du Permesse
Lui dit: Je connois cette pièce;
Je la fis en ce même endroit.
L' Amour avoit monté ma lyre;
Sa mère écoutoit, sans mot dire;
Je chantois, La Fare écrivoit.

J. B. Rousseau.

A. M. le Marquis d' Aubepin.

Apollon quittant l' Hippocrène
Vint rêver, au doux bruit que fait votre fontaine;
Et le long de ses bords, si riants, si fleuris,
Il composa sur sa divine lyre
Les vers que vous m' avez fait lire;
Vous ne les avez que transcrits.

Mme La Marquise de Simiane.

Anacreontic Epistle to Mr. Gay, on his Poems.

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
All listen'd to the tuneful strain,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

Garth.

DXXV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἐννέα τὰς Μούσας φασίν τινες· ὡς ὀλιγώρως.
Ἠνίδε καὶ Σαπφὼ Λεσβόθεν ἡ δεκάτη.

PLATONIS.

Musas esse novem referunt, sed prorsus aberrant:
Lesbica jam Sappho Pieris est decima.

Th. Morus.

Esse novem quidam Musas dixere, sed errant:
Ecce tibi Sappho Lesbia quæ decima est.

Grotius.

Esse novem Musas nonnulli quam temere! aiunt.
En! decimam Sappho Lesbia terra dedit.

G. B.

Con poco senno alcuni
Di nove Muse fer l' Aonio coro.
Ve' che Saffo è la decima tra loro.

Pagnini.

How careless they, who say, "Nine Muses," when
With Lesbian Sappho, as you see, they're ten.

W.

"The Muses nine" say some: how rashly! when
With Lesbian Sappho, here, we see they're ten.

G. B.

DXXVI.

ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΥ.

Ὀξεῖαι πάντη περὶ τὸν τάφον εἰσὶν ἄκανθαι
Καὶ σκόλοπες· βλάψεις τοὺς πόδας, ἢν προσίῃς·
Τίμων μισάνθρωπος ἐνοικέω· ἀλλὰ πάρελθε,
Οἰμώζειν εἴπας πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον.

HEGESIPPI.

Hunc circa tumulum surgunt spinæque sudesque,
Si prope sis, referes saucius inde pedem.
I procul hinc: Timon moror hic mortalibus hostis:
Meque jube, si vis, flere, sed i procul hinc.

Grotius.

Disteln umstarren das Grab; scharfstechende Dornen verwunden,
  Wandrer, den eilenden Fuss, wenn du zu nähern dich wagst.
Timon wohnet darunter, der Menscheit Hasser.—Vorbey denn,
  Wandrer! so viel dir beliebt scheltend. Nur gehe vorbey.

Jacobs.

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round:
Stranger, approach it not; your feet you'll wound.
Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on:
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone!

W.

DXXVII.

ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΒΑΡΒΟΥΚΑΛΛΟΥ.

Αἴθε σέ, Πίνδαρε, μᾶλλον ἐμοῖς ἐκάθηρα ῥεέθροις,
  Καί κεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ τοὐμὸν ἔφησθα μόνον.

JOANNIS BARBUCALLI.

Te nostris utinam lavissem, Pindare, lymphis,
  Optima, dixisses, res aqua, me celebrans.

Grotius.

Si lavisse meis te, Pindare, dicerer undis,
  Laudasses solas fluminis hujus aquas.

Joh Daniel Schulze.

Had my waters been, O Pindar,
  But a bathing-place of thine,
Surely then, *ἄριστον ὕδωρ*
  Thou hadst sung of none but mine!

J. W. B.

DXXVIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Οἱ συναγωνισταὶ τὸν πύγμαχον ἐνθάδ' ἔθηκαν
  Ἄπιν· οὐδένα γὰρ πώποτ' ἐτραυμάτισεν.

LUCILLII, VEL LUCIANI.

Appius hìc pugil est: pugiles posuere sodali;
  Vulnera quem pugili nulla dedisse ferunt.

G. F. D. T.

Grati locaro i giostrator qui in mostra
  Api, che a nullo mai non nocque in giostra.

Pagnini.

To Apis was this statue rais'd by his com-pugilists,
No one of whom at any time he damag'd with his fists.

W.

DXXIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Δοῦλος Ἐπίκτητος γενόμην, καὶ σῶμ' ἀνάπηρος,
Καὶ πενίην Ἶρος, καὶ φίλος ἀθανάτοις.

INCERTI.

Servus, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Sam. Johnson.

Io Epitteto servo fui; storpiato,
Povero d' Iro al paro,
E agli Immortali caro.

M.

Ich war Epiktetus, ein Knecht, und hinkend am Fusse;
Arm wie Irus, und doch waren die Götter mir hold.

Herder.

A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
And a cripple and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies.

G. S.

DXXX.

ΚΥΡΙΛΛΟΥ.

Πάγκαλόν ἐστ' ἐπίγραμμα τὸ δίστιχον· ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃς
Τοὺς τρεῖς, ῥαψῳδεῖς, κοὐκ ἐπίγραμμα λέγεις.

CYRILLI.

Versibus ex geminis bona sunt epigrammata; quod si
Tres excedis, epos non epigramma facis.

Grotius.

Optima, queis bini versûs, epigrammata; trinum
Si superes, epos est, non epigramma facis.

G. B.

Keep to one couplet; epigrams are good on that condition:
Exceed three lines; your epigram becomes a composition.

W.

A perfect epigram should lie within a single distich,
But loses, when beyond three lines, its true characteristic.

W

To make a perfect epigram, your thought within a distich cram!
Beyond that size, you rhapsodize, and do not write an epigram.

J. W. B.

An epigram, in proper taste composed,
Should ever be within *two* lines enclosed:
For epigrams, extended beyond *three*,
Are more like compositions, as you see.

W.

DXXXI.

ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ.

Χαῖρε θεὰ δέσποιν', ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα,
Εὐτελίη, κλεινῆς ἔγγονε Σωφροσύνης·
Σὴν ἀρετὴν τιμῶσιν ὅσοι τὰ δίκαι' ἀσκοῦσιν.

CRATETIS.

Vive, fave, Dea sancta, piis gratissima, frugi
Vita, parit nobis quam bona temperies:
Te venerantur enim, queis cordi est jusque piumque.

Grotius.

Hail, goddess-queen! whom all good men adore.
Thee Temperance, a noble mother, bore:
And such thy virtue, o Frugality;
None practise justice but they honour thee.

W. B. P.

Frugality, of glorious Temp'rance sprung,
Mistress divine, the good man's favourite,
All hail! Exalted is thy worth among
The just, and all whose lives are train'd aright.

W.

DXXXII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Φριξοκόμᾳ τόδε Πανὶ καὶ αὐλιάσιν θέτο Νύμφαις
Δῶρον ὑπὸ σκοπιᾶς Θεύδοτος οἰονόμος.
Οὕνεχ' ὑπ' ἀζαλέου θέρεος μέγα κεκμηῶτα
Παῦσαν, ὀρέξασαι χερσὶ μελιχρὸν ὕδωρ.

ANYTES.

Ruricolis donum Nymphis, Faunoque piloso,
Theudotus upilio rupe sub hac posuit:
Propterea quod cum torrente fatisceret æstu
Præbuerint manibus pocula dulcis aquæ.

Grotius.

To shaggy Pan, and all the Wood-Nymphs fair,
Fast by the rock this grateful offering stands.
A shepherd's gift—to those who gave him there
Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air;
And reached him sweetest water with their hands.

J. W. B.

DXXXIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἄλσος δ' ὡς ἱκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὕρομεν ἔνδον
Πορφυρέοις μήλοισιν ἐοικότα παῖδα Κυθήρης.
Οὐδ' ἔχεν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην, οὐ καμπύλα τόξα·
Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπετάλοισι κρέμαντο·
Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν καλύκεσσι ῥόδων πεπεδημένος ὕπνῳ
Εὗδεν μειδιόων· ξουθαὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε μέλισσαι
Κηροχυτοῦσ' ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς ἐπὶ χείλεσι βαῖνον.

PLATONIS.

Itur in Idaliæ tractus, felicia regna,
  Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylva comam.
Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,
  Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros;
Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,
  Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,
Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella,
  Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apis.

Th. Gray.

Einst, da ich wandert' im schattigen Hain, erblickt' ich Kythere's
Schönen Knaben, er lag auf Rosen und schlummerte lächelnd;
Seine Wangen glühten, so glühet die Wange des Apfels;
Unbewaffnet ruht' er; an wankenden Zweigen der Ulme
Hing sein Köcher, und hing mit schlaffer Sehne der Bogen;
Um ihn schwärmten die summenden Bienen, und lasen des Honigs
Süßeste, lauterste Tropfen auf seinen duftenden Lippen.

Christian von Stolberg

Als wir jetzo des Hains tiefschattendes Dunkel betraten,
Fanden wir Kypris Knaben, den purpurnen Aepfeln vergleichbar,
Nicht mit dem Bogen bewehrt, und dem Pfeilumhüllenden Köcher;
Sondern es hingen die Waffengeräth' an den laubigen Bäumen.
Aber er selbst lag schlummernd, auf duftendem Kelche der Rosen,
Lächelnd im Arme des Schlafs, und über ihm summten die Bienen,
Emsig, des Honiges Seim von den thauigen Lippen zu sammeln.

Jacobs.

To a thick wood we came; and there we found
Young Love, as ruddy apples fair to see,
And fast in slumber's silken shackles bound.
Nor bow nor quiver full of shafts had he;
Quiver and bow hung on the greenwood tree.
The boy himself with rose-leaves cradled round,
Lay smiling as he slept with half-closed lip,
Whose nectarous juices oft the brown bee stooped to sip.

G. S

DXXXIV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ.

Ὕστατα δὴ τάδ' ἔειπε φίλην ποτὶ μητέρα Γοργὼ
Δακρυόεσσα, δέρης χερσὶν ἐφαπτομένα·
Αὖθι μένοις παρὰ πατρί, τέκοις δ' ἐπὶ λῴονι μοίρᾳ
Ἄλλαν, σῷ πολιῷ γήραϊ καδεμόνα.

SIMONIDIS, VEL SIMMIÆ.

Colla super, manibus Gorgo complexa tenellis,
Hæc matri illacrymans ultima verba dedit:
Hic maneas cum patre diu; sitque altera Gorgo
Post me, cui senium sit pia cura tuum.

W.

Flebilis hæc Gorgo caræ dedit ultima matri
Verba, simul nexa colla premente manu:
Hic maneas cum patre: sit, at meliore sub astro,
Nata tibi, canam quæ pia curet anum.

G B.

Die sterbende Tochter.

Weinend schlang die letzte der Töchter, die sterbende Myrto,
Um die Mutter den Arm: "liebende Mutter, o bleib',
Bleibe bei meinem Vater und gieb mit besserem Schicksal
Ihm eine Tochter, die euch spät noch im Alter erfreu'."

Herder.

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid
Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said:
Stay with my sire, and bear instead of me
A happier child, thine age's prop to be.

G. S.

DXXXV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀριάδνης.

Οὐ βροτὸς ὁ γλύπτας· οἵαν δέ σε Βάκχος ἐραστὰς
Εἶδεν, ὑπὲρ πέτρας ἔξεσε κεκλιμέναν.

INCERTI.

Non te mortalis, sed qualem in rupe jacentem
Vidit amans, saxo rettulit ipse Deus.

G. S.

Non umana arte, no, ma Bacco stesso,
Bacco amator, che te mirò sedente
Sul duro masso, egli ha veracemente
Tue belle forme in questa pietra espresso.

Pagnini.

Keiner der Sterblichen war's, wer dich bildete. Nein, wie entzückt dich
Sah an den Felsen gestreckt Bromios, stell't er dich dar.

Erichson.

No mortal artist chisell'd thee;
Bacchus th' enamour'd Deity,
Such as he view'd thee laid upon the rock,
Sculptur'd thy living form upon this block.

W.

DXXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἄνθος ὁρᾷς γαίης τὸ ποθόυμενον ἐν στεφέεσσιν·
Οὔνομα μοι τόδ' ἔφυ, Ὑάκινθος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι.

INCERTI.

Si tibi flos notus, sine quo fit nulla corolla,
Nomen habes nostrum: jaceo hâc Hyacinthus in urnâ.

G S.

A flow'r of earth, most mourned of flow'rs that die,
And Hyacinth my name, lo, here I lie!

W.

Name me the flow'r to every garland dear;
That name I bore; for Hyacinth lies here.

W.

DXXXVII.

ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΥ, *οἱ δὲ* ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ.

Εἰς στήλην Ἀλεξάνδρου τοῦ Μακεδόνος.

Τόλμαν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ ὅλαν ἀπεμάξατο μορφὰν
Λύσιππος. τίν᾽ ὅδε χαλκὸς ἔχει δύναμιν;
Αὐδασοῦντι δ᾽ ἔοικεν ὁ χάλκεος ἐς Δία λεύσσων·
Γᾶν ὑπ᾽ ἐμοὶ τίθεμαι· Ζεῦ, σὺ δ᾽ Ὄλυμπον ἔχε.

ARCHELAI, VEL ASCLEPIADIS.

Rettulit audaces animos Lysippus, et omnem
Finxit Alexandrum: numquis in ære vigor?
Suspicit ille Jovem, dicturus ut æneus, "orbem
Hunc mihi subjeci; Jupiter, ista tene."

G.B.

Come Alessandro in questo marmo scolto
Degli indomiti spirti arde di guerra!
E' par che dica, eretto agli astri il volto:
O Giove, abbiti il ciel, ch' è mia la terra.

Saverio Bettinelli.

In questo bronzo altier vive e si move
Pien di foco Alessandro e gagliardia;
E al ciel rivolto, par che dica: o Giove,
Tienti pure il tuo ciel, la terra è mia.

Roncalli.

Alexanders edle Gestalt, sein wagender Muth lebt
Ganz im Bilde Lysipps. Königlich mächtiges Erz!
Auf blickt er gen Himmel, als spräch' er zum Gotte des Himmels:
"Mein ist die Erd' o Zeus! habe du deinen Olymp!"

Herder.

What power, Lysippus, hath thy bronze! The conqueror's daring mien,
All Alexander's glorious self embodied here is seen.
The living metal seems to say with eyes uplift to Jove:
Mine are the realms of earth below, thine be the realms above.

G.S.

DXXXVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἐλπὶς καὶ σύ, Τύχη, μέγα χαίρετε· τὸν λιμέν' εὗρον.
Οὐδὲν ἐμοὶ χὐμῖν· παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμέ.

INCERTI.

Inveni portum; Spes et Fortuna valete:
Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.

G. Lilius.

Avete multùm, Spesque, Forsque; sum in vado.
Qui ponè sint illudite: haud mea interest.

G F.D.T

Speme e Fortuna, addio; chè in porto entrai.
Schernite gli altri, ch' io vi spregio omai.

L. Alamanni.

Glück, nicht kümmerst du mich; ich entsage dir, leidige Hoffnung.
Jegliche Täuschung schwand, seit ich zum Hafen gelangt.

Jacobs.

Mine haven's found; Fortune and Hope adieu,
Mock others now, for I have done with you.

Burton.

Paraphrase.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguiled is o'er,
And I have reached my destined shore.

Away! away! your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

T. Moore.

Fortune and Hope, a long adieu!
I've entered into port:
I've nothing more to do with you;
Make others now your sport.

W.

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[N.B. The letters b. and d. refer to the birth and death of the author; when these are not used, the date given is that of publication.]

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